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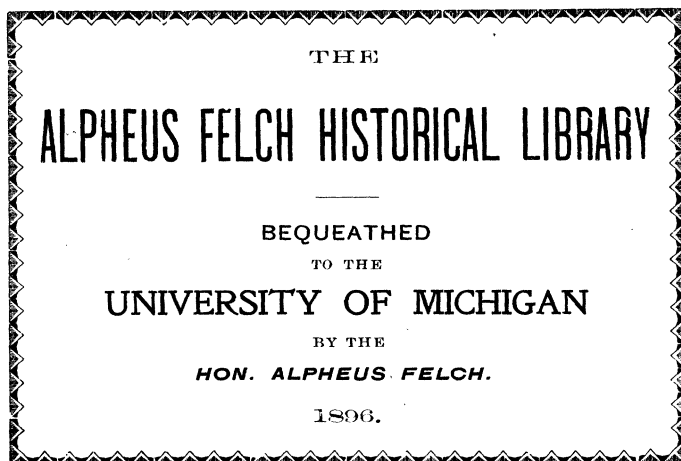
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LEGENDS  
OF  
MICHIGAN  
AND  
THE OLD NORTH WEST;

OR,

A CLUSTER OF UNPUBLISHED WAIFS, GLEANED ALONG THE  
UNCERTAIN, MISTY LINE, DIVIDING TRADITIONAL  
FROM HISTORIC TIMES.

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BY <sup>Flavius Josephus</sup> F. J. LITTLEJOHN.

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Yours Truly  
A. L. Littlejohn

TO  
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,

Poet and Scholar,

Whose song  
of Hiawatha, so  
replete with wide,  
out-reaching sympathies  
for all of human condition, has  
not only added a precious contribu-  
tion to the clustered gems of American  
poetry; but by its pure, fresh, and truthful deline-  
ations of Aboriginal character, has aided  
much in disabusing the public mind  
as to the alleged innate, gro-  
veling abasement and  
fiendish proclivities  
of our North  
American  
Indians,

This work is respectfully dedicated,  
by its Author,

F. J. LITTLEJOHN.

Should you ask me whence these stories?  
Whence these legends and traditions,  
With the odors of the forest,  
With the dew and damp of meadows,  
With the curling smoke of wigwams,  
With the rushing of great rivers,

\* \* \* \* \*

I should answer, I should tell you,  
"From the forest and the prairies,  
From the great lakes of the Northland,  
From the seats of the Ojibways,  
And the lands of the Ottawas.

*Hiawatha.*

## PREFACE.

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The Author of this series of Indian Legends has been, for nearly forty years, a resident of western Michigan. Soon after first reaching the then wilderness, and for several succeeding seasons, his explorations as a Surveyor and Geologist were widely extended. The scenery, topography, water courses and indigenous products of various sections in both peninsulas became familiar objects of sight and investigation.

The Author was thus brought in contact also with many tribal bands, scattered over their hunting grounds, or grouped in their forest homes. Being ever fond of tracing the peculiar characteristics, and curious in observing the distinctive traits developed by the various races of the human family, an interesting field was thus opened for research and inquiry. The average mental gifts and intellectual endowments of the aborigines, fell under his scrutiny, whilst their crude superstitions and strong proclivities for a fatalistic religious creed were plainly exhibited.

Their modes of living, tribal customs and general habits of thought also became familiar subjects to the Author. Their evident knowledge of the vast expanse of our country, with its irregular and complicated tribal occupation, was at first a source of wonder. With no methods of etching by glyphs, on any durable material; being also utterly unskilled in the art of writing on scrolls; they possessed but few memorial land marks of



past transactions. With them, memory had no such resting place, whilst intelligence enjoyed no such radiating focus.

Yet their general useful knowledge was by no means confined within the narrow limits of individual life experiences. A knowledge of their remote origin;—of their men of renown in past ages;—of their devious migrations;—and of their tribal offshoots and divisions into clans, or bands, in former generations was and were quite generally diffused.

This knowledge gleaned along the pathway of centuries, was garnered up for use or transmitted solely by means of oral tradition. This legendary lore was taught and minutely rehearsed by the aged to groups of listening youths sitting around their lodge fires. It figured largely in their religious rites and ceremonies, and it constituted the burden of eloquent harrangues by gifted orators at their stated festivals.

When convened in Grand Council shaded by wide branching primeval forest trees, their chiefs and sages gathered from the steady light of this traditional lore, their systems of social and conventional life. By it they framed their tribal laws for regulating and guarding personal and community rights and franchises.

The power of memory thus cultivated and strengthened by habit, became wonderfully acute and tenacious. Long years after the occurrence of an event, the native beholders were found to have memorized the facts and circumstances with astonishing minuteness and accuracy. Hence we learn, when traveling Indian legendary ground to tread with the fearless freedom of the Scot over his native heather.

The characters, facts and events we have sought to delineate, or commemorate in these legends, we frankly

admit have hitherto been ranked, neither among the world's celebrities, nor have they been immortalized in song or story. They may all be pronounced within the ordinary track of adventurers in border life and Indian warfare. To actual frontiersmen with their families and descendants, we think these sketches will have the zest and charm of a close approximation to what with them, has been both earnest and real in border experience. To others unskilled in the ways of our red men, and unacquainted with the wildness of their forest homes, these legends may prove acceptable from their novelty. To others still, with a taste and eye for natural scenery, our landscape delineations of the beautiful peninsula in its wilderness costume and natural adornments may furnish artistic enjoyment.

These legends were originally penned by the author for his own amusement, in his hours of leisure or relaxation from more arduous duties. As such they severally bore the autograph of the writer under the *nom de plume* of "OLD TRAILER." In yielding them up for publication, at the solicitation of partial friends, the author has also been induced to abandon this shield of *umbra stat nominis*, by subscribing his real name of

F. J. LITTLEJOHN.

Allegan, 1874.



# THE SHAWNEE AND POTTOWATOMIE WAR:

OR,

THE MICHIGAN SCOUTS OF 1800-1.

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## CHAPTER I.

IN the closing years of the last century the lower Peninsula of Michigan was chiefly an unexplored wilderness. There were, however, even thus early, scattered settlements of white people along the Detroit river and the western shores of Lakes Erie and St. Clair. The residents were principally of French descent, of quiet domestic habits, destitute of energy or enterprise, and possessed of very few qualities requisite for border life.

Their homesteads and cultivated fields had each a narrow frontage on the water, with a range inland of a mile or two, as an extreme limit. Beyond this line of actual occupation, the whole interior and western portion of the Peninsula was to civilized man an unknown region. It was seldom traversed by the footsteps of even the most adventurous of the white pioneer hunters and trappers.

At the same time, however, a bird's-eye view of this forest land would have disclosed scenes of rare loveliness, and rich in material, though undeveloped resources. With its genial climate, its productive soil, and its undulating

surface, dotted and gemmed with myriads of tiny lakes, and traversed east and west by noble rivers; with its burr oak plains and its white oak ridges; its ranges of hardwood timber, and its richly clustered glades of pine skirt-ing the northern water courses; with its numerous prairies, blooming with an indigenous annual flora, of gorgeous coloring; above all, with a never-failing supply of fish in its rivers and lakes, and an abundance of choice varieties of game in its forests; the Peninsula State was then evidently and in fact, a very paradise for the various tribes of red men, who for ages had been its roaming denizens.

The aboriginal tribes, inhabiting different sections of the peninsula at the opening of the present century, as well as those found in the more southerly region of the Ohio river, were not descendants of any common stock, or origin. Those of the Saginaw region were in part Chippewas, and in part Hurons, the conquerors and successors of the Osaukies. The latter were for a time seated there, having immigrated from near the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

The Ottawas as a nation were both numerous and powerful. They were firmly seated in the northern and western portion of the peninsula, occupying the water-courses and hunting grounds from the Straits of Mackinaw southward to and including the Kalamazoo river with its affluents. In their systems of government and internal policy, the Ottawas were separated into several independent clans or tribes, each ruled by its own distinctive chief.

These various clans, however, acted in concert as confederates, whenever the welfare of the nation was menaced by any external invasion. In such emergencies, a grand council was convened, where schemes were devised for purposes of attack or defence. There the respective

ruling chiefs met as equals, in voice and votes. There also the quota of braves for the war path, was duly assigned to each of the lesser tribes.

Adjacent to the Ottawas on the south, separated in fact from them only by a conventional line east and west, there dwelt a people of a lineage entirely distinct. The Pottowatomies occupied the region of the Paw Paw and St. Joseph rivers, with their tributaries and border lands. These, by the sinuous meanders of the latter grand water-course, embraced quite a territorial area in the present State of Indiana.

The Pottowatomies were a strictly homo-geneous people, and at the period we have named, were governed in all their public policies and movements, both of peace and war, by Pokagon their head chief. He was renowned for wisdom in council, and was also peculiarly gifted in the wily strategy of Indian warfare.

South-west of this latter people, but separated from them by a respectable belt of intervening neutral ground dwelt the numerous and warlike nation of the Shawnees. They were clustered up and down the Wabash valley, with a wide margin of the contiguous uplands both east and west. Their name and exploits are closely interwoven with many thrilling legends of "the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky."

Still more recently, in the war of 1812-14, their renowned war chief, Tecumseh, in alliance with Great Britain, instigated many atrocious deeds along our borders, until the hands of the Shawnees, Chippewas and Hurons, under his control, were deeply stained with American blood. At our earlier date, the Shawnees acknowledged the authority and princely rule of Elkhart, their Grand Sachem. To him the local rulers and petty chiefs of clans were all subordinated.

Recurring again to the condition of things in the Peninsula State at the period of our narrative, we remark, that, notwithstanding the general adaptation of the region to the tastes, pursuits and nomadic habits of its savage denizens, they were nevertheless subject to the alternations of the seasons:—to midsummer heat and the bitter cold of winter:—to periods of plenty and scarcity of food:—and to the many hardships, privations and casualties of any people living for the present and recklessly improvident for the future.

We have also alluded to the variety and great abundance of game. But along with animals of harmless habits, whose flesh was suitable for human food, there were mingled beasts of prey, having ferocious proclivities, always hungering and thirsting for the flesh and blood of man and beast. The bear, the wolf, the panther, the lynx and the wild cat, were ever prowling in thickets, pineries and timber glades.

Generally they sought to avoid the presence of man. But when pinched by hunger they were often emboldened to attack a person found alone. The wolf, however, true to its cowardly instincts the world over, never singly assailed its prey, but hunted in droves or packs.

In midwinter of the year 1797-8, an Indian hunter a few miles inland from Lake Michigan, had wandered some distance south of an encampment of his people on the river Kalamazoo. The region had a dense covering of intermingled pines, hemlock and hard wood forest trees. The snow was generally deep; the lakes and rivers were ice bound, and the weather as severely cold as twenty degrees below zero usually indicate.

Our Ottawa hunter was belated by his wide range, and leg weary from the burden of his cumbersome snow shoes. As evening crept on, increasing the gloom under

that dense evergreen canopy, he became suddenly bewildered as to his course. In this dilemma, he finally resolved to camp out for the night.

By the roots of a large standing tree he hastily scooped a trench in the snow, down to the earth. He next procured with his hatchet a plentiful supply of hemlock boughs. With a portion of these he filled the trench partly full. Then he stuck deep in the snow, a row of larger boughs, on both sides and one end of his bed, having the tops inclining inward till they interlocked above. Finally he threw a quantity of twigs and boughs over the whole. With the chill night air thus excluded, he crept into his narrow berth. There wrapped closely in his blanket, he soon gathered sufficient bodily warmth to fall into a sound sleep, lasting till early dawn.

His slumbers were at that hour suddenly disturbed by a deafening medley of sounds. There was snapping of teeth, snarls and growls, with yelping barks and howls of eager fierceness. A pack of half famished wolves had scented, silently tracked and finally encircled their prey in his lair. Baffled for the moment by his frail covering of boughs, they had given tongue to their fiery thirst for blood.

Instantly wide awake, their destined victim within, clearly comprehended the nature and extent of his peril. He knew but too well the native ferocity and persistence of the terrible crew by which he was environed. His doom stared him in the face, certain, horrible, inevitable! Yet instinctively he loosened and clutched in either hand his tomahawk and knife, at the same time freeing himself for action.

There followed a lull, an instant more of breathless suspense. Then came a din of yells and howls more



fierce and concentrated than before. With this medley of sounds then came a leap, a bounding rushing upon his frail tenement. The boughs were torn away and scattered in all directions, whilst a score of eyes were glaring down upon him, and a dozen pair of jaws were tearing at his garments, and beginning to cruelly lacerate his limbs and body.

With a herculean effort, inspired by the frenzy of despair, the mass of animals was hurled clear of his person. Springing to his feet, and leaping outside of the trench, he placed his back against the body of the tree, at whose roots he had slept, giving voice to his great agony, in several far-reaching shrieks, he made a desperate fight for life with blow and thrust.

In his front, and upon either side, a barricade of dead carcasses would soon have walled him in. But notwithstanding the death-dealing blows he rained down upon the assaulting throng, with tomahawk and knife, a portion of the famishing survivors snatched away and devoured the dead and wounded as fast as they fell. At the same time, others of that seemingly ever increasing horde, continued their murderous assaults upon the now overworked and panting red man. It was manifestly beyond the power of flesh and blood, of bone and muscle, much longer to endure this intense and exhaustive strain.

## CHAPTER II.

In this crisis of his fate, as breath, nerve, strength and hope were fast failing our native hunter, a monster wolf, rearing up at his side, with glaring eyes, distended jaws, and red-lapping tongue, actually sent jets of his fiery breath on the victim's cheek. He was in the act of fastening his teeth in that denuded shoulder, when a rifle bullet came crashing into the brain of the wolf. It entered at the base of the ear, causing instant death. With the fall of the wolf, came the sharp incisive crack of the weapon from the distance of thirty rods away.

The first shrill outcries of the native hunter had been heard afar off, and had brought a stranger to the rescue. Firearms and their use had been quite unknown in all that region. Even the wolves alarmed by the unusual sound, temporarily ceased from their assault. Before it could be fairly renewed a new personage came dashing into the ring, with rifle clubbed, and hitting out most crushing blows, both right and left.

The pack of wolves abandoning the unequal contest, incontinently fled from this new avenger. The stranger thus opportunely intervening and rescuing the red man, was in aboriginal phrase, a "pale face," in the vigor of early manhood. The nervous system of the native, strung to its utmost tension, by his peril, and his exhaustive efforts, gave way at the moment his deliverance was assured. He sank fainting to the ground.

The pale face gently raised him to a sitting position with his back supported by the tree. Sprinkling his

face liberally with snow, and applying it to the back of his neck and wrists by rubbing, he quickly restored him to consciousness, and a measure of physical strength. Then with strips of his rent garments and blanket, our improvised Samaritan, bound up the most serious wounds, thus stopping the effusion of blood.

Having on his own person a thick flannel under garment, the stranger divested himself of his outer leather hunting frock, and drew it upon the naked and now shivering body and limbs of the red man. The wolves in their assaults upon his person, by striking higher up, had left his moccasins and leggings untouched.

The white man next produced from his wallet, a cold slice of cooked venison steak, urging the native to eat it for the strength it would impart. The Ottawa thankfully accepting the offering, eat it with evident relish. Their interview had been conducted chiefly by signs, as the language of each was strange to the other.

The now rapidly returning strength of the wounded, over-wrought man, was extremely gratifying to both. The native was able to rise to his feet. Taking his snow shoes from behind the body of the tree, where he had placed them on the previous evening, he secured them to his feet again. Soon thereafter the two started leisurely, homeward bound. As they thus together journeyed forward, we will seize upon the opportunity thus afforded, to briefly sketch the *personnel* of each, at the same time outlining their respective antecedents. Those two men thus fortuitously associated, were as dissimilar as race, color, physical form and personal idiosyncracies could mould them. In many of the attributes and sterling traits of manhood, however, both physical and mental, they would severally pass for representative men of the two races, white and red, Caucasian and Asiatic.





*DEAD SHOT.*

As we have stated, the white hunter was in the flush of early manhood. In stature, he was tall, erect and well formed, but as yet rather slender, having more development of muscle than of flesh. His step was springy, while his movements were all graceful, lithe and elastic. His head was a model in shape, and proudly set upon the neck and spinal column.

His eyes were in color, a dark hazel, full, lustrous and keenly observant of every object falling within his range of vision. His nose was strictly modeled after the Grecian type, with nostrils large, easily inflated and tremulous under excitement. The mouth well cut and comely, already indicating nerve and firmness, was supplemented and sustained by a broad well developed chin.

His complexion, naturally fresh and delicately fair, was but slightly tinged with the bronze of exposure; while his cheeks were ruddy and his lips of carmine hue. The forehead polished and massive was surmounted by a clustering stock of auburn hair, long and inclined to hang about the neck and shoulders in wavy curls.

His outer garments were a flexible, smoke-tanned deer skin hunting frock, leggings and moccasins. His cap was of gray fox skin, both jauntily modeled and worn. His weapons were a tomahawk and knife worn in his belt, with a bullet pouch and powder horn of an antique pattern. Upon arm or shoulder he carried a flint-lock rifle, long, strong and of plain finish, but evidently well made and reliable at short or long range.

Although his first appearance in the region was then but recent, and his habits retiring, yet with his rifle, then a novelty to the native population, and with his off-hand shooting and deadly aim at even three hundred yards, he had already won for himself among the aborigines the soubriquet of "Dead Shot."

This our white hunter had been born and reared near Buffalo in the vicinity of the Tuscarora Indian tribe. At that early period their aboriginal habits of living had not been largely innovated upon by civilized customs. Thus, during the entire season of his youth, Dead Shot enjoyed the opportunity of familiarizing himself with their tastes, policies and pursuits, actually acquiring meanwhile, a keen relish for the chase, and still hunt, with the requisite skill in woodcraft to insure success.

His parents of average intelligence and respectability both died, leaving him in early childhood, an orphan, but with what might have proved a comfortable patrimony. He became the nominal ward of a maternal uncle, who, leaving the youth to his own devices, contented himself with the use of the orphan's money and the ultimate absorption of his estate. Thus at the early age of eighteen years, our hero, coolly surveying the situation, found himself stripped of all his property, with a fair common school education, but destitute of either trade or profession.

Having no ties binding him to social civilized life, where no effort had been made to give him position, he readily drifted away from the pursuits and the ambitions of culture and civilization, and entered with a zest upon the vocation of a hunter, in the then wilderness of Western Michigan. Being naturally endowed with full average intellectual powers, including tact and shrewdness; and being also self-reliant and fruitful in resources, both personal and practical, he was eminently qualified for carving out for himself a life track of adventurous exploits.

Making the acquaintance, at Buffalo, of a fur trader about embarking on the long trip around the chain of

lakes, he engaged passage with him as an employee. Coasting lakes Erie, St. Clair and Huron, to the Straits of Mackinaw, they turned thence in a southerly direction down the eastern shores of Lake Michigan, to the Kalamazoo River.

While tarrying there, finding the Ottawas friendly, and disliking the calling of a *voyageur*, Dead Shot landed to remain, thus becoming a voluntary exile from civilization, and all communion with people of his own race and color. This occurred in the autumn of 1797. He entered at once, and with marked success, upon the business of hunting and trapping. He erected a cabin within the limits of the aboriginal settlement on the banks of the Kalamazoo and a small lake, a mile or two from the mouth of the former.

The red man whom Dead Shot had thus fortunately rescued from the very jaws of destruction, was then under thirty years of age. He was of Ottawa tribal descent, and of unmixed native blood. He was a dwarf in stature, owing principally to the shortness of his nether limbs. He was exempt from the narrow receding chest, curved spine, hunch back, or other dwarfish deformity. His full chest and broad shoulders were surmounted by a massive head, covered with straight, black hair, coarse, long and abundant. His neck was very short but mobile and flexible.

The arms, hands, and fingers, were of unusual length, slender in their proportions, pliable in the joints, hanging loosely from the shoulders, but all corded with powerful muscles. The legs were short and stumpy, while the feet were small, with instep arched, and of cat-like movement, but capable of rapid progression and protracted effort.

His visage and features were after the type of his



race. The face was broad, cheek bones prominent, nose slightly aqueline, and eyes deep-set, restless, keen-sighted, and glittering under any excitement. His general aspect was not prepossessing, at the same time it could not be regarded as repulsive. When aroused by any emotional feeling, his features would light up with an animated glow. In fact, the facial muscles in play, bespoke combined strength and acumen of intellect.

His low stature, his ape like arms and hands, and his short stumpy legs, ranking him as a dwarf, debarred him of social equality, and by the same law of exclusion, ostracised him from the ranks of the braves upon the war-path. In other respects he was a pet with his people, making himself useful as a hunter, trapper, and general purveyor of food for the community. Owing to his remarkable range and keenness of vision, he had long borne the name of "Lynx Eye."





*LYNX EYE.*

### CHAPTER III.

Such were the two men thrown together by one of the thousand casualties of forest life, and now slowly approaching the Indian village. Upon their arrival the misadventure and wounded condition of the one, and his daring rescue by the other, were quickly bruited about, and soon reaching the ears of the principal chief, Wakazoo, the two were invited to his own wigwam.

The wounds of Lynx Eye were carefully examined and curatives skillfully applied. New garments were furnished him; the hunting frock of Dead Shot was restored, and both were promptly supplied with an excellent dinner.

After the occurrences we have detailed had transpired, the two men; white and red, became prime favorites with Wakazoo, and in process of time his most trusty messengers and scouts. The acquaintance between the two, thus strangely formed, ripened into an inseparable companionship and a life-long attachment. Lynx Eye grateful for the boon of life, saved by the daring intrepidity of Dead Shot, in return devoted to the other, his unwearying efforts, his vigilant care, and his willing services.

On the other hand, finding encased in this rough casket, the jewels of fidelity, tact, and sagacity, coupled with a practical familiarity in woods-craft, and an accurate knowledge of the habits and characteristics of various native tribes, Dead Shot felt to ignore all the fictitious distinctions of race and color, and to both accept and highly prize the companionship of the other on terms of equal fraternity.

In the summer of 1798, those two men erected for themselves a commodious wigwam upon the low ridge jutting in from the west, at the big horse shoe bend of the Kalamazoo River, where the village of Allegan is situated. It was arranged in aboriginal style, for a fire in the center upon stone-flagging, with an aperture at the top for the escape of smoke. Their couches were heaps of skins, or robes, back at the wall. These were taken from the larger animals, dried and dressed soft and pliable with the hair or fur adhering.

In these comfortable quarters our hunters were now domiciled. Their food consisted chiefly of flesh and fish. The former was taken fresh from the carcass of their game, while the latter was ever ready for net or hook. Occasionally their bill of fare was varied by the use of fowl, and at the annual season it was further garnished by a supply of nuts and luscious fruits.

Dead Shot devoted himself chiefly to still hunting for the larger game, valuable for peltry or fur. Lynx Eye with bow and arrow, net and hook, easily furnished their staple supply of food, which he cooked for their meals, or dried for future use. He also found leisure to snare and trap the smaller fur bearing animals.

Being both frugal and industrious they accumulated, as time rolled on, a rich supply of robes and furs. They had fine canoes, and serviceable horses, for prairie and opening lands. To both of these they often resorted in their hunting excursions. While thus employed two years elapsed, when events occurred of a public and serious nature, demanding their time and utmost skill in far more perilous service.

Yet even the peaceful pursuits of forest life, are sometimes varied by stirring incidents, startling adventures, and hair-breath escape. A full share of these

fell to the lot of our hunters. One of them, in the case of Lynx Eye we have already narrated. Others we may hereafter relate as inclination shall prompt, but our readers must now be content, with the recital of a single hunting adventure.

In the autumn of 1799, Dead Shot failing of his usual success had during the day ranged miles from home. Becoming somewhat weary, he sat down upon the body of a fallen tree in a timber glade. Sitting thus with rifle across his knees, both eye and ear were on the alert for any sign of game. In his front, some twenty rods away, another large tree had been blown down, falling in a line nearly parallel with the one upon which he sat.

Glancing his eye casually along the top surface of the fallen tree in his front, he caught a glimpse of the head of some animal, cautiously raised above the log, as though peering over, and then suddenly withdrawn from view. Anticipating its reappearance, he brought his rifle to the shoulder, in range with the place. Only a few seconds elapsed ere that head came up as before, disclosing its erect, rounded ears and glittering eyes. It was no time for thought or any prudential calculation.

Impulsively drawing a bead sight the trigger was pulled. There was an instant sharp cry, then a faint sound as of rustling leaves behind the log, and all was still. Sure that his aim was true, Dead Shot rising at once advanced a dozen steps, when at the distance of a few rods beyond the log behind which his victim lay, a full sized panther leaped downward from the leafy canopy of a large tree top. It landed upon a projecting limb some twenty feet from the ground.

By this time our hunter, comprehending the results of his own rashness, stopped short, and hurriedly com-

menced to reload his rifle. Fortunately for him, the mother panther, intent upon the safety of her half-grown kitten behind that log, now first balancing herself a moment on that limb, descended like a ball to the ground where her young was lying. The flint-lock rifle of Dead Shot had a large vent. The process of loading was thus facilitated. For as the powder charge of fine kernel was poured in at the muzzle, a downward stroke of the breech would fill the pan, through the vent. He had acquired another habit equally available in saving time.

Between the middle and ring finger of his left hand, and near the knuckle joints, he uniformly carried a rifle bullet. This practice had formed spherical cavities in each finger, so that in the ordinary use of his hand the ball was securely lodged in that position. When ready for its use, a single motion of the hand carried and lodged it in the rifle muzzle. The rod with a concave leaden end, capped it, and a vigorous push sent it home.

Dead Shot had withdrawn and was about to return the ramrod to its thimbles, when a shrill wailing cry uprose from behind the log, succeeded by short, sharp and furious yells, ringing out upon the air far and wide. Then that mother panther, bereft of her young, leaped upon the log, repeating her terrible cry. Lashing her sides with her long flexible tail, she stood with open mouth and eyes like balls of fire fastened full upon the hunter.

The latter dropped his rod, but ere he could bring up the rifle to its place, and draw a proper sight, she leaped high in the air, fastening her claws into the side of a tree body standing near at hand. It is the nature of this dangerous variety of the feline family to take their prey by a leap from above. In fact,

they are seldom found traversing the earth for any considerable distance, unless in search of small game, or where standing trees are wanting.

The habits and proclivities of the panther were now familiar to Dead Shot. He knew her object was to ascend the tree, so that by leaping from limb to limb, she might reach and assail him from overhead. She clung to the upright body long enough to make sure of her hold for an upward spring. While thus stationary, Dead Shot had a full length side-view of her head and body. It was now or never. In that brief moment he sighted his object and fired. Stricken by that missile just behind her shoulder blade, she fell dead with her vitals fully pierced.

As our hunter beheld the result of his shot, he drew a long breath, with a feeling of relief. But he instantly found that his peril had by no means ceased. For with that rifle report, there came from the tree tops near at hand, still louder and more angry cries, and frightful shrieks. Bounding forward from limb to limb, with such springing leaps as only a panther can make, came the male of that feline family.

He descended not to the ground. He paused not to examine the condition of the slain. He had heard the outcries of his mate, and knew that the sanctuary of their retreat had been invaded. He was there to avenge it. His eyes all aflame, seemed glued to the man. With each of those muscular leaps he uttered that fearful cry of rage.

Dead Shot with rifle discharged, was appalled by this new danger. He barely paused to make sure that his person was the object aimed at by this new monster. Stooping for his ramrod he then wheeled and betook himself to flight, striving to reload his rifle as he ran.



But his fate seemed evidently staunch upon his track.

Right on his course the panther came, flying from top to top of the widely branching forest trees. Our hunter managed, by holding the rifle muzzle well elevated, to pour in the powder, how much he recked not. In his flight, leaping over a log, he struck the rifle breech smartly thereon. But he had no bullet now in his fingers.

To stop while getting one from his pouch would be sure to precipitate the panther's downward spring. He was equally barred from halting to ram it home. The emergency was truly calculated to appal the stoutest heart. Necessity must make a draft upon expedient and resource. Like an inspiration came the thought,—the remembrance, that in his outer pocket was a leaden slug which days before he had hammered out to slide easily down the bore of his rifle for an upward shot.

He at once shifted his ramrod to his right hand and along side of his rifle barrel. The hand thus freed was delved into his pocket bringing out the article sorely needed in his extremity. Between his rapid leaps the leaden slug was dropped in at the muzzle of the upright barrel, and readily slid to its place on the powder below.

Glancing backward over his shoulder he saw that the panther in that swift pursuit, had been gradually descending to the lower limbs, and was only a few paces in his rear, and within twenty feet of the ground. The chance thus offered was probably his best hold on life. He stopped suddenly, faced about, and carefully lowered the muzzle of his rifle. Almost by intuition he sighted his object just as the monster was curving up his spine, and settling his position for a final spring.

The finger pressed the trigger and the shot was made. Being over charged with powder, the recoil of

the weapon at the shoulder threw Dead Shot upon his back some yards away. Bruised by the concussion, but neither stunned nor disabled, he quickly arose to behold the panther, with prodigious power, tearing up the very ground where he had stood a moment before.

A glance sufficed to convince him that the monster was actually in his death flurry, this exhibition of muscular force proving to be purely a convulsive spasm. The slug had entered the open mouth of the panther, passing out the base of the skull behind.

Now that the crisis of peril was safely turned, Dead Shot became painfully sensible of his physical exhaustion. His perspiration was profuse;—his breath was spent;—his strength was gone. A general lassitude and faintness stole over his frame. He sank powerless to the ground, retaining, however, his consciousness. Closing his eyes and lying thus quiet for a time, both breath and strength returned.

Rising to his feet again, the dead monster lying near recalled him to a vivid sense of the desperate struggle for life, in which he was so recently engaged. Admonished of the lateness of the hour by the declining sun, he noted the objects around for future recognition. Then carefully reloading his rifle, he started for, and safely reached his abiding place.

On the succeeding morning the two men revisited the scene of the panther conflict. They took and preserved for robes, the skins of the three animals. The largest one, from nose to tip of the tail measured about eight feet. Having thus made our readers acquainted with two of our prominent characters, giving a sketch of their antecedents, physical and mental attributes, pursuits, location, with a few of their personal experiences in forest life, we feel emboldened to enter with firmer

tread the theater of those scouting exploits and incidents which it may suit our pleasure to relate.

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## CHAPTER IV.

The section of country constituting the theater to which we have alluded, is of very considerable extent being also quite diversified in its topography. A few descriptive facts touching the particular localities involved with their relative positions, each to the others, are deemed important. Thus aided, and by reference to a map, the reader will be enabled readily to grasp the situation at the objective points as they are successively brought to view in the progress of our narrative.

For a long period anterior to the events we relate. Three Rivers had been one of the centers of occupation by the Pottowatomies in the middle valley of the St. Joseph River. The settlement was then, like the modern village of Three Rivers, situated at the confluence of the three principal branches of the main river. The latter stream meandering down from the north-east, as it approaches the junction, has a westerly course. It here abruptly forms an ox-bow bend to the north, and returning passes off south-westerly. On the north-easterly apex of the bend, the Portage or middle river unites with the main stream. On the north-western side of the same bend the waters of the Rocky or west river are received.

Of these two tributaries, the former has a main course south by west, while the latter, running about

due south to within one-half mile of its mouth, there turns sharply to the east. Thus two peninsulas are formed by the three water courses, pointing south, and each having quite a breadth of tongue at their respective terminations.

South of Three Rivers, by about a dozen miles, the extensive prairie of White Pigeon opens out to view, being meandered in part by a stream bearing the same name. North of Three Rivers and distant some fifteen miles is Prairie Ronde, while by a like distance from the latter, still further north, the Kalamazoo River forms a junction with one of its southern affluents. This is the present site of the large and beautiful village of Kalamazoo, in the county of the same designation.

Traversing the distance of fifty to sixty miles from the latter village still further north, we reach Grand River at its principal falls, where we moderns find the important business city of Grand Rapids in the county of Kent. From Kalamazoo west by north, but twenty-four miles away, the tourist reaches the big horse-shoe bend of the Kalamazoo River, where the stirring commercial village of Allegan is situated, in the county of that name.

West by south and at the distance of twenty miles from Kalamazoo, lies the pleasant village of Paw Paw, near the junction of the chief branches of the river of that name in the county of Van Buren. Returning once more to Three Rivers, and looking in a south-westerly direction, we have at the distance of forty miles, the village of Mishawakee, near what is termed "the South Bend" of the St. Joseph River in the State of Indiana.

In the autumn of the year 1800, Elkhart was Head Chief of the Shawnees, occupying the Wabash Valley.

Influenced by an ambition for territorial conquest, he sought an occasion of quarrel, or to use a phrase of the olden time, a *casus belli*, with the Pottowatomie nation. The object in view was speedily attained. The spirited Pottowatomie chief, Pokagon, resenting both aggression and insult, hurled at the feet of Elkhart the gauntlet of defiance. Both parties now prepared for open hostilities.

For the war thus hastily inaugurated, the chivalrous scalp-lock was put in trim;—paint, after the fashion of their tribal devices, was liberally applied to face and person;—and their weapons, consisting of bows and arrows, tomahawk and knife, and for mounted men a long flexible rod with a flint spear-head, were all placed in readiness for use. Fire arms were not thus early used by them, being barely known to exist elsewhere.

The war dance was also held in requisition, being performed with far greater zeal than elegance. Finally, the tomahawk, by each brave in passing, was hurled at the post placed and painted as the visible and tangible representative of an enemy. Often these weapons went hurling through the air with such force and precision as to hang buried to the eye in the shattered post. Eventually the braves of either nation filed off on the war-path, preceded and flanked by scouts both on foot and mounted. The Shawnees as invaders, brought on the actual conflict in the middle section of the St. Joseph River Valley.

During the winter of 1800–1, the war was actively prosecuted by detached forces, in a series of skirmish engagements. Pokagon had anticipated that the first objective point aimed at by Elkhart, would be the large Pottowatomie settlement at South Bend, in Indiana. In this he had miscalculated the strategy of his enemy.

With signal ability Elkhart managing to avoid the lower St. Joseph Valley, gradually pressed his skirmish lines eastward toward the central occupation at Three Rivers.

In this attempt he was met, checked, and deflected from his course by a series of sharp, though indecisive encounters. The Shawnee Chief ultimately maneuvered to gain and hold possession of White Pigeon Prairie. At the same time Pokagon now on the alert, was concentrating all his forces a dozen miles north of him at Three Rivers. About the first of April 1801, Elkhart being largely reinforced, found his forces now outnumbered the Pottowatomie warriors. He sought to encircle Three Rivers by out-flanking lines.

This project of beleaguering the settlement was frustrated by Pokagon, who gallantly moved out compactly in front. Then by rapidly deploying his line both east and west, he adroitly cut off his enemy's flank movements in either direction. The collision of the skirmishers thus induced, precipitated a general engagement. The battle raged furiously throughout the line. It lasted during the entire day, with varying fortunes to the belligerents.

That stricken field witnessed skillful maneuvering by those in command. The battle was characterized by deeds of noble daring and personal heroism, exhibited by many warriors of both nations. It finally resulted in the retreat of the entire Pottowatomie force, with the capture of Three Rivers by the Shawnees. The latter were by no means jubilant over their hard-earned victory.

There was no attempt to pursue the retreating foe. The latter directed by the master-mind of their chief, had fought the entire day, disputing the ground inch by inch, not only with determined valor, but with the

desperate energy of men fighting for their families and their fireside homes. Elkhart was himself not only wounded but entirely disabled. Several of his subaltern chiefs, along with the very flower of his chivalrous braves, had lost both life and scalp on that sanguinary field. The final issue appeared extremely doubtful at evening twilight.

At that hour, Mishawaha, the beautiful young daughter of Elkhart, and the favorite princess of the nation, was standing by the couch of her sorely wounded father. She bethought herself of a desperate expedient for winning victory, even at that late hour. She was a fearless equestrienne, sitting upon her horse with easy grace. She was skilled in war-like movements, at the same time being an adept in the use of lighter weapons. Under different auspices she might have developed the queenly attributes of Zenobia or Semiramis in the leadership of armies.

Springing upon the back of her fiery, milk-white war-horse, with head proudly poised and flashing eye, she brandished aloft her glittering knife, while calling for volunteers to the rescue. Rallying a handful of chivalrous braves from among her devoted admirers, she led them in a headlong charge upon the decimated line of the enemy. Her design was to break through, scatter and confuse, and then to assail them in flank and rear.

The Pottowatomies fathoming her object, but at the same time observing that she was already several paces in advance of any support, recoiling to the right and left, as if avoiding the shock, allowed her to pass in full career. Closing in again instantly, they succeeded in braining or stabbing her few luckless followers. Directly thereafter the daring but hapless maiden, was surrounded, disarmed, and led swiftly away a captive,

towards the northern verge of the settlement. A retreat was forthwith set on foot by the entire Pottowatomie force in two divisions. It was conducted with the order and precision of a preconcerted movement. One division, but by far the most numerous, flew to their fleet of canoes, kept moored for the purpose, and with skillful paddle strokes, shot quickly from view down the current of the St. Joseph, for Mishawakee far below.

The other division of about one hundred mounted braves, lead by their old Chief, Pokagon, galloped with the captive princess in their cortege, over the trail northward for Prairie Ronde. Thence they veered westward to the central village of their tribe on the Paw Paw River, then at the junction of its principal branches.

The whole process of retreating, and thus surrendering up the possession of Three Rivers to the enemy had indeed been planned by Pokagon, in the event of their defeat in that general engagement. Looking forward to that contingency, all the infirm with the women and children, and all their moveables, had been previously safely transported to Mishawakee. The victory of the Shawnees therefore was bootless to them, beyond the possession of the naked soil and the deserted wigwams.

In the capture of Mishawaka the daughter of Elkhart, the astute Pokagon imagined he now held the trump card of that campaign. His idea was that by a little diplomacy and negotiation, in order to secure her release, Elkhart would be willing to surrender his conquest and close the war.



## CHAPTER V.

The tribe of Ottawas upon the Kalamazoo River and its tributaries, had viewed the commencement of the war between the Shawnees and Pottowatomies with calm indifference. Their ruling chief, Wakazoo, was widely known and justly celebrated for his sagacity in matters of home policy, as well as for his shrewd, far-reaching diplomatic views in his intercourse with adjacent tribes.

He had looked with distrust and jealousy upon the increasing numerical strength of the neighboring Pottowatomies. He had anticipated, as the result of the war, nothing seriously threatening national overthrow. He had simply contemplated the decimation of their numbers by the ordinary casualties of a desultory skirmishing warfare.

He had consequently declined utterly from the start, to interfere, and had thus far maintained a strict neutrality between the belligerents. At the same time in common with all other chiefs of resident tribes in the Peninsula State, he stood in awe of the haughty bearing and warlike proclivities of the great Shawnee nation. He had also feared their ambitious schemes and grasping plans for territorial conquests.

When, therefore, news of the crushing defeat of Pokagon came, leaving to his enemies, as the fruits of victory, the very key of the St. Joseph valley, the policy of Wakazoo underwent a radical change. His pet expedient of a masterly inactivity, was suddenly abandoned. The tribal balance and equipoise of power would be forever lost.

He despatched swift messengers calling in his people

from the hunting grounds and upper valleys of the Kalamazoo River. As they were gathered in, he massed them on the table lands contiguous to the big horse shoe bend of the river at Allegan. Thither he also summoned his chiefs and counselors from the lower valley and the lake shore region to meet him in council.

Meantime the Pottowatomies at Paw Paw held the captive princess, under the strictest surveillance, still hoping to effect, as the price of her release, a cessation of hostilities, and a restoration of their territory. They were, however, apprehensive that she might be wrested from their hands by a superior force of Shawnees.

To guard against such a possible mishap, and at the same time leave his whole force available for field operations, the crafty Pokagon devised a novel expedient. He resolved to send his captive, with a fitting escort, to Wakazoo at the horse shoe bend, with an urgent solicitation that he would receive and keep her as a hostage in their behalf. He also tendered the further overture and request that he would unite his forces with theirs to repel the invading Shawnees from the soil of Michigan as the common enemies of all the resident tribes. This deputation arrived most opportunely while the General Council of Wakazoo was yet in session. The envoys were received with stately ceremony, and were forthwith accorded an audience. The requests and overtures were duly presented and fully discussed. The Ottawa Council, under the plastic touch of the astute Wakazoo, assented to all the propositions of the deputation. The belt of wampum and the pipe of full league and amity were duly passed between those contracting parties.

The captive Mishawaha was courteously transferred to the custody and safe keeping of the Ottawa chief. By him she was received as a distinguished guest, and comfortable

quarters assigned befitting her rank. Beyond this it was arranged that the united forces of the two tribes were in due season to seek their enemies on the war path, under the joint leadership of Wakazoo and Pokagon, should all other expedients fail them. The envoys, after suitable refreshments, were then dismissed and the council closed its session.

Mishawaha, the now captive daughter of Elkhart, thus placed under the watch and ward of Wakazoo, as we have related, together with some of her antecedents, would seem to require at our hands a more extended and critical notice.

She was lineally descended from an illustrious stock. Her father, duly schooled in his proud ancestral traditions, was deeply imbued with the high-toned spirit of his family blood. He had, moreover, by his personal endowments and achievements, cleft his way to a position far surpassing the previous family level. By his courage, shrewdness and eloquence, he had established a reputation for greatness not only with his own people, but also over a large circle of aboriginal tribes.

Starting in his youth as chief of a clan, simply, he was ultimately elevated to the dignity of a princely ruler over the nation. At the close of the last century he was an octogenarian in years, with his constitutional vigor much impaired and his intellectual powers measurably enfeebled.

His daughter, Misiawaha, then some eighteen summers old, was nurtured in a manner befitting her rank. From inclination she had become a proficient in all their traditional lore. She was skilled in all the games and amusements of their life in the open air, and an adept in the use and handling of their lighter weapons. She was an accomplished equestrienne, riding her horse at any gait up to flying speed, with firm seat, fearless freedom and graceful attitude. She mingled with a zest in the excite-

ments of the chase, seldom failing to be in at the death of the hunted animal.

She inherited her father's mental strength and acumen; his self-reliance, resolute will and haughty pride. Subject to occasional outbursts of a fiery temper, her normal state was nevertheless one of sprightly vivacity united with amiability of disposition. The darling of her father, as the child of his old age, and the household pet as well, she was indulged in many wayward caprices, but without thus being spoiled. Naturally wild and frolicsome, she was yet intrepid and fearless in danger to the very verge of temerity. But underlying these outcropping personal traits, however, there was practical good sense, an innate self-respect, and the pride of rank and family blood. These uniformly toned her conduct and checked every impulse to overstep the proprieties of life and social position. We will now turn to her personal exterior endowments and physical attributes.

In form and feature, Mishawaha was a model of captivating female loveliness—a very paragon of aboriginal beauty. Her hair, black as the raven's wing, was glossy, straight, abundant and of surprising length. Her eyebrows were arched, well defined, and marking the base of a full, broad, polished forehead of moderate height. The eyes of her race are usually deep set, small, of bead-like form, and dull in quietude. Hers, on the contrary, were black indeed, like the hair, but large, full, moist and lustrous, always both expressive and luminous, with an added steel glitter under excitement. Her nose was after the Grecian pattern, finely chiseled and giving character and charm to a face slightly of the oriental oval mould.

The mouth was comely; the lips a little arched, flexible and readily pouting, yet tremulous with the half-hidden smile always lurking there. The chin was well

defined, delicately formed, with a tiny dimple nestling in the center. The ears were shapely, thin and semi-transparent.

Her complexion had nothing of the dull, dusky, olive hue of the Southern Asiatic. It more nearly approached the lively, light silver tinge of burnished copper. Her cheeks and lips had the rich ripe bloom of the damask rose. The skin was soft, smooth, polished and clear.

Her well-formed head was poised in queenly fashion, upon a neck and throat of faultless model. Her stature was a trifle above medium height, but the general contour of body and limb was admirable in its roundness and ripeness. The feet and hands were small and finely shaped. Her step was light and elastic, while all her attitudes and movements were natural, easy and graceful.

Her voice in conversation was low, rich, and rippling, but when giving utterance to musical notes it had a bird-like softness and sweetness of rare excellence. She also possessed in high perfection the imitative gifts and faculties of the southern mocking bird.

Such was the forest maiden, Mishawaha, whose present captivity was the result of her own temerity, and which proved the occasion of another sharp but decisive campaign.

When the maiden, as we have described her, was thus delivered over to the watchful care and restraining hand of Wakazoo, the old chief had great faith in diplomatic negotiations. But as a matter of prudence and caution, he promptly secured the co-operation of the Grand River Ottawas, by a secret league with Okemos, their chief. By its terms the latter was bound to lead, on call, a thousand braves to meet the former as auxiliaries at any designated rendezvous.

With his arrangements thus perfected—with his scouts





*MISH-A-WA-HA.*

already hovering the trails far and near, and watching at a distance the camp-fires of Elkhart ; and with sentinels set to guard against the espionage or attacks of the enemy upon his own swollen settlement, Wakazoo dispatched a runner to Pokagon, then at Paw Paw, with the simple pithy advice, "Wait, but watch."

Both these chiefs were anxiously awaiting some overture from Elkhart, touching his captive daughter, not knowing of the utter prostration of the aged Shawnee chief in consequence of the serious wounds received at the recent battle of Three Rivers. In fact the critical situation of Elkhart was only known to a small circle of his friends, while the populace were kept in ignorance of his debility, or his anguish occasioned by the captivity of his beloved daughter.

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## CHAPTER VI.

Prairie Ronde, on the southern margin of Kalamazoo county, is not surpassed in picturesque loveliness by any of the numerous prairies in Southwestern Michigan. From different standpoints, the natural eye commands a clear view of much of its undulating surface, and its irregular outline limits. A novel charm is added to its scenic beauty by the fact that, entirely separated from the belt or fringe of growing timber encircling the prairie, an island of thrifty forest trees is snugly nestled down upon the bosom of the prairie. This unusual circumstance, doubtless, suggested its name of "Prairie Ronde," or "Prairie Around." Like other Michigan prairies, this one is cir-



cumscribed in extent and boundary so as to be crossed from side to side without exhaustive fatigue. It can be readily scanned by the natural eye, without the wearisome sameness of the almost limitless plains further west.

The soil, a dark brown loam, was in its annual product of indigenous grasses, herbage and flowering plants, richly prolific. As the season advanced toward mid-summer, there was, in the normal condition of that prairie, with an unclouded sun, a gorgeousness of coloring—a flashing brightness from an infinity of rainbow hues, alternately blended and shifting from clear light to half hidden blooms, which threw a wierd enchantment over the beholder. Let the reader imagine a fringe of dark green foliage far away, skirting the prairie outline and marking the visual horizon. Then let the eye rest on the quiet, cool shadows beneath the group of those central island trees. Mark how the scattering beams of sunlight come piercing and glinting through the leafy canopy, tracing on that velvet carpet fantastic pictures of quivering brightness. Nestled in the shade of that far-skirting green fringe and of that central canopy alike, numberless feathered songsters, perched on bough and branch, warble forth their gladness in gushing notes of sweetest melody. They could not be silent. They could not repress the joyous upbursting song, when thus brought face to face with ravishing beauty.

But that picture within! Gentle reader, can your liveliest fancy grasp it? The time is, when there are drifting patches of fleecy clouds above, causing swift alternations of sunbeam and shadows to chase each other over the scene below. Listen to the chirping of multitudinous insects, and the hum of countless bees. Raise your eye for a glance out upon the rich mantle spread over that grand level stretch of prairie. You find it dotted and

spangled, yea, gemmed all over with single stems, and clusters, and groups of flowering shrubs and plants. Upon them there is an infinity of buds and blooming flowers. They are endless in variety, and tinted with every conceivable shade of hue and color. O! There is a brilliancy, a gorgeousness, and a glory in that bewildering bloom, not even surpassed by the vivid colors in the bow of the Creator's promise.

Next please call to your aid another scene, and try another test. Your breath is like the fabled ether of Elysium; for the very air is permeated and laden with perfumes and fragrant odors from the exquisite aroma of that wilderness of blooms. Finally, and as the crowning glory, just imagine an outreaching, overspreading atmosphere all aglow, but without drift or current, yet tremulous and shimmering in its own baptism of golden light.

Gentle reader, we simply desired to lay before you a picture of the Prairie Ronde of seventy years by gone; and even as the writer saw it about forty years ago, when clad in the fresh garniture of its virgin wilderness state, and rivaling in its adornments our ideal creations of an earthly paradise.

At evening twilight of a day in early June of the year 1801, two men rode out from the island of timber we have described, upon the northern trail, urging their hardy animals swiftly across the intervening prairie into the forest beyond. Yet rapid and stealthy as their brief transit was, in that gathering nightfall gloaming, they did not escape observation.

There was at that period a projecting arm or neck of the outlying forest, northeast of the timber island. It stretched into the prairie to within one hundred rods of the trail along which those horsemen were speeding their way. In the western skirts of this wooded neck, but

screened from outward view, two other men had for many days been posted, maintaining a sharp outlook upon the stretch of prairie and the course of the trail north from the timber island.

The men last named were our old acquaintances, Dead Shot and Lynx Eye, now on duty as outlying scouts of Wakazoo, and spies upon the movements of any Shawnees going northward from Three Rivers. From their intimate association for the last two years, they conversed readily in the English language. The native, however, inclined to use the abrupt and abbreviated vernacular of unlettered American border men.

No sooner had the two horsemen vanished from sight in their northerly course, than Lynx Eye, rising from his recumbent posture, said, "Me go see 'em trail. May be me tell who 'em be, and where 'em go." Dead Shot replied, "You are right. Be wary and quick. If you fail now, we will have a closer view on their return."

Lynx Eye crept forward through the underbrush. Then he sank from view, so that the keen eyes behind him could only mark his progress by the gentle waving of the tall grass out on the open prairie. But Dead Shot thus knew that the distance was being successfully traversed.

After the lapse of an hour, the scout on the watch was made aware of the approach of his comrade by a skilful imitation of a whippoorwill's notes. The last twilight was then merging in the darkness of an ordinary starlight night. As those notes were echoed back the native scout appeared, quietly seating himself beside the other. Defering to the well-known reticence of all Indian messengers, Dead Shot allowed a few moments to elapse in silence. Then, facing the other, he put the inquiry: "Well, Lynx Eye, who were they?"

The latter as quietly replied, "Shawnees, Gray Wolf

and two braves." Dead Shot hastily rejoined, "How is that? There were but two men passed on the trail. But tell me, who is Gray Wolf, and what have you seen on the trail?"

The dwarf answered: "Me tell Dead Shot all. Gray Wolf is young Shawnee chief, smart to talk, and him grow big on war path. Me see tracks of two braves on trail, no more. Then me go up north to forks. You know, three: one go north to river, one other go more toward big lake. Him go to Horse Shoe Bend, to Wakazoo. The last one points toward sunset, to Paw Paw, where Pokagon stays. At Trail Forks, me see nuther horse track, coming up trail from Paw Paw. Three all take middle trail for Horse Shoe Bend. First them have small talk together, me know, cause me see tracks of horses stepping all 'round. One rider drop this. Me find him there."

Ceasing to speak the dwarf drew out from beneath his garment, an arrow with a flint head. The shaft, slightly flattened near the fastening, had drawn thereon in blue paint, a rude sketch of a wolf's head. Lynx Eye thereupon resumed his remarks: "Me know this, Gray Wolf use him. cause me hear talk of Wakazoo and Mishawaha. Gray Wolf much want to find Elkhart's daughter. Last year him want Mishawaha for wife. Elkhart say no; cause him want much big chief for her. Gray Wolf no give up. Him send one brave to spy her out at Paw Paw. If no find her, him was to come up to Trail Forks. Gray Wolf meet him with nuther brave. All now gone down to Wakazoo's settlement for sharp look after Mishawaha. Better than heap of scalps, Gray Wolf think, to steal her away from Wakazoo. Him spose Elkhart then give him to him for wife. Lynx Eye has spoken."

"Aye, by my faith," said the pale face, "and shrewdly spoken, too. I believe you have hit the mark. But what

are we to do? Shall we follow them up on the trail?" The dwarf answered, "Dead Shot know best 'bout that. In course, if you go, me go too."

"You are always ready to follow my lead. But now I am in doubt, I want Lynx Eye to say what he thinks."

"Me think best way to stay here, watch 'em when come back, fore much long."

"Well, we will stay then, and try for a close look as they return. 'Twill be some hours first, meantime we can go to eat and sleep."

"Lynx Eye thinks the talk is good. Him now much tired, and big hungry."

The colloquy here ended, for the two immediately withdrew further within the timber to a small circular hollow of some depth, but screened around its upper verge by a thickly clustered growth of bushes. Carefully parting these they descended the sloping slide. Uncovering some live coals, they placed thereon a few dry sticks, and soon had a clear blaze, with but little smoke to rise and thus betray their presence. Next they broiled some nice venison steaks, cut from the fresh saddle of a deer, stowed away under some boughs. After eating a hearty meal, and smothering down the fire, they slept soundly, wrapped in their blankets, till early dawn. Making a similar repast for breakfast, they resumed their watch in the forest skirts.

There they remained until towards noon when Dead Shot espied a flock of wild turkies out on the prairie within easy rifle range. Mechanically his rifle came up to his shoulder for a shot, but the hand of Lynx Eye was hastily laid on his arm, with the low spoken caution—

"Dead Shot too much forget. Rifle make smoke and big noise. Arrow go still, but him kill all same."

The rifle was instantly lowered, while the dwarf, drop-

ping prone on the ground, crept half the distance toward the flock. Then cautiously lifting his head and shoulders above the grass, the arrow sped on its mission of death. A few minutes later and the native scout was again beside the other, exultingly holding up to view a fine turkey gobbler. Dead Shot, smiling approvingly, dismissed him to the hollow to dress and cook the turkey for their dinner, while he would maintain a careful watch upon the trail.

In due time Lynx Eye returned to their place of outlook, bearing the turkey neatly dressed and nicely cooked. Pointing to it, lying upon a square of bark, with a significant glance and motion towards the knife in the belt of the other, he remarked: "Good time as any, and good place to eat him here, can then watch over trail same time."

The turkey was eaten with a relish that only woodsmen know, and the watch was kept up until the sun was sinking below the western tree tops. Then three persons appeared in view on the northern trail, two of these urging their jaded and sweat-covered horses towards the timber island.

## CHAPTER VII.

As those three persons came along the trail abreast of the scouts, only a hundred rods away, Dead Shot, wild with excitement, exclaimed:

"One of them is a woman! and, by the Eternal! it is the captive, Mishawaha! They must stop for rest in the timber grove yonder. They must have food and water from that bubbling spring over there! What say you, Lynx Eye?"

With his gaze still fixed upon the riders, with their weary, almost stumbling animals, the dwarf replied:

"'Tis as I thought when out on the trail. 'Twas Gray Wolf and his followers I tracked. Them were after her. 'Tis Mishawaha. Gray Wolf is the one behind. Him has got her away. But how? They'll stop down there some hours. Them tired and hungry much. Anyhow, we'll look to 'em close 'fore them go."

"Aye! and we'll have her out of their hands, too, in spite of Gray Wolf with the whole band of his accursed imps!" shouted Dead shot in ringing tones.

The whole demeanor of the man seemed to have undergone a magical change. The dwarf, startled by his rasping, fiery utterance, withdrew his eye from the strangers, and fixed a wondering glance on his companion. Dead Shot was standing erect. His head was thrown a little back, but was at the same time proudly poised. His lips were compressed and bloodless. His nostrils were dilated and quivering with intense excitement. His cheeks, with each a spot of crimson, were otherwise of aspen hue. His eyes were flashing with a baleful fire. The brow was dark and frowning. The muscles of neck, chest and arms,

strung to their tenison, lay out on the surface in full volume and corded swells.

Lynx Eye, intuitively sounding the mystery of these novel manifestations, fathomed the intensity of the master passion they indicated. Hoping that prudence would come if he was left alone to reflect, he turned as if to leave, remarking :

"Me 'spect we want horse much soon. Me now go fetch 'em here in the timber, from that little prairie over where we left 'em hopped. Will Dead Shot stay here to watch and plan till me come back in one little hour?"

Recalled from his unreasoning mood by these politic suggestions, Dead Shot replied, "Yes, I will wait;" and with the word seated himself, while Lynx Eye, pleased at the effect of his ruse, sped away on his errand.

As the dwarf had sagely conjectured the previous evening, Gray Wolf, with his two followers, did take the central trail, intending to visit the encampment of Wakazoo, and, if possible, to glean some intelligence of the place where Elkhart's daughter was held in captivity. The aged chief had as yet been confined to his couch by wounds received in the battle at Three Rivers.

Gray Wolf had for some time been enamored of the beautiful person, mental gifts and sprightliness of Mishawaha. He imagined that an important step towards success in his wooing would be achieved, could he personally deliver her, either by force or stratagem, from captivity. He had by some means learned of the league, offensive and defensive, between Pokagon and Wakazoo. The scouts of both had been instructed not as yet to take life, unless in self-defence, but to await the commencement of actual hostilities on the war path. This fact had also come to the knowledge of Gray Wolf. He was thus emboldened to enter the Ottawa territory with



less stealthy precaution than he would otherwise have exercised.

The night closing in as they left Prairie Ronde on the trail, was sufficiently light for them to readily follow the pathway at a moderate pace. They crossed the Kalamazoo by fording at the rapids, ten miles above the big horse bend. Thence they pursued their way with added caution. With the morning sun two hours high they reached the upper table land within a mile of the outer wigwams in that quarter of the settlement.

A short distance in their front, the broad plateau is suddenly narrowed down to a neck, not over twenty rods in width, by two objective elbows: the one being a short curve of the main river on the southerly side, and the other by an approach and then abrupt deflection of a chasm-like ravine, on the northerly side. In either case the banks descend precipitously to a depth of sixty to seventy feet. Leaving the trail for the bush, they approached that narrow uplift. Here dismounting and cautiously leading their horses forward, they entered the neck, and there hitched the animals to saddles a few paces from the trail. Creeping back to its margin they kept a sharp lookout up and down, while maturing a plan for future action.

Half an hour thus elapsed in quietude. The weary watchers withdrawing a few yards were all reclining at full length, when their ears were saluted by female voices in lively conversation. Crawling deftly forward once more and peering out, they saw what made their hearts throb with delight. Three native maidens were seen approaching them by the trail. They were merrily chatting, occasionally stopping to pluck gay flowers by the wayside. Two Ottawa braves followed a few paces in their rear, evidently keeping watch and ward over their charges.

The foremost, and by far the most lovely of the maidens, was Mishawaha, Elkhart's captive daughter.

Gray Wolf, having been previously rejected by her as a lover, and being doubtful of the reception the maiden might now accord to him, shrank back from view, at the same time whispering to a follower of his, well known to the entire family of Elkhart, to give the notes of the cuckoo. If the maiden noticed the signal, then he was to show her his features through the bushes.

The notes were well executed, being a true imitation of natural ones. The maiden heard and marked them, furtively glancing around her. The notes were repeated, while for an instant a face was exhibited, framed in the branches and limbs of a shrub a few rods ahead. Mishawaha saw and recognized the face, and thus was fully appraised that friends were near.

She met the emergency with outward composure, but with a woman's strength of will, she gave no visible sign to her attendants of her startling discovery. With ready tact she remarked: "We have now walked far enough; you stop here for a moment, while I go a few steps for a flower I see."

Gray Wolf, from his hiding place, saw the glance of recognition she bestowed upon the brave, and comprehended the ruse of her advance. He whispered his men to unhitch, and one of them to hold the horses. The other one he ordered to keep under cover until out of sight, but to make his best speed for the ford they had passed a few hours earlier that morning.

In the meantime Mishawaha demurely stepped forward, leaving her companions, until she reached the place where the face had momentarily appeared, and whence the cuckoo notes had emanated. Carelessly turning partly around she suddenly sprang, stooping, under the branches,

disappearing from the view of her companions and the Ottawa braves. But instead of meeting the brave whom she had seen, the maiden was clasped in the arms of Gray Wolf, with a pressure more nervous and fervent than politeness required. Next he hurried her to the horses, and seated her upon the one belonging to his absent follower. Gray Wolf and the other brave then vaulted into their saddles, and the three together dashed into the trail, and were off southward in a wild gallop, the brave leading, the maiden following, and Gray Wolf bringing up the rear.

The two Ottawa braves and the brace of maidens comprehended the rescue with its surroundings on sight. Knowing also that pursuit by them on foot would be utterly futile, they returned to the settlement. Their report was promptly made to Wakazoo of this singular escapade of Mishawaha. The chief was sorely perplexed, bowing his head in thoughtful cogitation over this new complication of public affairs. All his cherished plans of conquering peace by negotiation, and of securing the withdrawal of the Shawnees from the soil of the entire peninsula, in that moment of stern reality, disappeared like "the baseless fabric of a vision, or a dream."

Still, although the prospect of a re-capture seemed well nigh hopeless, he outwardly acted with the promptitude of a man inspired with hope and courage. Selecting a dozen staunch warriors, he armed, mounted, and despatched them in pursuit. His orders were not to draw rein until they reached the Shawnee picket lines, unless they sooner overtook the fugitives.

This war-like cavalcade silently left the small peninsula, formed within the Horse-shoe bend, fording the same at the South Rapids, and ascending the sloping bank of the Southwestern plateau. Having thus reached

the scene of the morning escapade, the pursuit began in earnest, but not with the speed of the flying fugitives.

The petty chief in command was a veteran, well-skilled in the capabilities and power of endurance of man and beast. Eyeing the foot-prints of the steeds in the advance, with the way their hoofs had dug up and spurred the soil, he sententiously remarked:

“One hour to ford—long journey beyond—horses, no breath, no strength. From ford start on gallop, then come to a walk—me go steady—maybe me catch 'em yet.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

Gray Wolf had indeed acted recklessly. He had ridden the first ten miles in a wild gallop, not once drawing rein until they reached and passed the rapids at the site of the village of Otšego. There they dismounted for half an hour, to allow their heated, overdone animals a breathing respite. Gray Wolf improved the chance thus offered for the renewal of his suit to the maiden. His protestations of love were vehement. He urged and implored her consent to become his wife.

At first she quietly endeavored to repel his advances; finally she firmly and decidedly declined an alliance with him. Stung into frenzy by her evident aversion to him, and her cool rejection of his suit, he became heated with fierce anger, and incautiously threatened her with coercive power.

Then, all the pride of her haughty race, and still more haughty family, leaped forth in a crimson flush over neck, face and brow. Her eyes gleamed with scintillations of flashing, wrathful light; with a panther's spring, she stood erect, confronting him, eye to eye. Her right hand was nervously playing with the haft of her knife, in its beaded and highly ornamented sheath and girdle.

There was something strangely, ravishingly beautiful in that forest maiden then and there. That queenly form and attitude; that eye of more than mortal brightness; those coral lips, wreathed into a curl of unutterable scorn and defiance, with the manifest presence of

that self-reliant intellectual force, were well calculated to fascinate the beholder.

Standing thus face to face for a brief moment in silence, she spoke in a voice not loud, but whose tones had the clear metallic ring of chiming bells.

"Before I marry I must first love. The man lives not, who could compel me to wed, by appeals to my personal fear, or by threats of personal violence; I am incapable of fear, and I know how to defend myself; we will now resume our journey."

With the word she stepped forward, and lightly sprang to her saddle. The two men also mounted for a start, when their third man on foot came panting up to the ford. Gray Wolf promptly motioned his mounted man to vacate the saddle for that weary runner. Springing to the ground, and hitching the horse, he set forward on foot at a swinging gait.

The rear runner having refreshed himself by a plunge into the river, whilst crossing, next mounted, and by urging his horse for a few miles, overtook Gray Wolf and Mishawaha. Their progress finally became slow. The animals, unwisely overworked for the first hour, had no further capacity for speed. In fact, they began to evince symptoms of utter failure. Thus it chanced that the party of three reached Prairie Ronde at the late hour, and in the jaded plight we have previously described.

Our attention will next be directed to the persons we left on the skirts of that prairie, and on that timber island. Dead Shot, whilst awaiting the return of Lynx Eye, with their horses, having recovered his self-possession, was busy in conjecturing the means by which Gray Wolf had so successfully effected the abduction of Mishawaha. Failing to fathom that mystery, he was nevertheless clear in the view, that the three horses now

on the timber island, were the same ones ridden north by Gray Wolf and his followers, on the previous evening.

Feeling assured that this conclusion was correct, it was a matter of course, that one of the braves had surrendered his horse for the use of Mishawaha; well knowing the rapid pace of an Indian runner, and the great distance he could travel without food or rest, he became satisfied that the third man was even then drawing near on the trail. An attempt to re-capture the maiden within the coming hour, he had fully determined upon. The presence of this third warrior might complicate his plans, or place his success in jeopardy.

Leaving Lynx Eye a sign that he had gone out to the trail, he adopted the native method of crawling prone through the grass to prevent any exposure of his person in the still bright evening twilight. Being an expert in that species of exercise, he was soon at the trail. His design was to effect a capture of the foot traveler, if possible, without slaying him. He went prepared for either alternative. He first made sure, by searching for foot-prints, that he had not already passed, and then lay in wait for him beside the trail.

The surmise upon which he acted, was correct. His watch for barely ten minutes was rewarded by seeing the Shawnee brave heave in sight. He moved slowly, and was evidently fatigued. The scout now crouched behind a cluster of large-stemmed flowering shrubs, all unconscious of his presence, the tired man had approached within the distance of six feet, when Dead Shot sprang upon him at a single bound—bore him crushed to the earth, and forced a gag into his mouth, without affording any chance for a single outcry.

Next depriving him of his weapons, he securely bound him by the wrists and ankles. Dragging his now help-

less victim a few rods from the trail, he lodged him in a cluster of grass and shrubs. Returning in the same stealthy manner to his old stand in the timber, he found Lynx Eye already there with the horses. To him he briefly stated his reasons for visiting the trail with the result.

The dwarf listened to his recital, at first with an anxious look, and then with an animated glow upon his features; as the narrative ended, he gave utterance to his thoughts in his own laconic style: "Dead Shot be one big brave. Him wise to think; quick to strike; me like it much. Now we wait one little hour; all dark then; we take horses over there. Nobody see."

Meanwhile, Elkhart, at Three Rivers, still feeble from his wounds, and disheartened by the prolonged absence and captivity of his daughter, accidentally heard of the departure of Gray Wolf with his brace of braves. He conjectured at once the purpose of their hazardous mission. The old chief, in general, entertained a high opinion of the Shawnees' tact and courage of Gray Wolf. Still he knew him to be naturally rash and headstrong, wherever his personal feelings were deeply involved.

He was also fully aware of his passionate and enduring love for Mishawaha; acting under its fiery impulse, he feared for his prudence, and distrusted his discretion. His anxiety would not permit him to rest. On the afternoon of the day that Gray Wolf returned with the maiden to Prairie Ronde, Elkhart despatched a half score of warriors, well armed and mounted, on that trail for Prairie Ronde and the Kalamazoo river. His orders were to find and follow the foot-steps of Gray Wolf, and if they found him in trouble, to aid his escape.

Thus it happened, that on the evening of the day



we have mentioned, there were two small hostile parties on, or hovering near the timber island on Prairie Ronde, between whom a personal encounter was imminent. Two large hostile parties mounted, and rapidly approaching that same locality from opposite directions, might also there speedily meet in sharp collision.

A few words to our readers may be desirable here, by way of furnishing them with a key to the personal feelings of Gray Wolf and Dead Shot, and the mutual jealousy and rancorous hatred they have toward each other at that hour. Gray Wolf had heard of the prowess and comely looks of the pale face hunter and scout among the Kalamazoo Ottawas. He had also learned that he was a guest of Wakazoo, when Elkhart's daughter was transferred to the big Horse Shoe Bend.

From these premises he inferred that Mishawaha and the pale face must have become familiarly acquainted. When therefore the maiden had so openly scorned his own love a few hours before, he became insanely jealous of Dead Shot, believing that Mishawaha had rejected him for love of the other. The very thought was madness, intense and consuming. He resolved at the moment to have the scalp and the heart's blood of the pale face, at the earliest opportunity.

At the same hour Dead Shot was bitterly pondering over the fact that the maiden was now in the hands of the young chief, and that if she was successfully restored by him to her father's arms, Elkhart, in the fullness of his gratitude might make her the wife of her deliverer. Dead Shot at the Big Bend had enjoyed the free entree of the commodious wigwam of his patron Wakazoo.

Thus for a few weeks he had daily enjoyed hours in social intercourse with the captive maiden. She was

quite a proficient in the use of the English language, and was anxious to extend that knowledge. She was likewise curious to hear about the habits, customs, ways and manners of the white race. He was but too willing to impart to her all the knowledge in his power.

Thus conversing together in his language, time sped on golden wing. Being guileless and as yet heart-whole in all other directions, they were mutually attracted and pleased with each other, and then unconsciously drifted into an ardent, devoted and impassioned love. The marked distinctions of race and color, and social position were all ignored by them. They thought not of the barriers the future might interpose. They were even heedless of the realities of the present. They floated away to airy realms, and lived for a few weeks in a dream land of bliss.

Still they were in ignorance of either the nature or strength of the attachment thus springing up between them. Their natural conduct had been strictly decorous, whilst in fact no word of love had passed between them. Thus it chanced, that when the scouts were ordered away on their hazardous mission, the keen pang of separation, and the vanishing light from their Eden, made a thrilling revelation to each of our lovers.

With the shrinking delicacy of this mysterious new fledged passion, each however carefully concealed its very existence from the other. Thus they had parted without revealing by word or sign, the pent up agony of the hour.

Gray Wolf upon his arrival stopped at the usual resting place in that grove. It had long been a place of bivouac for wayfarers on that leading trail. Hundreds of fires had there been kindled, and thousands quenched their thirst at the adjacent bubbling spring.

Here the three dismounted, and the brave was despatched with the animals, to the southern edge of the timber where he hopped them out to feed beside the trail. Returning he set about lighting a fire and cooking some meat left over from their last visit, being safely suspended on a limb.

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## CHAPTER IX.

From his first arrival Gray Wolf devoted himself assiduously to the comfort and welfare of Mishawaha. For her he soon arranged with robes a resting place, where she could sit, or recline at pleasure. The savory smell of the broiling steaks awakened them all to the keen demands of an appetite, whose calls had been long deferred.

Mishawaha uninfluenced by either resentment towards the young chief, or any pining love-lorn sentimentality, partook of the repast with evident zest. The men eat voraciously, reserving however a liberal portion for their absent comrade, for whose arrival they were now anxiously looking.

Reducing the fire to a small flickering light for his guidance, they stretched themselves at length upon the ground for the luxury of an hour's rest. Two hours had been the limit assigned for their stoppage, as Gray Wolf hoped to reach Three Rivers at early morning dawn.

Such then was the posture of affairs in the bivouac on the timber island, when the two scouts with their horses and equipments stealthy arrived at the northern skirts of that same timber tract. Fastening the animals a few rods east of the northern trail, and seeing that tomahawk and knife were in place in their belts, they crept warily towards the now feeble light of the camp fire.

They could discern objects plainly within the small circle illuminated by that light, whilst those within that circle were unable to peer out into the darkness beyond. Pausing often with upraised head and steady gaze, the scouts scrutinized every object near that fire, and thus enabled to ascertain the relative and exact position of each of the persons there reclining.

Then hugging the very earth, they crept so noiselessly forward that not a leaf rustled, nor a twig broke, to give warning of their close proximity. Finally rising together to their feet, each, with a panther's spring, landed upon his intended victim. As Dead Shot felt the person of Gray Wolf beneath him, he whirled him with face to the ground. Sitting astride the body, with a thong knotted above his elbows he pinioned his arms behind the back.

Facing himself about, with his weight resting upon the prostrate body, he lashed the ankles together securely. Rising next to a stooping posture, he rolled the helpless young chief upon his back, and tightly bound his wrists across his chest. The scout now straightening himself up erect, glanced at the operations of Lynx Eye. He saw, that swift and dexterous as his own movements had been, they barely equalled the celerity and artistic performance, by which he had reduced the other native to a like helpless state of captivity.

At the first outset Mishawaka sprang to her feet facing the assailants. She recognized them at a glance, and instantly fathomed their purpose. She stood motionless, but watching the issue of the struggle and the binding of the captives. Then as Dead Shot saw their work completed, he turned a burning glance full upon the face of the maiden.

A rich glow suffused both cheek and brow, whilst a tender light gleamed from her lustrous but now liquid eyes. Then as eye met eye, they both sprang forward. Hands were clasped, and their lips met in the first kiss of acknowledged reciprocal love. The next moment they were awakened to a lively sense of their surroundings.

Gray Wolf was struggling furiously in his bonds. With eyes wildly glaring—with nostrils inflated and quivering with intense rage—and with teeth fairly gnashing with demoniac fury, he hissed forth the malediction, "accursed dog of a pale face; Gray Wolf will have his scalp and cut out his heart."

At the same moment Lynx Eye, equally unmoved by the loving embrace on the one hand, or the outburst of frenzied madness on the other, stepped to the side of Dead Shot and whispered, "Time to go—slow march—night dark. Him trail long."

These brief suggestions were barely concluded, ere a confused sound came up from the southern limit of the timber, as of men in a gleeful unguarded talk. Only one moment they listened, then "Shawnees," burst from the lips of the dwarf, whilst the order to "follow," broke from those of Dead Shot. With the word, and clasping the maiden in his arms, the pale face vanished from the circle of light. He led the way for the point where their horses stood picketed, with Lynx Eye running by his side.

They were barely allowed the time for thus disappearing in one direction, when from the opposite, the half score of braves despatched by Elkhart upon the trail, dashed up to the light with a gleeful shout, to be sobered and silenced by the spectacle there exhibited. They had discovered the three horses hopped and feeding on the edge of the prairie. On a closer inspection they recognized the spotted animal ridden by Gray Wolf. At the same time catching a glimpse of the flickering light at the usual halting place, they presumed the young chief to be quietly resting there.

Elated by this sudden and apparently pleasant termination of their expedition, and little dreaming of either mishap or misadventure, they had, oblivious of either caution or discipline on the war path, dashed forward at a gallop in the tumultuous manner we have described.

The chief at the head of the squad was the equal of Gray Wolf in rank and renown. At his command the saddles were instantly emptied—bundles of dry faggots, close at hand, were heaped upon the fire; followed by an immediate upleaping flame illuminating the whole timber tract. Thus seen it fairly assumed the semblance of a magnificent amphitheater covered with its leafy canopy. Next the chief promptly ordered his men to scour the whole area in search of lurking foes.

Whilst thus issuing his commands, with his own knife he severed the thongs by which Gray Wolf and his follower were bound. Thus far no word of question or answer had passed between the two chiefs. But as the thongs fell away from his ankles, elbows and wrists, Gray Wolf leaped upon his feet. Then uttering a fierce yell of rage, ending in the shrill war whoop of his nation, he bounded away upon the track of Dead Shot with his own follower but a few rods behind him.

Gray Wolf wildly leaping along had already measured three-fourths of the distance to the northern skirts of the timber, running in the line of the trail, when the clarion war whoop of the dozen Ottawa braves, sent in pursuit by Wakazoo, smote on his ear. With the cry they swept mounted into the circle illuminated by the fire. About a dozen rods east of their point of entrance Dead Shot and the maiden now stood by the horses ready to mount and flee.

The spirits of the scout were wonderfully reviewed by this unlooked for succor. He shouted in ringing tones, but using the Ottawa language. "To the right, center and left! Sweep the timber area!"

Gray Wolf readily comprehending the imminence of his own peril, and in his extremity forgetting both love and vengeance, wheeled and fled south on the trail for dear life, rivalling in speed his namesake of the forest. Not so with his unlucky follower, who a few moments previous had caught a glimpse of the scouts, the maiden and the horses.

Veering eastward from the trail he made direct for that objective point. He lost sight of his chief, and took no apparent heed of the band of mounted Ottawas, or their movements. Now, Lynx Eye first gazing at the rushing troop, and then shifting his glance towards the central fire, clearly perceived directly in his line of vision, the swift approach of the Shawnee brave. The dwarf darted forward as if to meet his recent captive in deadly grapple.

When however the two were almost within each others grasp, Lynx Eye, leaping lightly on one side, and wheeling about, with an upward and forward spring threw his long muscular arms around the shoulders of his adversary, and hurled him to the ground.

The Shawnee, being both supple and strong, managed to wiggle himself over nearly face to face with his assailant. Over and over they now rolled, and writhed, and struggled; but the hugging embrace of the dwarf was vise like and tenacious. Dead Shot witnessing the encounter, and finding it thus prolonged, stepped to the spot and quickly bound the now passive victim.

The Shawnee braves widely scattered in their search through the timber tract, believing from the ringing whoop, that the Ottawas were upon them in formidable numbers, vanished singly into the obscurity of the prairie around and beyond.

Their chief had remained standing by his horse watching the result of the search he had instituted. Perceiving the flight of his band and the near approach of the mounted foe, he forthwith vaulted into his saddle galloping south in the track of the flying Gray Wolf. Overtaking the latter at the moment of his recovering and mounting his spotted war horse, the two took the trail at a rapid gait for Three Rivers.

The Ottawas, satisfied that the timber area was fully evacuated by the Shawnees, abandoned all idea of a night pursuit. They were content with a bloodless victory, especially, as through the recapture of Mishawaha by the scouts, they had attained the object of their expedition. They secured the horses thus unceremoniously left by the foe, and hopped them with their own out to feed, where those of the scouts were stationed.

They were then at liberty to group themselves at the fire for rest and food. Thither Dead Shot now led Mishawaha, and Lynx Eye proudly marshalled his captive into their midst. The two scouts next going up the northern trail a short distance, soon returned with the other follower of Gray Wolf, whom Dead Shot had, two



hours before, captured and left gagged and bound out on the prairie.

After the lapse of a couple of hours devoted to refreshments and rest, the whole party were ready for a homeward start. The maiden and two captives were each mounted on a horse taken from the Shawnees. By common consent Dead Shot acted as escort of Mishawaha, with Lynx Eye riding as her file leader on the trail.

The cavalcade leisurely pursued their route during the residue of the night. At full dawn they increased their speed, arriving about noon at their destination. Their return with Elkhart's daughter and the two captive braves, was hailed by the masses with noisy, jubilant exultation.

But with Wakazoo the pleasure of present success, furnished really no equivalent for this fresh complication of difficulties in the way of a peaceful negotiation. Serene but reticent as usual before the populace, he sought, nevertheless, a personal interview with Lynx Eye from whom he received a detailed statement of all that had transpired.

The dwarf dwelt upon the particulars of that love passage between the pale face and the maiden, in the presence of Gray Wolf. He graphically described the fearful rage of the latter, with his terrible malediction and threat of savage vengeance.

The sagacious old chief, dismissing his interlocutor, sat pondering over the events, to the recital of which he had just listened. His mental grasp fastened upon the entire situation. Reasoning from the natural promptings of the human heart, as he had read its lessons, he was convinced that the matter was not only beyond any peaceful solution, but must now be settled by the stern arbitrament of war.

## PART II.

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### THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE AND FINAL GREAT BATTLE OF THREE RIVERS.

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#### CHAPTER I.

We closed the first part of our veritable narrative with an account of the re-capture of Elkhart's daughter by the scouts and a few Ottawa braves at Prairie Ronde, with an account of their safe return to the encampment of Wakazoo. We also announced the safe conclusion reached by the latter, that a formidable war was now inevitable.

His opinion was chiefly predicated upon the following reasons: He was satisfied that Gray Wolf would now repudiate Mishawaha with scorn and loathing. He knew that he would cultivate his thirst for vengeance, not only against Dead Shot, but against all who had been instrumental in wrecking his amatory hopes.

He also fully believed that with a knowledge of his daughter's proposed mis-alliance with a pale face adventurer, the haughty Elkhart, furious with rage and mortification, would tear her image from his heart. He would also proclaim Mishawaha an alien from his household, and an outcast from the nation.

The stern reflections of Wakazoo went still further. He was sensible that the disgrace upon the proud lineage and family of Elkhart, having occurred through a

breach of their neutrality by his Ottawa tribe, and at his own instigation, nothing short of blood could atone for the dire offense.

Thus believing and judging, the old chief at once realized the startling perils by which he was girt about. He was awoke from his dreams of fancied security, to the necessity for a prompt draft upon all his resources to meet successfully the impending crisis.

At an early hour of the succeeding morning, he despatched special envoys north and south,—one to Okemos, chief of the Grand River Ottawas, then at the present site of the city of Grand Rapids, and the other to Pokagon, the Pottowatomie Chieftain at Paw-Paw. The envoys bore from him an urgent request that both chiefs would meet him forthwith at the Horse-Shoe Bend of the Kalamazoo, and that each would come attended by two trusty councillors, for a secret conference upon matters of vital importance to their respective tribes.

These messages were swiftly conveyed and promptly responded to by the chiefs with their attendant councillors in person. They were received by Wakazoo with courteous and stately ceremony. They were comfortably lodged and hospitably entertained. On the following morning, Wakazoo, also supported by two councillors, opened the conference with them in a wigwam apart, and guarded from all intrusion.

The details of the existing war, and of its chequered fortunes, were given by Pokagon. The later developments were then graphically described by Wakazoo. These included the recent attempt of the Shawnees to surreptitiously re-capture the daughter of Elkhart out of the hands of Wakazoo. Next he detailed the subsequent encounter at Prairie Ronde with its practical results

The whole field was then critically re-surveyed. The aggressive policy and ambitious schemes of the Shawnees for territorial conquests were also reviewed. The possible future injuries to the various resident tribes of the peninsula were made to figure in the balance sheet of Elkhart's aggressions and delinquencies. The suggestions of the several chiefs and councillors were all gravely canvassed, and a harmonious conclusion was ultimately reached.

It will be sufficient for our present purpose to state generally, that an alliance between the three tribes, was there formed. Its ostensible object was the expulsion of the Shawnees from the entire limits of the lower peninsula. The war was to be inaugurated afresh and vigorously prosecuted, Wakazoo was to plan the campaign and superintend the field evolutions. His incipient quota was to be twelve hundred warriors for the service. Okemos was to lead to the front and handle in action one thousand braves; whilst Pokagon, acting in concert and aiding in each conflict, was to muster and lead eight hundred men.

§The sitting of the council had been from sunrise to sunset, without any refreshment or respite. At its close the members were summoned to a repast, abundant in supply and variety of substantials. It was also garnished with such delicate dishes of fresh fish, fowl, and fruits, as the forests, the waters, the openings and the prairies then afforded. One hundred guests, all specially invited by Wakazoo, partook of the feast along with the chiefs and councillors.‡

Prior to the departure of the two deputations for their respective abodes on the next morning, Wakazoo submitted to them his plan for immediate action. From the northern verge of Dowagiac prairie, south-west of

Paw-Paw, Pokagon was within the next three days to establish a strong line of scouts to the northern extremity of Prairie Ronde, within the same period Wakazoo would, from the latter point, extend that line east by north through Climax Prairie to the junction of the Battle Creek and Kalamazoo, the same being the present site of the city of Battle Creek.

Occasional outlying scouts covering the main more northerly trails, converging towards Three Rivers, were to be advanced still nearer the latter place. At the period of our narrative there was a well-known and much frequented trail, running from Kalamazoo to the Grand River Rapids.

On the eighth day from the council, Okemos was to lead his picked corps over this trail to meet Wakazoo and Pokagon at Kalamazoo. The latter place was designed as a base of supplies in all the contemplated advance movements of the campaign.

The plan thus outlined was duly executed by Pokagon and Wakazoo. The picket-line was thoroughly posted, whilst south of that line Wakazoo sent forward Dead Shot and Lynx Eye to occupy their old stand on the timber neck at Prairie Ronde. The old chief took an early occasion to explain to Mishawaha the sad predicament to which she had reduced herself by her unfortunate attachment for the pale face scout.

He plainly informed her that she was thus entirely cut off from her kindred and nation, by whom henceforth she would be discarded and disowned. That heroic forest maiden listened calmly and with gently dignity until he ceased to speak. Then buoyed up by the unquestioning faith of her great love, she replied in the spirit, and almost in the words of Ruth in the olden time.

"I love Dead Shot. He has promised to make me his wife, if he comes out of this war alive. Then where he goes I shall go;—his home will then be my home;—his people will be my people;—and his God, my God."

The aged chief left her with a new insight into the unselfish and boundless devotion of a woman's love.

We here retrace the steps of our narrative somewhat, with the view of bringing forward some of our other actors, and of detailing other occurrences having a bearing upon the principal results we aim to record.

Upon the return of Gray Wolf and his associate chief to Three Rivers, they openly reported the facts of their expeditions; the capture of Mishawaha by Gray Wolf; her recapture from him, and the night encounter at Prairie Ronde, with its practical results. The rage of the populace became unbounded at what they regarded as a plain act of perfidy on the part of the Ottawas. The two young chiefs smarting under the shame of their defeat and humiliating plight, purposely fanned the flame of the popular indignation.

Finally the masses clamored loudly for revenge, and demanded to be led on the war-path down to the Horse-Shoe bend of the Kalamazoo. Elkhart made no effort to stem the tide of this popular uprising. But whilst seemingly yielding to its drift, he sought to wisely regulate and systematize the movement. The blow he aimed and designed to give, he meant should be both effective and severe. He had mourned over his captive daughter as a missing darling. He now loathed her very name as being wedded to infamy, and her choice as stamping a foul disgrace upon spotless lineage.

He steeled his heart against all softer emotions, and closed and barred its avenues against even a fitting

approach of her image. He ordered the destruction of every article she had ever possessed or worn, and sternly forbade all mention of her name in his presence. He laid the sin and the shame of her apostacy and degrading attachment at the door of the perfidious Wakazoo and his petted renegade pale-face scout.

The shock to his moral sensibilities seemed to energize his physical organization. This counter irritant somehow imparted both strength and healthful vigor again. He despatched messengers to the Wabash valley for the levy of one thousand additional warriors, to join him at Three Rivers within the next ten days. He also sent out scouts to the front to learn the schemes and maneuvers of the confederate chiefs at Paw Paw and at Allegan.

Those Shawnee scouts profiting by the recent lessons they had learned, now warily entered the intervening territory. Advancing cautiously they discovered the picket line of the enemy already posted in their front. Turning east and west and traveling for miles, they thus sought to out-flank that line, and to pass beyond. Foiled in the attempt they returned and reported to Elkhart the extent of that opposing picket line.

The experienced old chief, seeing in this extra precautionary step, the masterly strategy of the renowned Wakazoo, determined to adopt the counter policy of massing his own forces in close column of attack, and thus wedge-like, to pierce the enemy's line of occupation. Thus reaching his rear at the proper point, he would push swiftly for the capture of his stronghold at the Horse-Shoe Bend, down on the Kalamazoo river.







*ELK-HART.*

## CHAPTER II.

This counter scheme of Elkhart was the precise result which Wakazoo anxiously sought, and confidently anticipated, from the apparent weakness of scattering his own forces over such an extended line in front. But Wakazoo had provided for the sudden massing of all these men at any objective point Elkhart might select. Swift runners were stationed along the line at intervals from Battle Creek to Dowagiac. By them the word would quickly go, for all the scouts to rally at the point of threatened assault.

In the meantime the confederate subalterns were industriously filling their magazine of supplies at Kalamazoo, collecting there also a fleet of canoes for river use. On the eighth day from the holding of that special council, Wakazoo directed Pokagon with their joint forces then in hand, to advance to the camps already prepared, about two miles northward of Prairie Ronde and of his picket line skirting the same.

Prompt to the hour on the evening of that same day, Okemos reported in person at Kalamazoo, with his full compliment of one thousand warriors from Grand river. After a short consultation between Wakazoo and Okemos, it was deemed advisable to keep Elkhart and the Shawnees in utter ignorance of the presence of this corps of Okemos, until a battle should be initiated.

In furtherance of this subtle scheme, Okemos embarked that very night with his command in that fleet of canoes, making their way eastward to Battle Creek.

Landing they took the picket line back southwesterly to Climax Prairie. Thence they were covertly guided to the thick timber closely bordering Prairie Ronde on its eastern verge. There encamping they were to await further developments.

Within the lapse of eight and forty hours, by that circuit they were snugly ensconced in their new quarters. By this time Pokagon and Wakazoo had advanced their joint forces well up to their picket line in the timber north of the same prairie. There they went into camp on both sides of the main trail to Three Rivers, leading through the timber island. Our scouts, Dead Shot and Lynx Eye, were still south of all in the forest neck jutting into the prairie from the north.

Elkhart's recruits having reached Three Rivers somewhat in advance of the allotted time, being now mustered with the braves already in the vicinity, the effective force was found to be about twenty-five hundred warriors. Elkhart, having rapidly recruited in health and strength—elated with this firm array of men—at the same time being spurred on by a half score of young chiefs, resolved to make a dash north to Kalamazoo. He expected to find Wakazoo still there with the moiety of his force not on that lengthy picket line.

By this prompt advance he could easily break through that skirmish line, thus falling upon the Ottawa chief, laboring under the disadvantage of a weakened and divided force. By this bold stroke and sudden assault he was confident of his ability to achieve a victory. Marshalling his own forces in several divisions, to one-half the number of his chiefs he assigned each a distinct command.

The residue he reserved as a staff around his own person. Thus ordered, the whole body moved north on

the trail in consecutive bands. The aged chief, once more in the saddle took his position about midway in the line. Starting late in the morning and moving leisurely, at the approach of sunset they had barely reached and forthwith encamped in the timber skirting the southern prairie margin.

Our two scouts from their old lookout station, had an unobstructed view over the prairie southward. As the evening set in, they detected many twinkling lights spreading widely east and west, clearly disclosing to their practised eyes, the warlike bivouac of a large force. Mounting at once they rode swiftly north to impart their news to Wakazoo. The latter without the loss of a moment started runners each way over the picket line warning all the braves to join him before dawn.

The scouts bringing him this important intelligence, were given the proper signal and directed to convey the news to Okemos at the east. Thither they steered their course now fearlessly crossing the prairie in the obscurity of night. Arriving at the eastern marginal timber Lynx Eye gave the signal in a close imitation of the notes of a whipporwill.

They were promptly echoed back by a sentinel of Okemos. He forthwith stepped out to the scouts who had dismounted. They informed him of the arrival of the Shawnees on the south edge of the prairie. They then separated, the sentinel to convey the news to his chief, but the scouts to return to their quarters in the sunken hollow, of the timber neck.

Before dawn their slumbers were disturbed by low voices, producing an indistinct humming sound. Creeping up the slope of the hollow, they found that limited area of timber jutting into the prairie, swarming with Ottawa

warriors. They were all being stationed rapidly under the eye of Wakazoo.

The scouts quickly ascertained that the timber island was being similarly occupied by the Pottowatomies under Pokagon. Large skirmishing parties were also hidden out upon the prairie on both sides of that timber tract. At full dawn, the only visible evidence of their actual presence there, was a wavy, undulating motion of the grass, like ripening grain when stirred by an airy breeze. The men out there prone upon the ground, were shifting positions into parallel lines and nestling down into more perfect cover.

With tomahawk in belt at the back, and the knife at the side; with well strung bow and quiver full of arrows; with glittering eyes and chests heaving in view of the anticipated struggle—those men were eagerly watching and waiting for a possible hand to hand conflict, when the whirling tomahawk should go crashing through skull and brain, or the knife draw the life blood with each heart thrust.

Before the sun had risen the Shawnees had rekindled their fires, cooked their food, and made their morning meal. Thus they exposed afresh to their watchful enemies their position, and the probable course of their intended line of march. The confederate forces on the contrary kindled no fires, cooked no food; but to be strong in battle, silently broke their fast on dried meat, fish or other prepared eatables, thereby leaving their advance unheralded, and their actual presence unbetrayed by any visible token.

Shortly after, the Shawnees were in full motion, advancing in the order of the previous day. The head of their column soon reached and was about to enter the thick timber of the island, when from that leafy





*SHAWNEES AT THREE RIVERS.*

covert, the war whoop of the Pottowatomies uprose with a grand volume of sound, making the welking ring. Forthwith a tempest of arrows came glancing out creating sad havoc in the front ranks of that compact array. The survivors recoiled in sore dismay from that telling assault.

Elkhart riding out from the center of the line for an unobstructive view, fathomed at once the secure position of the enemy in ambush. Thinking to pass their stronghold by a flank movement in the open prairie east, he issued the order for the front to wheel to the right, and to march eastward far enough for the whole line to form in the prairie facing north. Just as the command was given, its execution was accelerated by another tempest of arrows from a body of outlying skirmishers in the prairie south of the timber and west of the trail.

The Shawnees at double quick were soon formed on Elkhart's plan east of the timber island. As they thus faced to the north, the timber neck occupied by the band of Wakazoo lay directly in their front. The instant that flank movement was ordered by Elkhart, the outlying body east on the prairie were rapidly called in by Pokagon. Before that heavy Shawnee line was duly formed, those skirmishers had crawled to the island and were ranged in its eastern timber•fringe. The residue of his force Pokagon next sent to creep in parallel lines towards the ambush point of Wakazoo. The object was thus to bar the Shawnees from a return to the trail by an oblique movement to the northwest.

While his divisions formed in two lines, front and rear, in open marching order, Elkhart gave the word for a quickstep advance to the cover of the timber neck. Upon their near approach the war whoop of the con-



cealed Ottawas smote upon their ears, accompanied by a flight of arrows still more numerous and death-dealing than that of Pokagon's band. The entire front line recoiled backward in consternation.

An intrepid young chief leading the left division of Elkhart's force, started his wing northwest for the trail. A wall of living bodies uprising from the herbage, delivered in their teeth a murderous discharge. The rifle of Dead Shot here sent out its sharp report from the timber. The gallant Shawnee chief fell, paying for his temerity with life.

Thereupon the new movement was abandoned. At this juncture Wakazoo shrewdly ordered the body of his band to advance from cover, thus for a moment disclosing a compact line as they delivered an arrow flight with more certain aim. The evolution was a marked success. It was made still more effective by a second discharge of the scout's rifle, followed by the death shriek of another chief two hundred yards away.

The effect of that shot upon the dusky warriors out there on the prairie was magical. Even Elkhart was by this time fully aware that he was foiled again. But, being fertile in expedients, he resorted to another change of base. The order was forthwith issued, for his two lines to face to the right, and advance at double-quick for the timber across the prairie on the eastern side.

### CHAPTER III.

The distance was considerable, but was quickly traversed. When his weary men hoped for a respite and a shelter in the shady grove now just ahead, still another war whoop came pealing forth from the thousand braves of Okemos. It was also accompanied by a darkening cloud of winged missiles equally fatal with those of Pokagon and Wakazoo.

Elkhart was sorely troubled by this battle cry of an unexpected and most formidable foe. Gazing around him and then overhead, he cried out. "The face of the Great Manitou is behind a cloud." Without waiting for a second assault he ordered his column again to wheel and make obliquely southwest for their camping ground of the previous night. This evolution and march were accomplished without pursuit, or any interruption.

For it was not the policy of the confederates to engage in any desultory or protracted warfare. They were fearful that the latter result might follow the scattering of the Shawnees into separate bands. Their plan was to force Elkhart into a decisive battle at Three Rivers. This would terminate his settlement there, and force him to evacuate the entire region.

On the other hand Elkhart, although disheartened by the successive disasters he had that day experienced, was yet far from accepting the situation as a finality. He was deeply pained by the decimation of his ranks without the chance for striking a retaliatory blow. He ascribed his misadventures to his own miscalculation of

the strength of his foes, of the celerity of their movements and the extent of their league.

The lesson he had that day learned was too severe to be readily forgotten. The fruits of his rashness were all too bitter for him to desire any renewal, or fresh instalment. In that one hour his plan of the campaign underwent a radical change. His previous aggressive policy was abandoned for purely defensive operations.

He believed the confederates would hesitate to attack his stronghold. He hoped that delays and hindrances might intervene. Time was now important to him for strengthening his works and for making a fresh levy of recruits from the lower Wabash, and the northern bank of the Ohio.

With this hasty programme for the balance of the campaign, a backward movement of his forces became a necessity. Therefore, in the silence and obscurity of the midnight hour, marshalling his divisions he departed for Three Rivers.

During the evening after the flying skirmishing encounters we have described, the confederate chiefs met at the camp-fire of Wakazoo. Their purpose was to make out a system of manœuvres looking towards a combined attack upon the Shawnee stronghold. Pokagon was sanguine that the present confederate force was sufficient, and urged a joint advance with the morning sun. Wakazoo reasoned that when they became the assailants, both the hazards and casualties would be enhanced, and a marked advantage would be enjoyed by the besieged fighting under cover of entrenchments, however rude.

Okemos, coinciding with Wakazoo, proposed that messengers be sent to levy two hundred recruits for each;

to report in person to the chiefs respectively within three days. During this delay, their hunters could easily procure in that vicinity an ample stock of meats and needed supplies for their short campaign.

These suggestions were ultimately approved by all, especially as the requisite time would be too limited for Elkhart to obtain additional recruits from a far greater distance. Acting promptly on these conclusions, their messengers were speedily under way on the diverging trails leading towards Paw Paw, the Horse-Shoe Bend and the rapids of Grand River.

To the confederate chiefs, a knowledge of the plans and movements of Elkhart, subsequent to his retreat, was now both desirable and vitally important in shaping their approaches and guiding their final assault. The mission of a spy for this emergency, was one of difficulty and danger.

To penetrate within the lines of the enemy, and possibly to burrow within ear-shot of the consultations between Elkhart and his chiefs, required tact, vigilance and personal daring. An intimate knowledge of the country, streams, prairies, and timber glades, was highly desirable. Dead Shot and Lynx Eye were offered by Wakazoo for this secret service. To these Wakeshma was added by Pokagon and Seebewa by Okemos as the most skillful and trusty scouts of their tribes.

These four men, from similarity of taste and endowment, readily fraternized, and retiring for consultation, listened to a minute description of all the region adjacent to Three Rivers, from Wakeshma who had long resided there. They then fixed upon a route and an outline plan. In due time they were mounted each upon his favorite horse, and rode away upon an unfrequented trail, leading to Nottowaseepe prairie, lying a

few miles east of Three Rivers, and skirted by the St. Joseph river.

Advancing cautiously along their shrub-tangled path, frequently pausing to hearken and to peer into contiguous thickets, they finally at dusk of the next evening reached a secluded point on the westerly neck of Notowaseepe prairie, near the river bank. The current of the stream was free of obstructions to and through the native settlement of Three Rivers.

Camping there, the scouts hopped out their horses on the prairie neck, and after a hasty repast of jerked venison and smoked dried fish, betook themselves in couples, to a stroll up and down the river bank, in search of a much-needed canoe. Seebewa and Wakeshma went eastward and up-stream, whilst the other two went down the same. The latter pair after a fruitless search for a couple of hours, returned to camp, but found their comrades still absent.

The latter pushing their search far up the prairie, having its bushy fringe skirting the stream, they were finally rewarded by hearing low voices further up with the regular dip of canoe paddles. Pressing through the bushy fringe, they faintly discerned a craft descending the stream. Shortly thereafter the heads and shoulders of two persons using paddles were brought into outline view.

With the decrease of the distance they clearly perceived, by voice and stature, that the voyageurs were lads of fifteen years, busily conversing in the Shawnee dialect. Wakeshma, by a sign keeping Seebewa under cover, but exposing his own person to full view, hailed the lads in their own tongue, requesting to be taken on board for a ride to the settlement. Those unsuspecting lads replying that they too, were going there,

promptly headed their canoe ashore to take in the stranger.

As the bow touched bottom in shoal water, the two scouts leaping out on opposite sides, each with one hand grappling the gunwale of the boat, with the other hand grasped a lad, with a united effort of their one hand strength, the canoe was shoved firmly aground at the bow. Securely lashing the boys at wrist and ankle, and warning them to remain silent, they placed them in the bottom of the craft.

Wakeshma sprang into the stern, whilst Seebewa, shoving off at the bow, then leaped aboard. Seizing the paddles, they soon had the canoe in motion, headed with the current. Quickly reaching their destination and landing their captives, they drew the canoe ashore, concealed it in thick bushes, and loosening the lashings of the lads, led them to the camp, greatly to the surprise of their comrades already there.

The scouts thus freshly arriving, recounted the incidents of their tramp, in the Ottawa language, not understood by the lads; also, the method of their capture, with the possession of a good serviceable canoe, as a most valuable trophy. There was one serious drawback to the pleasure of the scouts. Lynx Eye first gave expression to the thought of all in his quaint style: "Better let boys alone. Now, ef let 'em go, run home; tell all. Keep 'em here; folks look all over for 'em."

The dilemma thus forcibly put, was appreciated by the others. They could neither retain nor liberate the lads without the risk of frustrating all their schemes for spying the enemy's secrets. Even the knowledge of their presence at Nottawaseepe, would put Elkhart on the alert to prevent their nearer approach from any direction.

To relieve them from this perplexity, Dead Shot pro-

posed an immediate reconnoissance by three of their number in the canoe towards Three Rivers, whilst the fourth should remain in charge of the captives. This was eagerly assented to by all, but the three natives claimed the right to go, alleging that they were less liable to detection than the pale-face, and had more skill in handling a canoe.

Yielding to their importunities Dead Shot consented to remain. The three were off forthwith in the bark. Seebewa steering and the others on bended knees plying the paddles on either side. The birchen canoe bravely bearing its burden, buoyantly sped down the current like a thing of life.

## CHAPTER IV.

After the departure of the other three scouts, Dead Shot, with the captive lads on his hands, was visited by a mysterious presentiment of impending peril. Unable to divest himself of this novel, restless sensation, he finally sought relief in action. Lashing the ankles of the boys again, he bound a muffler over the mouth of each to prevent their giving any alarm by signal or outcry.

Next reducing the fire to a feeble glimmer, he went for the horses. These he found well fed, and forthwith they were rigged for use. Then leading his own, the other three readily following in single file order, he returned to camp again. There he remained watching and waiting until the small hours of the morning. Unable longer to resist the impulse to action he unlashed the ankles of the youths and placed each on horseback.

Mounting his own war steed with the others following, he started down a well beaten trail on the north river bank. At short intervals he would stop, dismount, listen, push his way to the brink of the stream, and peer anxiously down its surface for any sign or sound of life or motion. Returning he would then remount and advance again, until in this manner he had traversed half the distance to Three Rivers.

Stopping thus at last and creeping to the water's edge, he found his view impeded after a short stretch, by the bends and sinuous curves of the channel and river bed. But he heard far down stream a murmuring



sound. Bending his ear close down to the water surface, he could at length distinguish sharp, shrill shouts and feebler defiant yells.

For a clear comprehension of the origin and nature of the disturbances occurring below, we will next trace the progress of the other three scouts on their night voyage of discovery. Arriving at the outskirts of the settlement they perceived by the glancing torchlights, and a confused murmur of voices, that quite an assemblage of both sexes was in great commotion. The scouts landing, left Lynx Eye in charge of their canoe.

Seebewa and Wakeshma, having previously adopted the paint symbols and costumes of Shawnees of ordinary standing, stealthily approaching adroitly managed to mingle in a promiscuous throng of male and female natives, grouped a few rods distant from the water's edge. From the volubility of the squaws Wakeshma soon learned that the gathering was occasioned by the prolonged absence of the lads.

But whilst some were vehemently urging an instant search up the river, others favored still further delay. Others still, of the gossiping order, were discussing the plans and movements set on foot by Elkhart since his last hasty return. Wakeshma being a proficient in their language, soon gleaned valuable news, and was intently listening for more, with Seebewa standing apart by a few feet, but watching every glance and motion of his comrade.

Now, Lynx Eye, whilst waiting by the river margin, was casting a curious eye over the numerous canoes moored near his own. He thus chanced to discover one of superior model, having greater breadth of beam, lying light as a cockle shell on the water, with a long handle and flexible blade rigged for a rudder oar, but

poised in row lock, permitting the free play and roll of a sculling oar.

Our dwarf scout coolly appropriated this canoe in lieu of the one he had in charge. Dexterously shifting the relative position of the two, he at the same time made sure that in the change he secured a brace of good paddles also. He now stood with one hand on the bow stem, complacently viewing his new acquisition, but with all his faculties on the alert, and in full readiness for instant service.

Only a dozen rods away Wakeshma still intent upon the current of promiscuous talk, caught the gleam of a pair of glittering eyes, a few paces distant, fastened upon him. He felt that his disguise was penetrated and his person identified. He readily recognized his interviewer as a brave whom he had twice previously encountered in skirmish and in battle.

Their game was up. Wakeshma now caught the eye of Seebewa, then quick as thought he wheeled and the two side by side together fled. A tomahawk came hurling through the air close to their heads. There were luckily no bows and arrows at hand in that assemblage by night. As the weapon was thrown, the Shawnee uttered a war cry and started in eager pursuit. A score of his fellows followed closely in his footsteps.

In the lapse of a few moments the two scouts, spanning the intervening space, leaped aboard. Lynx Eye, as they landed inside the canoe, giving it a vigorous shove afloat, jumped upon the bow. Then seizing the paddles they were off like the wind. Seebewa having, as he entered, detected the change of the craft, stepped to the stern oar, and sculled like a master. The others dropping to their knees, struck their paddles in unison and for dear life.

Notwithstanding the momentary confusion and blank amazement of their pursuers, at the celerity of the entire movement by the scouts, still the latter had not made the distance of an arrow's flight, when three larger canoes having three paddles on a side with one to steer, glanced out from their moorings, fairly flying over the water. Pulling with a quick nervous jerk, they sent forth their war cry, which was responded to by a defiant yell from the scouts.

It was to be a desperate trial of skill, speed and muscular endurance. It was a wild war regatta at early dawn, in the solitude of primeval nature, and on the quiet bosom of a beautiful river. Soon after their start the sole spectators were myriads of paling morning stars, away up in the blue vault, as the purple dawn began to send its gold and crimson streamers aloft towards the zenith.

The course was likely be for miles;—the stake was the lives and scalps of those scouts;—saved if they won, but lost if they were vanquished. This canoe race, so replete with excitement and frenzied effort, notwithstanding its subjection to the controlling force of general physical laws, was yet, in its final issue, largely dependent upon practiced skill and protracted muscular effort.

The paddle strokes and sculling motions in the leading canoe, or chase, were quick, incisive and forcible. They were in measured time, whilst their dip and headway lift was perfect. Still the effort thus made would have appeared to a critical observer, not to be an extreme outlay of muscular vigor. It rather suggested a sagacious husbanding of breath and strength for making time on the last mile equal to that of the first.

In the pursuing canoes, notwithstanding the propelling force was treble, yet the added weight sunk the

hull lower in the water, and the resistance of the adverse current was thereby greatly augmented. But the crews, in their excitement and confidence, forgetting all but the present, threw the utmost of their physical power into each paddle stroke.

The immediate result was the decrease of the intervening space between them and the chase, of one-half during the first mile. At the end of the second mile they had lost one-half of their previous gain. The unnatural draft upon breath and muscle began to tell, so that at the end of the third mile they had dropped astern of the chase, to a distance fully equalling that at starting.

Of our three scouts, the two using the paddles were fast becoming exhausted, also, by that protracted strain upon the muscles of both arm and chest. They had then been for months out of training and unused to paddle practice. Seebewa, however, still standing up in the integrity of his corded limbs and brawny frame, fit representative of an ancient athlete, or gondolier of Venice, was just warming up to the spirit and mettle of the race.

With intent to maintain their headway, and at the same time to favor his comrades, he now threw more of his prodigious muscular power upon the dip and rolling sweep of his long stemmed oar. The shaft bending and trembling under the added pressure of his powerful grasp, suddenly snapped in twain at the row lock. It was all in vain that the scout was the next moment lying prone over the stern, and with his utmost stretch of body and arm striving to clutch that floating blade. The much coveted prize eluding his grasp, drifted away on the current. The loss was irreparable, and proved fatal to the speed of their canoe.

The mishap of the broken oar was both seen and comprehended on board of the foremost canoe in pursuit. The effect of that discovery was instantaneous and most marvelous. The jaded and almost despairing rowers were endowed with fresh vigor, and their sinews re-strung for a renewed effort. Plying their paddles sharply again, they found themselves rapidly gaining on the disabled chase.

But as the scouts, still making the best headway in their power, rounded a sharp bend in the river, Dead Shot hailed them in ringing tones from the northern shore. Never did sound fall more gratefully on human ears. Never was succor more sorely needed. Whirling up to that shore they landed, leaving their craft adrift.

Dead Shot led them silently through the bushes to the welcome sight of their horses beside the trail. The captive lads, true to the instincts of blood and race, had slipped from their saddles and disappeared, wrist-bound and muffled as they were. The four scouts again united, forgetting for the moment the very existence of the lads, unhitched and mounted their horses, as it chanced not one moment too soon.

For sounding up the trail from below, came the clatter of galloping horses, and the ringing shouts of a dozen braves, led by Gray Wolf, the Shawnee chief, on his favorite swift footed and well trained war steed.

## CHAPTER V.

Dead Shot instantly recognized his bitter personal foe, in the leader of the advancing squad. Confident of the fleetness of his own horse, our scout first beckoned his comrades to ride up to the trail in the direction of their recent camp. Next, with horse facing the enemy, he coolly unslung his rifle and brought it to his shoulder, covering by his aim the person of Gray Wolf. The latter now within a distance of fifty rods caught the movement with his eye.

Having witnessed, at Prairie Ronde, the fatal effects of that weapon, Gray Wolf threw his body suddenly forward on the neck of his animal. Then by a sharp rowell with his spurs, and a forcible check on the bitt, he caused his steed to rear up at the instant Dead Shot pulled the trigger.

This adroit maneuver of Gray Wolf saved his own life, but at the expense of losing his fine animal. The latter received the well aimed bullet high up in his chest, where the vitals are easily reached. The chief slipping from the saddle of his falling horse, found another seat in the saddle of a dismounted follower, and dashed still onward.

The scout missing his mark by the ruse of the wily foe, was yet well satisfied, for the fleetest animal on their track was down. Wheeling his own steed he now struck off upon a gait which ere long brought him beside his comrades on the trail. A backward glance showed them all that the pursuit was still vigorously

pressed. Onward then went the scouts in a sharp gallop.

But as they had just rounded an angle in the trail which temporarily concealed them from the view of the cavalcade behind, Wakeshma, beckoning the others to follow, struck off through the thicket sharply to the left. Pushing through a thick growth of underbrush for a short distance they came into open timber where they discovered the faint traces of an old disused trail.

Wakeshma hastily explained that this was a cutoff route, as leading northeast, it intersected the trail they had first traversed on their way to Nottowaseepe prairie. At this moment Gray Wolf and his followers were sweeping madly past them out on the trail they had so abruptly abandoned.

The scouts thus relieved from present pursuit, journeyed forward at a moderate pace, and without further incident, reported at headquarters in the early evening. The three principal chiefs were soon convened. The substance of the intelligence gleaned by Wakeshma, and now imparted to them was, that Elkhart had withdrawn the entire settlement from the south bank of the St. Joseph, and had massed the entire of his people on the two peninsulas formed by the three rivers, as we have elsewhere described.

That north of their actual occupation, he was running a trench and stockade from the St. Joseph on the east to the Rocky on the west. That he was about to withdraw all the canoes from the principal stream and moor them in the Middle river, thus converting the war, on his part, into a purely defensive one. Lastly, he had sent for a large reinforcement from the lower Wabash and the Ohio rivers, expecting their arrival in two quarterings of the moon.

The news thus gleaned by the scouts was most opportune, and met all their hopes. After listening to the recital of their personal adventure, they dismissed the scouts with high commendation. The chiefs in the light of the new revelations matured their plans afresh, mapped out the moves of each separate band, and resolved to precipitate a combined attack. They would assail Elkhart, in the midst of his dream of delay, and whilst resting in fancied security.

The requisite changes to be made were important, though few in number. Their ultimate programme was simple but eminently practical. The two hundred recruits being raised for Pokagon, instead of reporting at Prairie Ronde, were to muster at Mishawakee. This was done at the great bend where a large body of Pottowatomies still held undisputed possession.

Those recruits were there to collect all the large canoes they could fairly manage, move them up stream, and moor them in the mouth of a creek about three miles below Three Rivers; on the evening of the fourth day, Pokagon, with his force in camp, would move seasonably southwest across the head waters of the Rocky River. Thence he would turn southward on the west of the latter to the place appointed for the canoe rendezvous. With his united force embarked in the fleet he was, after midnight of the fourth day, to ascend the St. Joseph and attack Three Rivers from the south.

Okemos, with his command, was secretly to advance southward on the east side of Middle River, whilst Wakazoo, observing the same caution, was to lead his column down the west side of the same water course. Both were to take position in the vicinity of the northern breastworks of Elkhart. The combined assault



was to be opened by the river attack of Pokagon, in the early morning of the fifth day, followed by both bands north uniting in a rush over the entrenchments.

The fruitless result of the canoe chase, and the no less signal failure of Gray Wolf to capture the scouts by land, being reported to Elkhart, he discerned the mischief likely to arise from their visit, and escape with a knowledge of all his plans. He surmised that his vigilant foes would hasten the assault, and force him to meet the shock as best he might with his present numbers.

He resolved first of all to clear his camping ground of all incumbrances. The women, children, and loose property must all be removed from the hazards of the desperate battle he was determined to wage. His action became prompt and energetic. The place was encircled with numerous outlying scouts.

The canoes were called in aid of the transportation of the families and moveables across the main river. When there they were grouped and arranged in order of march for White Pigeon prairie, a dozen miles south. The helpless women, small children and valuables were conveyed on horses, whilst all having the ability took the trail on foot, under a suitable escort.

The wigwams thus abruptly vacated were left standing, and fires, as usual, were carefully kindled therein morning and evening. This was shrewdly done to mislead any lurking spies. The canoes were next carefully clustered in Middle River, from the mouth to his entrenchments, being moored in equal numbers on either bank.

The veteran chief next pressed the labor on his breastworks from river to river, spanning both peninsulas, so that his men standing in the shallow trenches, would

have cover to the shoulders against the foe in front. Beyond, but adjacent to this line throughout its extent, he cut the bushes and timber away to an average width of thirty rods, using all the material in constructing his rude barricade.

The recruits for Wakazoo and Okemos, came in on time. On the third day Pokagon started southwest, crossing the head waters of the Rocky river. Turning thence south he cautiously advanced with Wakeshma scouting in front and two others between the column and the river. Upon the evening of the fourth day the chief brought his band opposite the designated rendezvous. Within the coming hour his recruits arriving by the river, transferred the entire force across, and moored the fleet of canoes a few rods up the small affluent coming from the east.

While affairs were thus progressing with Pokagon, Dead Shot and Lynx Eye had been actively scouting down both sides of the Middle river nightly, to the entrenchments, watching and reporting the enemy's movements. They had thus learned of the removal of the families and the mooring of the canoes in the Middle river.

At dawn of the fourth day Wakazoo and Okemos started their respective bands upon the routes previously defined. At evening they severally reached convenient cover within a mile of the entrenchments. They were still near each other, but separated by the stream.

They were to quietly rest, until past midnight. Then creeping forward within close proximity to the line of Elkhart, they were to await the attack of Pokagon from his canoes, upon the south ends of the peninsulas. The forces of the besieged being thus drawn thither, they would swiftly span the cleared belt, overleap the barri-

cade, and fall upon the enemy, stripped of the advantage of fighting under cover.

Fortune, which had thus far seemed inclined to favor the strategic plans of the confederates, sought this special occasion to frustrate them by a most singular freak. The supply of meats for the settlement and the large force of Elkhart now for months stationed there had rendered the game scarce and its capture difficult for several miles around.

## CHAPTER VI.

Thus it happened that on the morning of the very day the confederate chiefs took their respective and final positions before the intended assault, a Shawnee hunter started out in search of game. Being a supply man and purveyor for Elkhart's force, he was at liberty to select his own grounds, and adopt his own means. Entering his canoe he paddled down the St. Joseph some distance past the mouth of the stream where Pokagon's canoes were to rendezvous.

Thus drifting down into a region more promising of game, he finally moored and secreted his canoe in the mouth of a small creek. Succeeding during the day in capturing a good supply of game with bow and arrows, he next brought in the available portions and loaded his canoe preparatory to shoving out into the main stream for a return to Three Rivers.

At this stage of his operations he discovered, through the bushes, the up stream advance of the fleet of canoes for Pokagon's use. Secreting himself from view, that hunter peered out upon the river, intently watching, until that fleet, manned by two hundred braves, had passed up beyond his sight. He knew them to be Pot-towatomies on the war path, and felt that their presence there boded mischief to the Shawnee settlement.

After a short delay the hunter shoved off and cautiously paddled his canoe in the same direction, as the twilight was merging into the ordinary darkness of night. Before his arrival abreast of the eastern affluent

of the river, he beheld the canoes already moored in its mouth. He had witnessed the transfer of a much larger force from the north shore. He observed signs of their encamping temporarily.

He was far too shrewd to attempt passing the mouth of that stream, in his canoe. He appreciated the importance of his intelligence, and the pressing necessity for its speedy conveyance to Elkhart. Knowing that he could ford the Rocky river at the stone rapids forty rods above its mouth, he resolved upon making the effort.

Landing on the north shore, drawing up and secret-ing his loaded canoe, he next started for the ford on an inland line. He made the distance at a fair rate of speed, making due allowance for the darkness. There he waded across, and sped on his way. Thus at least an hour before midnight the report of his discoveries was laid before Elkhart.

The old chief, after a few moments devoted to deep thought, seemed intuitively to have fathomed the artful plot of his enemies. He set himself to the task of a counter movement that should frustrate their shrewd designs, and circumvent them at the very points where they had evidently planned their separate attacks.

In furtherance of his own hastily devised scheme, he forthwith ordered five hundred braves to man a sufficient number of canoes now in the Middle river, and dropping down to the junction of the Rocky with the St. Joseph, there to blockade both rivers so as to hold Pokagon's ascending fleet in check, and if possible to defeat him then and there.

Then establishing a picket line on the north margin of the main stream down to the Rocky, Elkhart massed his remaining available force in two divisions, one on

each peninsula. Having assigned to each corps a chosen leader, he threw them into the northern trenches inside his breastworks, enjoining them to keep silent and to lay low, watching for the coming foe.

For the leadership of the two divisions and of the canoe squadron Elkhart had selected three of his best fighting chiefs. As it chanced, Gray Wolf was appointed over the westerly corps in the entrenchments, and was thus in command of the objective point where Wakazoo would head the assaulting column.

The entire of this improvised arrangement of the old chief was accomplished with such celerity and precision that the three divisions were all in their allotted stations by two o'clock in the morning. This was before the confederates were expected to make their joint attacks north and south.

As the most ready method of explaining the interesting events closely following these labored preparations for attack or defense, we will now bring into more prominent view one of our principal characters, too long left unnoticed. It will be remembered that Mishawaha, Elkhart's daughter, was by Wakazoo left as a free member of his family at the big horse-shoe bend of the Kalamazoo, when leading his warriors thence on the present campaign.

At the time the chief had received from Mishawaha the frank avowal of her love for Dead Shot, and of her betrothal to him, he had informed her that she was no longer a captive. This was after her explicit renunciation of all future ties between herself and her family or nation. Wakazoo had also remarked to her that so long as it was her choice his people should be her people and his residence her home, When leaving he publicly announced her freedom from all restraint.

The absorbing passion which now possessed her entire being was by her fully realized when Dead Shot was ordered to the front to face the perils of a scout's life. At first the separation produced the emotional feeling of loneliness. This absence of all social joys was keenly felt. Latterly that feeling had been supplanted by a restless, uneasy sensation, a shrinking dread of impending danger; in fact, a benumbing presentiment of immediate deadly peril to the scout, which she could neither resist nor overcome.

She had a well-earned reputation for self-reliance, for resolute will, and an almost reckless personal daring. Her present fears were not for herself. She had an abiding conviction that she alone could avert the tragic fate of her lover. With the calm courage sometimes possessed by women in a pre-eminent degree, and with the trusting faith, also part of a woman's nature, when born of the fervor of a great love, our maiden resolved to follow Dead Shot to the stricken field.

After her recapture at Prairie Ronde, the horse ridden back by Mishawaha was presented to her by Wakazoo. He was prompted to the act by Dead Shot, who had discovered the sterling qualities of the animal on the trail, and knew it to be spirited, well bitted, and possessed of speed and endurance. He thought the maiden had a partiality for the horse which she rode with easy grace, and managed with consummate skill.

She the more gratefully accepted the gift, from having a sly guess as to who was the actual donor. She had spent hours daily upon its back practicing and training it, to the ready start, the sudden halt, to the circling wheel on the hind feet, to the flying leap over fallen trees and narrow chasms and streams; and to amble, gallop and run at topmost speed. She now

held herself in readiness for instant departure to the field of bloody strife.

When therefore the last order came for two hundred recruits on instant service, she judged the fitting time had come. Dressed in female costume becomingly fitted, and of a style comporting with her past rank, with bow and quiver full of arrows, with tomahawk and knife in her ornamented girdle, and standing by her horse, as those recruits hurriedly mounted and left for the seat of war, Mishawaha springing to her saddle followed closely in rear of the band.

Wakazoo evinced no outward surprise at her arrival. He readily fathomed the motives of the heroic self sacrificing damsel. He secretly admired her proud adventurous spirit, with the evidence of her deathless devotion to the gallant and gifted pale-face scout. She remained in camp quiet and retired, until the forces were moved forward to their position a mile away from the enemy's breastworks.

She knew when Dead Shot and Lynx Eye were about departing for the front and for the last time prior to the assault. Then with a costume already provided and fitting her person, she dressed herself in the style of a male youth of the age of sixteen or seventeen years. She completed the disguise with streaks of paint drawn athwart her nose, cheeks and brow.

Her hair was braided about the head and covered by a species of scarf turban. Thus arrayed and disguised she sought an interview with Wakazoo. She told him of her presentiment, now a most earnest and settled conviction, and of her final resolve to accompany the scouts and to remain with, or near them during the battle. She alluded to Gray Wolf's deadly hatred of the scout and his terrible threat of vengeance



She then reiterated her conviction that it was her special mission to save a life, now a thousand times more precious than her own. The clear light of her upturned eyes; the resolute purpose stamped upon every feature; the settled conviction and the unquestioning faith of that maiden, all conspired to silence the opposition of Wakazoo. He quietly acquiesced in it, as a mighty inspiration, springing from a noble heroism.

Assuming the step and gait of a youth verging on manhood, she now joined and accompanied the scouts to the edge of the timber nearest the breastworks on the west side of Middle river. The scouts had known of her presence in camp under the protection of Wakazoo. They easily penetrated all her disguises of paint and costume, but remained silent through sheer astonishment, until their arrival at the present post of observation.

There the three crouching low down, anxiously listened and glanced along that dark and silent line before them. They failed to discover any signs of life, or any visible tokens of an enemy's presence inside of the works. Time was passing, and the hour for the final assault drew near. The line of Wakazoo's dusky braves had already crept forward and was now stretched but a few rods in their rear, whilst east and over the stream, that line was indefinitely extended by the warriors of Okemos who had advanced with even pace.

All were anxiously awaiting the signal of attack by Pokagon on the south. All were confident in the belief that the entrenchments in their front were guarded by no considerable force.

## CHAPTER VII.

Mishawaha distrusting that ominous silence and apparent desertion of the works, whispered the other scouts that it meant mischief or treachery. Lynx Eye replied in low tones, "Me think so too, all time; me now go see, come back 'fore much long." With the words he crept to the river bank, and laid aside his garments. Then slipping into the current he swam swiftly down past the end of the barricade, abutting on the water.

Here turning to the west bank and crawling noiselessly up to the top, he scanned the inner side of the entrenchments on both sides of the river. Next he glanced down stream where the canoes had been moored. Slipping down the bank again and heading up stream he made his best speed for his clothing, where hastily dressing he crawled back to his comrades. To them he whispered that the trenches were filled with warriors, and most of the canoes were gone from the river.

The three lost no time in seeking the chief, Wakazoo, Lynx Eye volunteered to go for Okemos. The two chiefs hastily met at the river, accompanied by the scouts and their attendant. Okemos and Lynx Eye this time swam over in their clothing. To Wakazoo the mystery seemed inscrutable; whilst to Okemos the solution appeared easy.

He was confident that their plan of attack from the south by Pokagon, must in some way have been disclosed to Elkhart. His canoes with a sufficient force

had doubtless been despatched to intercept Pokagon's advance or fight him below. That would account for the presence of the men in the trenches, naturally anticipating an attack from this side also. The delay of Pokagon, and the absence of the canoes, were thus accounted for.

Catching at these suggestions, Wakazoo remarked that the silent masses in the trenches meant an ambush for them. Elkhart had word of or surmised their intended assault upon the breastworks. The chiefs were sadly at a loss for means to extricate themselves from this dilemma. With the foe strong and on the alert, the hazards of a direct assault would be fearfully great. Time was now precious, for the dawn was very near.

Whilst those chiefs are thus busily engaged over their perplexing puzzle, we will venture a glance over to another portion of the wide field of this strategic enterprize. Our attentions is at once attracted to the rendezvous of Pokagon's band and fleet of canoes. Here the movements had all been prompt and well-timed.

Pokagon duly started his advance in full force on the river. He thus ran smoothly up to the vicinity of the Rocky stream. His trusty scout, Wakeshma, had preceded the main force in a small canoe. He discovered the blockade of canoes across both rivers at their confluence. Dropping swiftly down the current he met Pokagon, reporting to him the significant fact.

The chief was struck with consternation. Wakeshma, fruitful in expedients, hinted at the fording place across the Rocky, forty rods above the barricade of canoes. Pokagon's countenance now beamed with satisfaction as he replied with the single but expressive word, "good!" He had reference however more immediately to the hint, than to the blockade.

His orders were promptly passed through the fleet, for the canoes in advancing to maneuver into two close parallel lines up and down the current, so as to approach the blockading squadron two abreast, keeping their lines meanwhile near the north river bank. At a signal to be given the canoes were all to be headed bow on to that shore. The braves were then to leap to the bank, leaving their canoes to drift back down to Mishawakee. Forming them two and two in close order they were to follow their leader at double-quick step.

His orders thus clearly given were fully understood, so that the entire evolution was a very creditable performance. Wakeshma again led the two ascending lines of canoes, still occupying his small craft. But when they had approached so near that the Shawnees were in the act of raising their war cry and delivering a cloud of arrows, Pokagon threw up the signal. His whole fleet was headed and driven bow on to the bank. Leaping ashore, the warriors formed their double line. With Wakeshma leading the van, they were speeding away for the ford before their enemies had recovered from their bewilderment.

Then by some strange fatality, instead of pulling up Rocky river to dispute the passage at the fording place, they headed about and rowed pell-mell up the St. Joseph to their starting point in Middle river.

Pokagon's band thus freed from all impediments, made a clean run for, and passed the ford in safety. Then the darkness, with the deep hush of stillness as well, were suddenly made hideous by that Pottowatomie raid. With ringing war-whoop they dashed among the wigwams. Finding them tenantless but with smouldering fires in each, the braves of Pokagon applied the torch right and left.

Columns of sheeted flame, by the score, shot brilliantly upward until the whole entrenched area of that peninsula was fairly bathed and quivering in that garish illumination. The battle cry thus raised, with the flames so quickly succeeding, occurred whilst Wakazoo and Oke-mos were yet in conference over their perplexing dilemma. The gordian knot being thus suddenly cut to their liking, they sought no further solution, but hastened to form and lead their respective bands in that night assault.

At the same moment the northern trench of the barricade across the western peninsula, vomited forth its line of Shawnee warriors posted there. They dashed frantically down towards the foe, thus invading them from this unexpected quarter. Pokagon's column was drifting rapidly eastward, and had already traversed the narrow tongue of land to the middle river. Here their progress was checked by the returning river detachment, driving their canoes up that stream in solid phalanx from shore to shore.

Whilst they were thus being confronted, the Pottowatomies were assailed in the rear and left flank by the host of Shawnees from the entrenchments. The latter with their fierce war-cry now delivered a galling flight of arrows. Promptly the band of Pokagon wheeled to the right about as one man, and with an answering whoop sent a return volley into the ranks of the onward rushing foe, with telling effect. Again wheeling they charged with a wild whoop plumb upon the crowded canoes. Those on board avoiding the shock, leaped in a body upon the eastern shore..

Pokagon's force was now in imminent peril of utter annihilation, being hemmed in by two divisions of the enemy with their murderous cross-fire. Relief however

came most opportunely, for the heavy corps of Wakazoo overleaping the northern breastwork barrier, swept down with a deafening yell upon the Shawnees in their front. The latter promptly faced about to confront the new assailants.

Thus relieved from a fire in the rear, the Pottowatomies now leaped from the canoes upon the eastern river bank also, thus converting the canoes into a simple bridge for crossing the stream. Unable to cope with them, the smaller canoe band of Elkhart yielding ground sought shelter behind the wigwams. Pokagon closely pursuing ordered the torch to be again applied. Thus by new sheets of flame, from those frail but clustered domicils, there flashed an equally brilliant illumination far and wide over the eastern peninsula and with a like result.

For Elkhart with his warriors now springing from the northern trench, bore eagerly down into the burning area, with intent to exterminate these rash invaders. With the accustomed wild whoop they delivered a telling volley, decimating the Pottowatomie band. But ere a second discharge of arrows could be made, the splendid corps of Okemos came flying over the evacuated entrenchments, and with a sonorous war-whoop in unison, pressed gallantly down upon that formidable Shawnee column. The latter thus suddenly made aware of this new enemy in their rear, faced about in time to receive the first installment of lethal missiles. Standing up manfully they returned an equally effective flight of arrows. In the glare of light from those burning wigwams, men fell in scores on every side before the fatal aim of those first discharges.

Pokagon's band thus a second time relieved, but sadly reduced in numbers drifted on still eastward in pursuit

of the same canoe detachment. The latter now more nearly equal in numerical force, ceasing to flee stood fairly at bay with their pursuers.

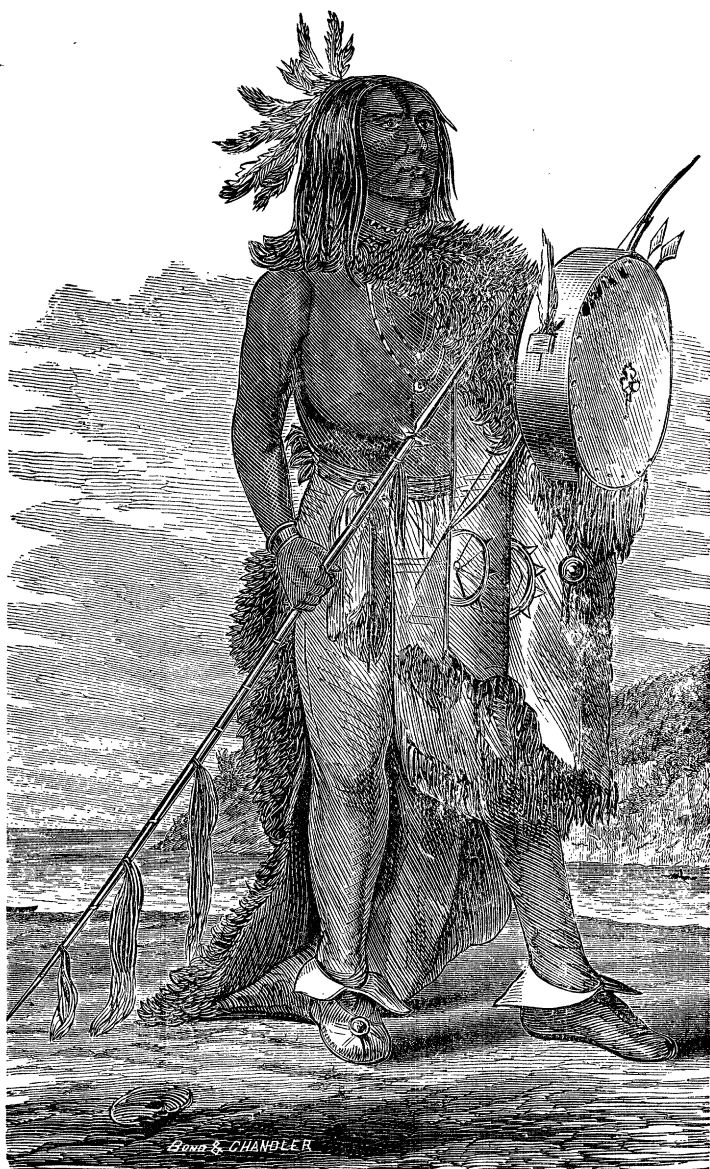
Thus was inaugurated almost simultaneously upon both peninsulas, a regular stand up fight between the entire forces of the belligerents, without advantage of cover to either side. The Shawnees on each side of Middle river had successively recoiled before the first fierce onset of their several assailants, borne back by the momentum of those fiery charges by Wakazoo and Okemos. But being a race of fine physical development and of genuine courage, they with characteristic bravery soon rallied in orderly line, delivering in turn blows as telling as those they received.

Closing up gradually nearer to each other, as the battle thickened and the strife grew fiercer, it finally became almost a contest man to man and knife to knife. Bows and arrows were quickly discarded. Sterner and more lethal weapons took their place. The whirling tomahawk and glittering knife flashed and gleamed in those desperate personal life struggles.

With steady eye, agile limb and practiced skill, the contest was prolonged by blow and ward, and thrust and parry. Oftimes ere a death-blow chanced, weapons were crimsoned—arms were tired and frames were weary—breath even came laboring in panting gasps. This was equally true of the three separate battles then being concurrently waged on both peninsulas, but in different fields of combat.







*PO-KA-GON.*

## CHAPTER VIII.

Numbers and strength were on the confederate side. They enjoyed the further advantage of fighting substantially on their preconceived plan. Elkhart on the contrary had calculated largely on adscititious aids. He was unexpectedly thwarted in his really skillful schemes. He lost the advantage of fighting under cover of his works by the failure of his river division to check the advance of Pokagon. His forces were also surprised by the novel characteristics of the first onslaught by way of the ford, and were further demoralized by the garish flames of the wigwams.

Thus it chanced by misadventures and by the fortunes of war, that when the waning flames of those consuming tenements had given place to the morning sun of two hours high, the Shawnees had been driven southward on both peninsulas. At that hour they finally stood in a line on the margin of the St. Joseph river, only severed by the breadth of the intervening middle stream. Closely pressing them with an equally extended line were the three bands of the confederate chiefs.

Suddenly a signal from Elkhart passed both ways throughout his line, not to "surrender," but "to retreat." Facing to the right-about at his command, the whole shattered force incontinently plunged into the stream and swam to the opposite shore.

There instantly rallying in open marching order that weary, decimated, bleeding mass of humans, overborne and driven, but neither conquered nor subdued in spirit,

sent up one united vigorous cry of defiant hate, as they moved rapidly south and vanished from view.

For a passing moment, that war-cry from over the water, smote upon the ears of the confederate line now ranged along the verge of the northern river bank. As it died away those masters of the field, forgetting their fatigue, their wounds and the stark and ghastly bodies of their fallen comrades, scattered far and wide over the stricken field, in the exultation of victory, raised one spontaneous, upbursting whoop of triumph. That answering shout came from the entire line of confederate survivors.

But as it ceased there was no disposition manifested or felt, to pursue the retreating foe. They were content to hold possession of the battle field. They sorely needed a respite, and gladly availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded to staunch their wounds, and to bind up the hacked and mutilated limbs of their suffering comrades.

No prisoners had been taken in that terrible fight. No wounded, disabled men, of the enemy were left alive on that bloody ground. No quarter had been either asked or given. True to their traditions their customs and the offerings deemed to be due to the manes of their own warriors' slain, as well as for garnering up mementoes of personal prowess, or of individual triumph, not a brave neglected the duties of the hour.

For notwithstanding the fierceness of the battle, and the deadly perils girding him about, not a warrior on either side forgot or failed to tear the reeking scalp from the warm and yet palpitating body of a fallen foe, or to inflict upon the hapless victim the parting heart thrust with the gory knife.

Whilst thus reciting the stirring incidents of that

early morning engagement, we have been reluctantly forced to pass over in silence the doings of our scouts with their attendant. They were, nevertheless, active participants in the perils of the hour. To preserve the harmony and chronological integrity of our narrative, we will here recur again to the scouts and the maiden.

They were left in the rear of the band of Wakazoo as it scaled the breastworks and charged fiercely down on the enemy. The scouts followed closely to the barricade. There Dead Shot implored the maiden to remain, as she could thus scan the field and the fortunes of battle under safe cover.

Mishawaha was persistently deaf to all his entreaties. Her eyes, indeed, had a dreamy, far-off look, as if forecasting the future. Her smile was as sweet as ever, with the red lips slightly parted, showing the rows of pearl behind. Her voice now low, soft and flute-like in tone, was yet firm, as she answered in the simple sentence: "Where you go this day, I must follow."

Lynx Eye had already passed the barrier. Mindful of his own duty, Dead Shot followed, easily vaulting over the rude structure. Advancing a few steps, he paused to scan the fight in his front, knowing well that the seeming boy was closely on his track. He next glanced eastward over the stream where the braves were already furiously engaged in close encounter. Some forty rods away he recognized Seebewa, his recent associate scout, closely beset by two stalwart Shawnees.

Quick as thought his rifle was at his shoulder, and his eye had the range. One of those braves fell to the earth with a bullet through his brain. He was followed a moment later by the other, as Seebewa struck his knife home with a downward blow near the

collar bone. Dead Shot hastily reloading, faced once more to those in his front.

A second shot from him promptly followed. This time he aimed for and purposely shivered the uplifted arm of a Shawnee chief. For the hand aloft was in the act of hurling a tomahawk at the head of Wakazoo a few paces distant. The two shots were off-hand at long range, but they saved the lives of two valued friends. The sounds of those rifle shots, sharp, incisive, and far-reaching were unusual then in Indian battles. They attracted the attention of the belligerents in all directions.

An emphatic exclamation in the guttural "Wah!" at the phenomenon, was succeeded by a brief explanation escaping from the lips of many Shawnee braves: "Tis the pale-faced wisard of the Kalamazoo, who kills with thunder." Among others whose attention was thus attracted to the scouts and the seeming boy attendant, were four Shawnee braves.

They had occupied a canoe in the fleet despatched to blockade the rivers below as we have elsewhere related. They had been stationed in the mouth of the Rocky river forming part of the squadron line. When the Pottawatomes landed and made for the ford above, and the residue of the Shawnee fleet fled up the St. Joseph again, these four braves headed their own canoe up the Rocky river towards the ford where the band of Pokagon were about to pass.

Favored by the darkness of night they escaped observation and after the transit of their enemies, they continued on their course for the western terminus of the entrenchments. They had nearly reached the latter, when the flames of the burning wigwams threw a garish light over the region. They sought cover close

under the bank, just as the Shawnees evacuated the trenches, and were soon followed by the avalanche of the Ottawas over the breastworks.

Thus the four warriors not only failed to join their comrades in the trenches, but were also prevented from following them, by the swarm of intervening Ottawas. Thus isolated they remained under the bank standing in their canoe, and watching over the verge, the progress of the general melee.

When the successive rifle reports now reached their ears, their attention became riveted on the scouts and their relative position. They saw that they also were widely separated from any supporting force. They also observed that the intervening space between them and the scouts was free from observation.

Regarding the youth with the scouts as of small account in a contest, they were four to two. They resolved to take the chances; to make a joint rush forward and kill and scalp the three. Thus they hoped to win the especial favor of Gray Wolf, of whose hostility to the pale face they were fully aware.

Acting promptly on their conclusions, they leaped from their canoe to the bank. Starting from that now neglected corner of the battle ground area, they ran swiftly on their eastern course. The entire distance did not exceed fifty rods.

Now, it was the specially self-imposed duty of Mishawaha to watch over the safety and shield the person of the pale face scout. Being thus on the alert, she quickly discovered and gave warning of the swift approach of the four braves, by a gesture of the arm and finger in that direction.

A moment elapsed and then a bullet from the rifle of Dead Shot arrested the further progress of the lead-

ing Shawnee. The rapid leaps of the remaining three were in no wise checked by the fall of the fourth. Dropping his discharged rifle, Dead Shot, tomahawk in hand, with Lynx Eye by his side, dashed forward for the struggle. The maiden stood her ground with arrow notch on string, ready for use.

As the adversaries thus approached each other, and arrived within the compass of a cast, the leading Shawnee suddenly stopped in his course, balanced himself on both feet, and poised his weapon aloft. When thus about to hurl it at the head of Dead Shot, the drawf having foreseen this attempt, sent his own weapon a second first. The missile of the Shawnee flew wide of its mark, whilst the tomahawk of Lynx Eye, true to its aim, cleft the forehead of the hapless brave.

There were still two survivors, eager and defiant, both eyeing one object, and totally oblivious of all other human beings, save the pale-face alone. Right on they came, but advancing on a line, the one a few paces behind the other.

The foremost and Dead Shot were now face to face, with uplifted tomahawks, not with intent to throw, but to strike, Like an electric flash, and simultaneously the left hand of each grasped the uplifted right wrist of the other, and thus effectually checking the blows of both. Thus like ferocious beasts at bay, they stood with vise-like grip, with rigid muscle, and glaring eyes.

## CHAPTER IX.

Meanwhile Lynx Eye fearing mischief from the disengaged savage rapidly closing up behind, leaped suddenly past the pair thus standing at a dead lock, and knife in hand bounded sheer against the body of the fourth Shawnee. That proximity was all too close for a tomahawk blow by the latter, but for a home thrust with the knife it was emphatically "the right man in the right place."

The blade was incontinently driven in near the spine behind, by a sweep of his long ape-like arm. As his victim fell, Lynx Eye turned to witness a novel exhibition in gymnastics. It was one extemporized by the actors for that single occasion.

The pair of athletes in their personal game for life, were still in desperate grapple—were still upon their feet, with that vise-like grip still fastened upon the wrist of each—and with beaded drops of sweat gathering on their brows. In that prodigious outlay of strength, upon their upraised arms and heaving chests, great ridges were traced by the brawn and muscles now outlying in corded volume.

In their desperate efforts to wrench away, each pulling in the same direction around the periphery of a concentric circle, they were now in a whirl of rapid and ceaseless gyration. Their motions agile, springy, and muscular, would doubtless have furnished some valuable hints to our modern acrobats and professional gymnasts.



Round and round they flew, wriggling and twisting and wrenching, until Dead Shot suddenly leaping upward and forward, with all the momentum that velocity, weight and strength could impart, and at the same instant locking his left heel over the hip of his adversary, bore him crushingly backward to the earth.

In the moment of his fall, and to break its violent concussion, the Shawnee relinquished his grasp upon the other's wrist, throwing that hand and arm behind him. It was his last conscious act. For as the head reached the ground, with a whirl of his now unfettered arm, the scout sunk his tomahawk eye deep in the skull of his prostrate victim.

During these occurrences the battles had been raging fiercely elsewhere. Latterly the fight had been waged more in scattered groups, than in any continuous line. From the time of the first rifle shots, Gray Wolf had detected the presence and position of the scouts, but despite the rage and pent up fury in his own breast he could neither desert his own command, nor break through the line of the Ottawa warriors interposed between them.

He had seen, however, and watched with a stern joy the advance of the four braves from the Rocky river side. He had also witnessed their successive slaughter by the scouts. At the precise period of his bitter disappointment at being again foiled of his revenge, the regular lines were more thoroughly broken, leaving large intervals between the scattered groups. Gray Wolf knew that the day was irretrievably lost to Elkhart, and that a speedy retreat was now inevitable.

In that wild hour his mortal hatred and thirst for vengeance became his ruling passions. Two staunch followers had escaped unharmed and still adhered closely

to him. They intuitively fathomed his intent. They three grasping their gory tomahawks broke away from the series of personal duels there being enacted, and together made directly and swiftly for the position of the scouts and disguised maiden.

Again Mishawaha, true to her mission, first discovered and pointed out the approach of the trio. The warning was this time a moment too late to prevent the discharge of Dead Shot's rifle at a more distant foe. The dwarf was at once keenly alive to the imminence of this new peril. He sprang forward, as the two braves outstripping Gray Wolf, were already within the compass of a hatchet throw, and both were preparing in that manner to assail the pale-face.

Again was the skill and agility of Lynx Eye made available, for his own weapon unerringly hurled at an unconscious foe, told fatally on one of the braves. Dead Shot saw them not, for his eye having caught, was now glued to the face and form of the approaching Gray Wolf alone. The dwarf was now powerless to prevent the aim or the flight of the lethal weapon poised by the other Shawnee.

Not so with Mishawaha, who was watching every movement with bated breath. She saw that Dead Shot was wholly pre-occupied in sight and thought with Gray Wolf. She saw his deadly peril, and felt that she was there to save him. She saw that uplifted tomahawk, and by the eye glance of the brave, where its aim was directed. Quick as were the motions of the Shawnee they were all too tardy for the arrow, which cleaving the air from the bow of the maiden, stood quivering in his heart, ere the tomahawk left his grasp.

Gray Wolf seeing the fall of his last follower, marked whence the weapon came, by which he was

slain. For the first time fully withdrawing his eye from Dead Shot, he fixed a falcon glance full upon the seeming boy. That one glance told him all; for it pierced through the disguise of paint and costume. As the follower and defender of the pale-face Mishawaha stood revealed before him. But neither the maiden nor the scouts dreamed of his recognizing her nor of his instant fell purpose.

Stung and goaded into utter madness by the sight of her, and the seeming infamous fact it revealed, Gray Wolf on the instant veered off obliquely from his previous course for Dead Shot. With him it was an unreasoning moment of jealous ungovernable fury. With the fierce cry of the cougar, and its bounding leaps, in a few seconds he spanned the intervening space between him and the maiden.

As his feet landed in a final leap by her side, through grating teeth and foam-fletched lips, he hissed out the words, "Vile slave of a pale-face dog; now die with him!"

In his blind rage, whilst the words were yet falling from his lips, he attempted by an oblique blow to drive his knife to the hilt in her bosom. As he jerked away the keen blade, Mishawaha, staggered by the blow, and believing it mortal with paling cheeks and bloodless lips, faintly murmured: "I have saved his life, at the price of my own. He will avenge me. I die content." Then a gasp succeeded—a shiver went thrilling over her nervous system—she swayed from side to side, and sank insensible upon the ground.

Without a single further look towards the victim of his fiendish atrocity, Gray Wolf wheeled with the crimson blade aloft for a blow at Dead Shot. The latter, surprised by the sudden deflection of the chief from his onward course, yet fathomed his purpose when too late

to thwart it. Still, bounding after him with rifle clubbed, he vainly hoped to shield his darling one.

He reached the ground, however, at the moment when Gray Wolf faced about with weapon aloft. Dead Shot dealt out with his rifle, a sweeping horizontal blow with both his hands, and with all the energy of his muscular strength—his stormy rage, and his frenzied spirit. There was no evading his aim—no resisting that blow of fate. The head of Gray Wolf was crushed and flattened into a shapeless mass, whilst his body was hurled in a heap upon the earth yards away.

Without bestowing a further thought or look upon the victim of this awful but righteous retribution. Dead Shot letting his rifle fall from his hands, dropped on his knees in speechless agony beside the body of his betrothed. Tenderly raising her head and shoulders from the ground, he rained upon her forehead, eyes, and lips, a shower of the passionate but despairing kisses of a man suddenly and hopelessly bereaved.

Then the mood of his mute untold agony assumed another phase. Resting there on his bended knees, the previous frenzied excitement subsided into a lethargy of frame and a vacuity of thought. With stooping shoulders, bloodless lips and meaningless eyes, he cowered over the form he had laid upon the ground and stared down at it with an idiotic gaze. Not only the light of life, but of reason also seemed about being quenched in the rayless darkness of the groping blind.

The habitual stoicism of Lynx Eye was rudely shaken and sorely tried by the scene then passing before him. The measureless woe of that strong man struck a sympathetic chord in his bosom. He had learned truly to admire the peerless beauty, the spritely winning ways, the proud spirit, the daring heroism, and fathomless love

and devotion of the maiden for the pale-face scout now her betrothed.

He knew however that at such a moment his own sympathy would not be heeded by the latter, and that any words of consolation he might utter would fail to attract his attention. Fearing greatly that sense might yield under this unnatural pressure, and that reason was actually tottering to its fall, he resolved upon making an effort to arouse him.

This uncivilized son of the forest, with rare intuition, adopted the expedient of using another master passion as his instrument. He crept to the side of the stricken man, and simply reminded him that the fight was still in progress. Then in a sharp brusque tone he stated that they were losing the best chance of killing more of the friends of Gray Wolf the murderer of Mishawaha.

Like the shock of a galvanic battery those few last words thrilled through the entire inner being of Dead Shot. The lethargy departed from his system. The blood, which a moment before was freezing at the center of life, once more throbbed along its channels in healthful circulation. Lips and cheeks were again suffused. Above all, the rayless stare of eye, wide open but robbed of thought, suddenly became lustrous with the beaming look of returning intelligence.

Rising upon his feet he stood once more firmly erect. The keen anguish of a hopeless grief gave place to the calm of a great purpose—of a fixed resolve. This now took possession of his being, seeming to mould his spirit and to shape his conduct. Stooping and raising in his arms the inanimate but still limp and flexible form of the maiden, he tenderly carried and laid it in the trench of the breastworks. There with light boughs and twigs he concealed it carefully from the gaze of all.

## CHAPTER X.

Returning to the spot where the final catastrophe had occurred, Dead Shot possessed himself of his rifle again. Examining and carefully reloading it, he looked to his tomahawk and knife, tightened his waistbelt and then turning to Lynx Eye calmly remarked, "She gave up her life to save mine. I too have an offering both to find and make. Henceforth I live with a settled purpose, I devote myself to avenge her death. My eye will hunt for the trail of those akin to Gray Wolf. I am now ready." The two strode away together for the theater of the closing scenes of the great battle.

They arrived barely in season to witness the novel retreat of the Shawnees across the St. Joseph river. The confederate chiefs being busy in consultation, and their surviving warriors also engaged in caring for the wounded, Dead Shot tarrying but for a few moments, turned his footsteps hurriedly back to the trench where he had left the body of Mishawaha. Lynx Eye at the same time embarked in a little enterprise of his own, which we will here dispose of in a few words.

Among the aborigines of the North West at that era, there was a prevalent chivalrous feeling touching the appropriation of the scalp of a dead enemy. No brave presumed to take any such trophy of right belonging to another. The lethal wound or blow causing death, by whomsoever given, or implicated, was the established criterion of a property right in the scalp.

The practice was distasteful to Dead Shot, and one

in which he never indulged. Lynx Eye on the contrary, was not only wedded to the practice but actually advocated the usage on principle. His ethical notions on the subject were doubtless opaque, deriving color and sanction largely from the vindictive passions dominating over savage races.

As Dead Shot repudiated the practice our dwarf sagely concluded that as his general partner he possessed the undoubted right of appropriation on joint account. He therefore started out to secure the share of trophies belonging the firm. Knowing the direction and the distance of the several rifle shots at long range, he soon identified the slain making sure of their scalps. He last visited the battle station of the scouts, and there successively lifted the scalps of all the victims in their two desperate encounters.

Meanwhile Dead Shot was uneasy until he reached the trench where he had left the body of Mishawaha. His absence had been very brief. Removing the boughs he shifted the body to a reclining posture, partly sitting up by leaning against the sloping side of the trench. His senses being now fully on the alert, he was surprised to find both body and limbs still pliant and flexible.

There was no cold, clammy death damp on the brow; no stiffness of the joints; no rigidity of muscle. He felt a longing desire to behold her head and features once more in their normal state, and stripped of the disguises of paint and turban fillet around the head.

He removed the latter head-gear, and loosening the bands of her hair, left it to fall in its own rich profusion over neck and shoulders again. The deforming paint streaks across brow, nose and cheeks still remained.

They must be removed. Water was near and of easy access. Raising the body in his arms, he bore it along the trench a few paces to the margin of Middle river.

There, with scarf in one hand, taking his skin cap in the other, he scooped up water, dashing it over brow and face. Then rubbing with the scarf, he slowly removed every vestige of the paint stains. In the midst of this labor of love, he was startled by a carmine tinge stealing into cheeks and lips again. Next a new surprise took him as it were by storm. He could not be mistaken. The eye-lids quivered; the nostrils perceptibly dilated, and there appeared a twitching, tremulous motion at the corners of the mouth, and the arch of the upper lip.

Wildly excited, Dead Shot sprang erect, and glancing around, he espied Lynx Eye coolly adding as a last trophy on his string the scalp of Gray Wolf. The scout hailed him with a sharp, nervous shout, beckoning him to his side with wildly tossing arms. The dwarf much startled, yet finished tearing off the scalp, and then flew to the side of his companion.

The latter now trembling like an aspen, under the pressure of intense excitement, mutely pointed to the features of Mishawaha. Lynx Eye went down on his knees beside her, with his hand over her heart, and his eye intently scanning her every feature. In the hush of that still moment the pale-face watched every motion of the native, with parted lips and starting eye-balls. The dwarf, with his face all aglow, yet quietly spoke: "Bring me water! The Great Spirit is kind to us. Mishawaha still lives."

Dead Shot roused into full activity. Scooping up a cup full of water, passed it quickly to him. Lynx Eye



dashed it copiously on brow and face, carefully wetting both nostrils and lips, next pressing the chin downward, thus fully opening the mouth, he blew forcibly within it.

The effect was magical. Her trembling eyelids flew half way open—a shiver ran over the system; then came a gasp—a sob—a successful catch for breath—and then a sighing response. The heart fluttering and palpitating for an instant, next gave a generous pulsating throb, thus ending the long period of suspended animation.

With eyes fully open now, Mishawaha glanced intelligently around and then up into the face of Dead Shot, down whose cheeks the hot relieving tears were freely coursing. Partially raising her hands towards him, a smile of ineffable joy stole beamingly over her countenance. Lynx Eye had noticed in his hurried examination that no hemorrhage of blood fletched her lips. He now searched for the wound in the side or rather chest. It was a fearful gash, but he was satisfied, a wholly external one, the weapon having evidently glanced from its aim.

In truth she had by the merest accident been spared from a lethal wound. The means for that purpose were very simple. A large circular medal of thick silver plate had long been an heir-loom in her father's family. It was by them supposed to have been of Mexican Aztec origin. This she had worn suspended from her neck outwardly as a badge of her rank, in the previous campaign, when she was first taken captive.

Notwithstanding she had repudiated her family, kindred and nation, out of love for the pale-face, still from some lingering feeling of tenderness, she continued to wear it upon her bosom, but concealed by her garments, under her loose boy's hunting frock. By the

quick motion upward for the arrow shot, the medal had slid to the left breast. There it still remained as, a few moments, later Gray Wolf aimed at her heart his deadly blow.

The point of the blade struck the medal, but as it penetrated the yielding metal it was deflected in its through passage, and in turn glancing on a rib, still farther away from the vitals. Lynx Eye having accurately determined the nature of the wound, next darting over the breastworks, sped across the belt of clearing to the timber. Thence he presently returned with medicinal herb leaves. With these he skillfully dressed the gaping wound.

Over the application of the leaves, he firmly bound the scarf as a cincture about the chest. The bleeding had been profuse, and of itself would have occasioned syncope. But being benumbed by the concussion of the blow, and fully believing it to have struck home to the heart, the maiden fell in a dead faint or comatose state. Sadly weakened by the shock to the nervous system, and the loss of blood by the wound, she was as yet unable to rise or move.

The scouts, however, being well versed in woodcraft, soon improvised with sticks, throngs and boughs, a hand litter, upon which they transported her to the wigwam of Wakazoo, on the southern verge of the battle field, and which having escaped the recent conflagration, was appropriated for his temporary use. Upon the arrival of the scouts with the wounded maiden, the confederate chiefs listened to the report of their adventures and exploits during the battle.

In full corroboration Lynx Eye proudly exhibited his string of scalps. The chiefs highly commended them for their valor, and for the valuable aid they and their

several bands had received from them, they also in turn approaching the couch on which Mishawaha reclined, commended her heroic conduct, at the same time condoling with her over her unfortunate wound, adding the kindly expression of their wishes for her speedy recovery.

Whilst these things were transpiring at Three Rivers, Elkhart with his followers reached White Pigeon Prairie on the evening of the same day. During his march Elkhart had mentally surveyed the situation in which this defeat had placed him, and had fully resolved to abandon his conquests and the war, unless pursued by the united confederate force. He found the women, children and movables, previously forwarded by him, in fair condition.

He resolved to return forthwith with all his people to the Wabash Valley. On his first arrival that evening he issued peremptory orders for all to be in readiness for starting on the journey at an early hour of the succeeding morning.

## CHAPTER XI.

Elkhart was possessed of many right royal views and princely attributes. Naturally frank, manly and liberal, he now determined to win peace and a favor by a direct appeal to the magnanimity of the confederate Chiefs. During that same evening he therefore despatched a special envoy to say to them from him.

"That Elkhart, head Chief the Shawnee nation, tendered to them his belt of wampum in token of his desire for amity, and that the hatchet of war between them should be buried. To this end he was willing to surrender back to Pokagon for his people, all his conquests of their territory, and to assure all the Chiefs, that he was willing henceforth to relinquish all idea of acquiring a foothold for his people in any portion of the Michigan peninsula. Finally he requested the Chiefs as a personal favor to him, to bury the dead Shawnees under a separate mound, or to allow him peaceably to return with a detachment of braves to perform that office."

On the following morning as the confederate bands were each selecting their own dead for separate burial in mounds marked for each tribe, the envoy of Elkhart arrived. He was courteously received and promptly admitted to an audience by the three Chiefs. The speech was made, being calmly listened to and gravely considered. All the propositions of Elkhart were acceded to, and they despatched an answer by envoy accordingly.

They also transmitted their joint belt of wampum to Elkhart instructing their messenger to say to him that they would relieve him from a journey back to bury his dead. They proposed to bury for him all the Shawnees slain there in battle, under a distinct mound and mark it in a like manner as they buried their own, doing as they had previously done at Prairie Ronde.

The dead of that famous battle were thus, during that day, all buried under mounds in four places, by tribe and nation, when according to aboriginal custom large mounds of earth were heaped up over each place of sepulture, two of them being east and two west of the Middle river.

This great aboriginal war being thus terminated, Elkhart returned with his people to the Wabash valley. There he soon after died, leaving as the successor to his princely rule his nephew, the then youthful but gifted Tecumseh. The latter afterwards attained more extended power and a far greater celebrity than Elkhart ever achieved.

Under Pokagon the Pottowatomies resumed their ancient seats in the valley of the St. Joseph river. With a respite from war they became measurably prosperous again. As a nation, however, they failed to attain their previous population or strength upon the warpath.

The Ottawas of the Kalamazoo and Grand river vallies under Wakazoo and Okemos soon recuperated their strength and numbers, ceasing to remember their losses in the brief, but brilliant campaign against Elkhart at Prairie Ronde and Three Rivers. After a brief interval they were brought into another confederacy, and another stirring campaign in fierce antagonism with the Sacs and Foxes of Green Bay, and the Chippewas of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

As the Ottawa and Pottowatomie bands two days after the battle severally departed from Three Rivers homeward bound, Dead Shot and Lynx Eye remained behind to care for the sorely wounded and now helpless Mishawaha. During the next eight days the scouts devoted themselves assiduously to attention to her wants and the procurement of needed supplies.

Finding the region stripped of game and fowl, and their patient slowly gaining strength, they formed a litter with poles, blankets and skins, and suspending it between two of their horses placed the maiden therein, and thus journeying by easy stages, they reached their old favorite camping ground on the northern side of Prairie Ronde.

Meanwhile, Wakazoo having left with them the maiden's appropriate apparel, and her convalescence having sufficiently advanced for that purpose, during the first week there, Mishawaha had resumed again the apparel of her sex. At their old station on the timber neck they tarried two weeks longer. The maiden's health and strength had in the interval so far returned, and her wound so nearly healed, as to allow of her resuming the saddle.

The three mounting their horses with their arms and baggage, started finally for the big horse-shoe bend of the Kalamazoo, where they were joyfully welcomed, Mishawaha becoming for a brief period the guest of Wakazoo. After her wound was fully healed and her health entirely restored, with suitable arrangements perfected, Dead Shot and Mishawaha were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed in native fashion, and the bride was triumphantly installed as the mistress of her husband's wigwam.

With them the delighted Lynx Eye remained as a

*quasi major domo* of the establishment, making himself a busy and a highly useful, if not ornamental inmate of the household. There the scouts made their home, nominally regarding it as the site of their hearthstone and roof tree, although often sojourning elsewhere.

They were devoted to their vocation of hunting and trapping when off duty as scouts on the war path, at the call of the tribes with whom they were wont to affiliate.

Over the hunting grounds of forest, opening and prairie, they were free to roam in all western Michigan, and whenever business or pleasure called them on a visit to the native settlements, they were sure of receiving a cordial welcome.

Mishawaha continued to be not only the light and joy of her husband and the home circle, but in the seasons of spring, summer and autumn she spent much of her time in the saddle, attending the scouts on their hunting excursions on the prairies and the opening glades. She was, in fact, a very successful huntress, not unfrequently bringing in her game-bag better stocked with fowl than those of her male competitors.

Like men of their class and pursuits, the scouts met with a chequered fortune, occasionally being brought in contact with amusing incidents, wonderful adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Finally, in the war of 1812-14, espousing the American side, they became active partisans, scouting far and wide upon an extended frontier.

Mishawaha being childless, but blest with firm health, joyous spirits and an energetic temperament, generally accompanied the scouts in their wide range of several States and over the borders in Canada. Thus it must readily appear that out of their personal experiences, many an entertaining narrative might be woven, and many a thrilling sketch might be graphically written.

**THE SAUK, FOX AND CHIPPEWA RAID;**

**OR,**

**THE MICHIGAN SCOUTS OF 1803.**





# INTRODUCTION

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To those of our readers who have perused our previous sketches of the Shawnee and Pottowatomie campaigns, no apology is deemed necessary for a meager introduction to our present legend. Many of the prominent characters there presented and described with more or less minuteness, will be found figuring largely in the scouting adventures and sharp encounters of this new field of Indian warfare.

In our data, local delineations, or topographical outlines, the reader may trust to our general accuracy. Many landscape scenes and lovely picturesque views, we have been driven to exclude for want of space within our assigned limits for the present legend. Having thus said all we deem advisable as a prelude to our story, to that object we will now devote our special attention.



# THE SAUK, FOX AND CHIPPEWA RAID:

OR,

THE MICHIGAN SCOUTS OF 1803.

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## CHAPTER I.

In the early part of May, 1803, a solitary Indian had been busily engaged in taking fish at a small cove upon the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. On the adjacent bank he had previously erected a substantial though limited structure for his domicile. During the preceding afternoon and night the lake with its shore region had been deluged by a rain storm, accompanied by a strong northern gale.

At sunrise the tempest had spent its fury and the storm had also ceased. The waters of the lake however, were still in wild commotion. The billows running high, were yet crested with white-caps. Our aboriginal fisherman having betaken himself to his shelter as the storm opened, had there slept, or smoked away the intervening hours. But with the first beams of the morning sun he looked to the condition of his fishing tackle and the safety of his canoe.

The ground-swell of the lake, still strongly setting into the cove, created a surf too rough for his employ-

ment. Partaking of his morning meal, and then filling his pipe with the wild growing but fragrant kinnikinick, he seated himself for a smoke, on the high bank with a fine outlook over the rapidly subsiding waves.

Whilst thus engaged an hour slipped quietly away. Then his eye caught, far to the northwest, on the crest of a wave, a dark tiny object. Now he lost it in the trough of the sea. Again it rode the top of the wave. For many minutes he gazed intently as it alternately hove in sight and then disappeared. That keen, practiced eye of his could not be mistaken. It must be a birchen canoe adrift. It lay too low in the water to be empty. Steadily scanning it still, he felt sure of catching a glimpse of a paddle motion outside. It seemed to be directing the course angling over the waves and inshore.

Acting with ready sympathy on this conviction, laying aside his pipe, he descended the bank. Hastily unmooring and shoving off his canoe, he leaped in and breasted it gallantly to the surf and the ground swell. The task was arduous thus to buffet the drift of each successive wave. Luckily he succeeded in coming alongside of the waif left adrift by the storm.

He beheld suffering and exhaustion depicted in the drooping form and haggared face of the inmate of that canoe half filled with water. Without a word he lashed the bow-line of the latter to the stern of his own craft, heading for the cove again. Standing erect in his small birchen canoe, with skillful dips of the paddle, he safely reached his destination. There adroitly manœuvering his vessels abreast, the impetus of the last billow sent them bow on to the sandy beach.

He next aided the stranger to land and ascend the step to his rude shelter. Placing him on a pile of

skins, he replenished the fire to dry his clothing. Intent on hospitable duties, he broiled for his guest some fish and venison steaks. The stranger at first ate sparingly, but as appetite and strength returned he made a full meal with a keen relish.

The host, whilst thus supplying his wants with the delicacy of aboriginal courtesy, had abstained from all questioning of his guest. The latter, with appetite appeased, and bodily vigor returning, first broke the silence. The half-dozed, despairing expression of eye and features was replaced by consciousness, and a keen look of intelligence. Glancing wonderingly about, then turning to his host he addressed him in the Osaukie tongue:

"You much kind to stranger. No ask but act. Me 'spect have a good heart, and straight spirit. Tell me then, where me now am, and who you be."

The language used was similar to that of the Shawnee dialect, with which the host was familiar. We prefer to give a literal rendering, thus preserving the abrupt idiomatic style and the inverted order of expression. The reply was frankly given in Shawnee words.

"This is Michigan land. This little stream is the South Black river. It is on the east shore of Lake. Big rivers on each side. One way St. Joseph, Kalamazoo, on tother side Wakeshma's wigwam. Me of Pottowatomie tribe. They belong on Paw Paw and St. Joseph rivers. Me here fishing. Good place, much plenty fish. Now me say 'nuff to stranger, 'fore me know who me speak to, and what for you come here."

The guest promptly rejoined: "Me tell last first. Storm fetch me here. Me did belong to Sauks of Green Bay. Me was Red Wing a chief of my people, three days ago. Now me nobody. Me now have no friends—no people, me outlaw from all—doomed to die,

or wander a vagabond on earth." He then became silent, but his host replied:

"Waukeshma much wonders, but him tongue still. His ears open only to what Red Wing tell freely."

Again the latter spoke: "Much plain Red Wing see it all. The Pottowatomie is wise as well as him good. Him gave my life, feed me too, me tell him now few things. Him can see if me all wrong and ought to die. Osaukies come from Saginaw to Green Bay many years ago. Ontogamies there first. Much weak each band. Much 'fraid of Chippewas north around other big waters. The two strike hands to live together, growing strong many years.

"Red Wing then do brave thing on warpath, and Osaukies make him chief. At same time "the Cougar" was made chief of the Ontogamies. We call them "Foxes." Them call us "Sauks." the Cougar and Red Wing both young, both proud and both much hot temper.

"One week ago there was grand council at Green Bay. Chiefs of Sauks, Foxes and Chippewas living south of big waters, all there. Them form one strong league to make long march, and do big things. Red Wing like it not. Him and Cougar have hot quarrel, much angry. Then them both draw knives for fight. The Cougar first strike. That blow Red Wing put on one side. Him then strike hard back, kill Cougar dead.

"His people want to kill me, 'cause me kill him. Them claim me of my people. Red Wing speak in his defence. Him say 'twas a stand up fight, and no murder. My people, 'fraid to offend Foxes on account of big job in hand, agreed to give me up. Red Wing in council leap over the heads of others. Him run much swift to landing. Get to canoe first, then make fast race out of Bay, and along north lake shore to Chippewa settlement.

"Next morning the chief there, came home from council. Him 'fraid too to offend Foxes on account of big league. Him say would give me up if me not leave in one hour. Him call me vagabond, tell me my people had outlawed and utterly cast me off.

"Me much angry at this new outrage, and denial of right of refuge. Me spring in canoe and head for Mackinaw, then held by Hurons and Ottawas to guard waters against Chippewas and other tribes west. Me took cut off route across a deep bay in north shore.

"Half way over my traverse, storm strike canoe; me no steer it; no help myself; me turned canoe head with the gale, so it no swamp in trough. Next me laid in bottom, to keep weight low in water. The storm bring me here. No other man has lived so many hours in such a craft, out on rolling billows in great storm peril.

"Me think bad blood made Foxes claim me. Me think Sauks great cowards to agree to give me up. Me think it outrage to outlaw me, and that Chippewa chief a mean sneak much, to deny me right of refuge. Revenge me mean to have, up to measure of meanness to them all. Me knows how and where to strike."

Wakeshma responded to his statement. "Me knows Red Wing has been treated much wrong by 'em all. Wakeshma has visited many tribes and learned their usages and laws. All agree in this. When one strikes another in self defense, and kill him, it is no murder. So when two of same or different tribes, agree to fight for life, and blows are given and returned, between 'em, then if one falls, by mortal blow, it is not such murder as comes within the aboriginal right of vengeance by the next right of kin. So Wakeshma believes. Your wrongs are plain to him. But him sees not way of revenge."



## CHAPTER II.

Red Wing answered the Pottowatomie in earnest tones: "As healing leaves to a wound, the words of the wise are to a troubled spirit, Wakeshma speaks with no forked tongue. Him words not crooked. When my outlawry unjust, then my name not blotted out. Me Red Wing still. My revenge comes of my knowledge. Where is the nearest Ottawa settlement?"

"At the mouth of the Kalamazoo," Wakeshma replied. "The settlement is called Saugatuck. Wakazoo, the Head Chief of that river Ottawa band, is now there. With smooth water it is only three hours away by canoe."

The other abruptly broke in, "Red Wing must see Wakazoo to-night. Time much now. How soon will 'em rough water run down?"

"With breeze as him now is, off shore, in four hours water this side smooth. That will give plenty time, 'fore sunset. Wakeshma will take Red Wing there."

"My debt to you will be great, but Red Wing will not forget. Him want now to sleep." Suited the action to the word he reclined at full length upon the skins. His senses were soon locked in much-needed slumber.

Leaving his guest to his repose, the host repaired to his fishing ground where he was quite successfully employed until an hour past noon. Dropping all other business and rekindling his fire, he speedily had a savory

dinner of fish and meat prepared. Red Wing refreshed by his sleep, awoke seasonably, and now seating himself by the newly-peeled square of bark, did ample justice to the tempting eatables set before him.

Dinner over, he stood up once more in the integrity of his normal manhood. He now appeared of medium height, of well-knit and sinewy frame, of comely features and easy address. His eye was black and always lustrous. His step and attitudes were those of a man, conscious of possessing gifts in virtue of which he was entitled to lead and command.

His host delighted with this rejuvenation of his guest's physical person, was most favorably impressed by that ingenuous air of conscious nobility of soul. Signifying to him that all was now in readiness for their departure, Wakeshma led the way to the canoes at the landing. Either one was sufficiently capacious to bear two persons. The old scout was in the act of unmooring his own for their trip, when Red Wing arresting the movement pointed to the other.

The Pottowatomie in running his eye over the craft, readily conceded to it the palm, of superiority, in material, model, structure and elaborate finish. Red Wing silently remarked:

"Me want it, not 'cause it best canoe, but 'cause it has symbols, known to Wakazoo." Thus saying he pointed to the "totem" of the Sauk tribe, nicely sketched upon the bow stem in blue paint, with his own name symbolized upon the stern in a very neat, naturally outlined, and finished bird wing, painted in vermillion.

The suggestions struck Wakeshma as ingenious and forcible. He unmoored the craft of Red Wing, motioning him to enter, as he designed to shove off and then jumping in to use the paddle. The Sauk in passing

took the paddle from the canoe of the scout, and stepping aboard, seated himself on the stern thwart ready for work. Wakeshma having shoved off and leaped in quietly, took his place on the bow thwart, making the headway dip and stroke, with the other paddle.

The canoe was veered about, heading on its course as if by magic. They were soon in full motion, but Wakeshma was surprised to find that it needed all his skill and muscle to compete on his side, with the momentum imparted by the practiced strokes of Red Wing. Down the coast the canoe went flying with a velocity seldom witnessed. Long before the period assigned by the scout had elapsed, they were rounding in to the mouth of the Kalamazoo. Up and around the Ox-bow-bend they went with unabated speed.

Red Wing cast an occasional glance of wonder at the lofty conical sand hill known as "Bald Eagle," around which they were circling. Then came the expanse of the small inland lake and Saugatuck was lying before them on its margin. The scout knew the wigwam usually occupied by Wakazoo in his periodical visits to that portion of his tribe. Towards the landing near it he directed their course.

Whilst making their canoe fast after stepping ashore, Lynx Eye, one of the three favorite scouts of the old chief espied Wakeshma. They had been former friends and associate scouts on the war path. As the two met with a cordial greeting, inquiry was made for the chief. Lynx Eye who, although a dwarf in height, was yet active, pointing to a group a few rods distant, volunteered to notify the chief of their presence.

Shortly thereafter a half score of persons were seen advancing, foremost of whom, with beaming faces and joyous step, came Dead Shot and his wife, Mishawaha.

They were the remaining two of the three favorite scouts of Wakazoo. Dead Shot was a young pale-face hunter, whilst his wife was a Shawnee of pure and noble blood, being the daughter of old Elkhart, head chief of the nation. She had been discarded by her father and the tribe for loving and marrying Dead Shot.

The two warmly greeted Wakeshma, with whom they had been associates on the war-path also. As their greetings ceased Wakazoo arrived. There was between him and the Pottowatomie an old time acquaintance. The two met as tried and trusted friends. The Chief next turned his glance upon the stranger.

Thus far Red Wing had been standing studiously aloof. Now however as he met the eye of Wakazoo his whole demeanor was changed. Advancing a few steps he stood, confronting the old Chief, with quiet dignity. Then gracefully placing his right hand upon heart, with a slight inclination of the head, he opened the discourse saying:

"I feel myself to be in the presence of the Chief of the Kalamazoo Ottawas. I am Red Wing the Chief of the Sauks over the great lake at Green Bay. I came alone in the storm, me speak not here by authority of my people. Me speak not in their behalf. Me have a private errand and message to deliver from Red Wing to Wakazoo. There is the Sauk "totem" on my canoe, and there on the stern is the symbol of my name. Red Wing never speaks falsely. He now waits to hear from the Ottawa Chief."

Wakazoo was versed in the aboriginal lore, well knowing the devices, symbols and totems of the tribes far and near. He knew the relative standing and the names of their Chiefs. He was also an adept in the science of physiognomy, seldom failing to form a just estimate of any interlocutor. He was most favorably

impressed by the evident sincerity of Red Wing. He admired his calm noble demeanor.

Slowly elevating his right hand before him with the open palm upward, he courteously addressed the stranger.

The chief, Red Wing, is welcome, Wakazoo trusts his honor and believes his words. He will give him promptly the interview he craves. Of the time and place the chief will be notified. Lynx Eye will see that Red Wing and Wakeshma are suitably entertained." Thus saying and bowing he turned and moved away.

In the course of that same evening after supper was ended, the two chiefs were in private conference for over two hours apart from all others.

### CHAPTER III.

During that interview the Sauk related all that pertained to his own fortunes. He also related what had transpired at the council of the Sauks, Foxes and Chippewas, then recently held at Green Bay. The dissatisfaction of the Sauks and Chippewas both, with their present respective regions was already well known to Wakazoo. He was thus measurably prepared to yield full credence to the startling revelations of Red Wing. As they were about separating he put the query to the Sauk direct:

"So you will hold to your purpose of renouncing your tribe and the Foxes forever?"

"As the sun is fixed in his course, rising in the east daily and dropping from sight in sunset land, so will Red Wing be steady to his purpose. The sting in his heart makes it very bitter towards the tribes over the big water."

"You will then surely accompany my scouts to the Manitous, and if need be to the settlement of the Chippewas you left before the storm?" Wakazoo enquired.

"Red Wing spoke his thoughts, and will do what he promised." The old chief replying, "it is well," bade him good night.

From the Straits of Mackinaw, to the Sault Ste. Marie, at the foot of Lake Superior, thence westward on both sides of that grand inland sea; then still onward to the sources and upper affluents of the Mississippi,

swarmed the wild Chippewa hordes. Restless, migratory and warlike, they were turbulent neighbors, and dangerous foes.

The Sauks and Foxes had long been aware that their territory was coveted by the Chippewas. The Sauks themselves had ever regretted their expulsion and forcible exile from Saginaw, and often cast longing eyes towards the western portion of Michigan then occupied by the thriving Ottawas.

To successfully guard against a collision between themselves and the Chippewas, and to secure their co-operation as allies, in sufficient force to expel the Ottawas from their section of Michigan, had been topics of frequent and earnest discussion by the Sauks and Foxes.

Overtures for an alliance had finally been tendered by them to the Chippewas, tending to accomplish results desired by both. Upon these overtures as a basis the grand council at Green Bay had been convened. Designedly however, it embraced of the Chippewa nation, only the chiefs of tribes residing between Lake Superior on the north, and the Straits, Lake Michigan and Green Bay on the south.

Red Wing had detailed to Wakazoo the objects before the council, and the results ultimately reached by it. A firm alliance had been formed by and between the tribes there represented, to wage war upon the Ottawas and to expel them from all their possessions in Michigan to some boundary line south of Grand river.

When this was fully accomplished so that the Sauks and Foxes could enter into full possession, then the latter were to surrender the entire of the Green Bay territory to the Chippewas. There was an added guaranty that by the joint forces of all, the Sauks and Foxes were to be firmly sustained in their Michigan occupancy for the period of a decade of years.

Red Wing had also stated the additional facts, that fearing to offend the Hurons, and thus mass them with the Ottawas against their invasion, the confederates had settled upon the policy of avoiding the straits of Mackinaw entirely, in their line of active operations.

Now the Manitou islands lying a few miles out in the lake a little south of the mouth of Grand Traverse Bay would furnish an admirable point for massing their forces and for a base of supplies. Besides, a short distance southeast from them on the main shore were Sleeping Bear Bay and Point, with a trail thence eastward to the double head of Traverse Bay, at its southern extremity. This was at that date, the Grand Ottawa central point for all that region.

The Manitou islands were from their sterility and isolated position, named after their Great Spirit by the adjacent tribes. They thus became to be regarded with awe, as a sort of earthly tabernacle for the invisible One. The Ottawas avoided an approach to them on ordinary occasions. In fact, and for a similar reason, some twenty years ago, the Beaver island group north of the Manitous were selected for the temporary sojourn of a faction of the latter day saints under Strong, their gifted, but erratic and depraved leader.

Within ten days from the close of the council, the Chippewas along the north shore, were to send scouts to explore the region of Sleeping Bear Bay and the eastern trail. They were also to deposit supplies on the South Manitou island, by canoes. These were to be followed shortly after by similar scouts and supplies from Green Bay.

Wakazoo was forcibly struck by this formidable scheme, with the imminent peril it threatened to his entire nation. He felt to rely implicitly on the infor-



mation. He was also deeply moved by the misfortunes of Red Wing, and the unjust treatment he had received. He regarded the manslaughter as a case entirely outside the aboriginal law, of condign punishment by the next of kin of a person wilfully murdered.

He condemned the Foxes for their blood thirsty clamor. He despised the Sauks for their craven submission to the arrogant demand for the culprit. He mentally anathematized the Chippewa chief for his cowardly spirit and his wanton disregard of intertribal laws of hospitality.

But above all he was awestruck by the almost supernatural preservation of Red Wing through the perils of his wild ride upon the billows for the many hours of that raging storm. From his cool narrative of the event, he caught a glimpse of the inner spirit of the man. He saw in it something beyond the stoicism of an oriental fatalist. He found in it the self-possession of practical common sense, which while quietly yielding to the inevitable dictated the pointing of the canoe with the storm, and lying low in the bottom to preserve its equilibrium.

The old chief mentally tracked his course during those weary hours, of wind, of darkness and of tempest. He realized his utter loneliness, tossed unceasingly onward over the waste of waters,—now riding the topmost crest, and then thrust into the abysm below. In all this he found an iron nerve, a reserved force, with all the elements for heroic achievement. In conclusion he found him deliberately tendering his services in aid of the scouts about to be sent on a dangerous mission and one full of personal peril to himself.

Late as the hour was, Wakazoo on closing his conference with the Sauk chief, sent for and had a confi-

dential interview with Wakeshma. His impressions as to Red Wing, and as to his own line of policy, were strengthened by the views of the veteran scout. The latter frankly avowed his conviction to be so strong that, in the pressing emergency, he was ready to join the scouts for the long trip as a volunteer. The old chief gratefully accepting his offer, bade him adieu for the night.

Wakazoo forthwith despatched a messenger on the trail with the tidings to Okemos, chief of the Grand River Ottawas, then at Grand Rapids. Upon him he urged the duty, by like messengers inland and shorewise, to warn the tribes from river to river, down to the head of Grand Traverse Bay. He knew his own scouts to be staunch, reliable and always ready.

By two hour's sun of the succeeding morning three canoes were laden and ready to leave the landing at Saugatuck. The occupants were four males and one female, all now dressed in the costume, and being able to speak the language of the Shawnees of the Wabash valley. To complete disguise, paint had been applied to the visible person of one, whilst another, owing to his limited stock of Shawnee words, was shrewd enough on occasion to cultivate the dodge of silence.

In reality the parties were Dead Shot and Mishawaha, Lynx Eye, Red Wing and Wakeshma. They were about to embark on a secret mission, and to outsiders, one they sought to make of unknown destination. The Sauk and Pottowatomie took the canoe of Red Wing. Dead Shot and wife used their own of similar model and capacity, whilst the dwarf, Lynx Eye, sported a one-man canoe of diminutive but admirable proportions.

The disguise of costume, paint and of dialect, was

so perfect, that many of the Ottawas lounging down to the landing, actually mistook them for visiting Shawnees, about to remove to the head of the main lake, making the Oxbow circuit between Saugatuck and the mouth of Grand river.

There the modern traveler, by boat or railroad, will find the business city of Grand Haven. The two larger canoes with measured paddle dip, kept abreast of each other, but Lynx Eye, forgetting his stoical apathy in the exciting novelty of the expedition, took the lead of both, indulging in the boyish freak of alternately shooting far ahead, and then resting on his paddle.

Past headland and mouth of stream they sped gallantly on until upon their right the broad gorge and sand-drifted hills, disclosed the near proximity of Grand Haven. Here they rounded in both to impart and receive the news. At the landing there was no suspicion of their being other than visiting Shawnees. After a short delay, however, a canoe came from up-stream swiftly, rounding the elbow of the river and sweeping up to the landing.

## CHAPTER IV.

From this new arrival, Seebewa, the famous Grand River scout stepped ashore. Glancing over the group of apparent strangers, as his eye fell on Lynx Eye, he identified him by form and feature. Like a wary scout, however, he gave no sign of recognition, but stepping a few paces away to a local chief, he informed him that the strangers and himself desired an instant private conference with the chief.

The latter, well knowing the trusty character of the scout, cheerfully complied with the request, forthwith inviting the six to his wigwam. There Seebewa greeted the wife of Dead Shot courteously, and then the four old scouts who had previously been together on the warpath, warmly saluted each other. Then Red Wing was introduced, and their budget of news was laid before the chief.

Okemos apprized of the national peril by the word from Wakazoo, had already despatched a trusty messenger inland to cross the Muskegon and Manistee rivers, well up at the interior settlement, thence on to the chief, White Water, at the head of Grand Traverse Bay.

To make sure that the intelligence went safely to its destination and having been informed by Wakazoo of the scouting expedition also, that he was about sending forward, Okemos deputed Seebewa to join them, publishing the intelligence at the mouths of the rivers north, and the mouth of the large bay above mentioned.

As became his vocation the canoe of Seebewa was first-class in model, material and structure, being of equal capacity with those of Red Wing and Dead Shot. Having enjoyed an hour's rest, with a hearty dinner, the three canoes were now manned with two persons each, for Lynx Eye, leaving his own, shipped with Seebewa for the trip. On trial Mishawaha proved the equal of the males in her paddle practice.

In fact when at Saugatuck she insisted upon being one of the number for the exploration. Dead Shot, highly estimating her keen sight, ready wit, and forecast, did not seriously object. Again under way our voyagers dilligently applied themselves to the business then in hand.

Reaching the mouth of Muskegon river, the other canoe lay off, whilst Seebewa, running up to the interior lake, found a trusty friend whom he informed of the news to be by him taken to the Chief at the head of the lake six miles inland. Rejoining the other canoes they pushed ahead making Pentwater river at evening.

Stopping over night they communicated with the local Chief, who, to save delay in the morning, sent a runner ahead with the news to Pere Marquette river, a dozen miles ahead. Partaking of their breakfast at early dawn with a good relish, the scouts were moving again. As they passed Pere Marquette two hours later they observed the resident populace all astir, apparently excited by their news of the threatened invasion. Without veering from their course or slackening their speed, they arrived at the Big Sauble at noon.

Running up stream a short distance for the shade of a cluster of forest trees, Lynx Eye with Wakeshma kindled a fire to broil some fish for dinner. Seebewa ran up the trail a mile to an inland lake, where he

found a settlement, and gave them the news. On his return he heard a rifle shot a short distance off at the right. Guided by the sound he came upon Dead Shot, who, wandering out with his rifle, had taken a deer.

The carcass was rapidly dressed, when each with a hind quarter reached the camp in season to add a venison broil to their bill of fare. Again they got under way, bound this time for the mouth of the Manistee. They rounded into its mouth as the sun was setting. Ascending the river over a mile, they reached a large settlement at the foot of an interior lake.

Tarrying over night they had an interview with two Chiefs of the Manistee tribe. As they neared the theatre of the threatened inroad, their news awakened a wilder excitement. Starting early the succeeding morning, with unabated zeal and vigor they pushed on steadily for the river "Au Beck Seik," or as moderns term it "Betsie river."

Two hours past noon they were at the mouth. Feeling a little arm weary and chest sore, by their protracted effort, they landed for an hour's rest. With appetites appeased by their accustomed broil of fish and venison, they were off again.

For Seebewa being familiar with the coast, from having previously traversed it, was now anxious to make Sleeping Bear Point before sunset. His hopes were practically realized. For before the gathering of the evening twilight they landed upon that point. Standing there just under the skirt of bushes, having first concealed their canoes, Seebewa called their attention to the various localities of interest in connection with their present mission.

A few miles out upon the water at the northwest he pointed out the south Manitou Island clearly out-

lined to the naked eye. Adjacent to it, but separated by a frith, or channel of water, was the north and larger island less distinctly seen. Around to the right of their stand point, but jutting south into the line of the main shore was Sleeping Bear Bay sufficiently land locked to screen a fleet of water craft from a southerly or westerly gale.

Connected with the point they occupied and south of the bay was a narrow strip of table land. Adjacent to the latter on the south there is an interior lake, two or three miles across, round in form, excepting a long arm reaching out westward. Seebewa remarked, "around that inner lake you may be sure the foe will pitch their main camp. Me 'spect it soon will need sharp eye around it."

The scout resumed his general description. Off north-east across the bay is another point of land as you can see. Beyond that is another broad shallow bay jutting somewhat south. Then the coast range runs off northeast to Grand Traverse Bay. Within that on west side, a half hour's walk from the point is a nice little cove, carved into the tongue lying between it and the main lake. It is a nice fishing place. Many Ottawas stop there. He closed by saying, "Me go there to-night." "Me go to," spoke up Lynx Eye, "for two better than one in night time."

"Before morning Red Wing mean to circle the south Manitou." "And me use the other paddle," responded Wakeshma.

"That is the way to pair off," laughingly remarked Dead Shot, "for Mishawaha and I are dying for a star-light peep at that duck of a lake Seebewa tells of back here at the south."

Re-embarking and skirting around the point they

made for the southeastern extremity of Sleeping Bear Bay. Here they landed, hauling their canoes under cover. All now stepping a few rods back into the thick timber, Wakeshma and Lynx Eye kindling a fire soon had them a warm supper in readiness. Some little distance back of where they landed they passed what seemed to be the principal landing, with a trail leading inland a point or two south of east. This, Seebewa informed them, crossed the outlet of the inner lake, and then made eastward for the head of Grand Traverse Bay.

With their supper despatched the three parties were soon in readiness for their respective night excursions. Each pair looked well to their weapons as they were quite suspicious that Chippewa scouts might be lurking about. Seebewa and Lynx Eye made their trip and returned before morning, being by chance relieved from traversing one-half the distance. For as they reached a point due west of the cove inside of the Bay, where the village of Northport is at present situated, they fell in with a half dozen Ottawas who had been out some miles on the main lake, looking for schools of the Mackinaw trout.

To them Seebewa made known his news. They in turn informed him that they had seen in the distance west of them, two canoes pass from the north towards the Manitou islands. This was significant, and our scouts pulled back for Sleeping Bear Bay, with far greater speed than they had left it. At the same time, with hasty jerks of the paddle, the Ottawas were making quick time with their news for the local chief.

Upon their arrival at the South Manitou, Red Wing and Wakeshma concluded to make its circuit by the west. With steady, but noiseless stroke, they pulled along, glancing at beach and bank, shrub and tree.



Reaching the channel between the islands, they turned in and traversed a part of its length. Here their paddle strokes together ceased. Both at the same instant detected signs of a recent landing.

Stirred by a common impulse, they put their canoe about, retreating to the entrance of the channel. Landing and concealing the canoe they crept noiselessly back to the marks previously seen. There they made a careful interior circuit. They thus became convinced that no one had passed inland.

Then by exploring inside of the semicircle they had traced, they came upon a deposit or "cache" of dried meat and fish. The quantity was too large for one canoe load. It was placed in a hole delved in the ground, lined with bark and covered with brush. It was evidently designed as a future supply. The men with their canoes were gone. Footprints and heel marks showed their departure. Wakeshma suggested that they might be on the adjacent island.

To this, in decided tones, Red Wing replied: "No; they are Chippewa scouts. They brought canoe loads to leave here. Now they have gone over to Sleeping Bear Bay, to look over the region and the trail. Red Wing much fears our scouts will stumble on them over there to-night." To this Wakeshma answered:

"The Sauk chief may lay aside his fears. Dead Shot is not a scout to be easily entrapped, whilst that young wife of his seems instinctively warned of any hidden peril. She will shun the snares of the most subtle."

"The Pottowatomie brave is wise. His words are hopeful. But I feel sure the Chippewas are there, and we must go," Red Wing rejoined.

## CHAPTER V.

Without further remark the two took the beach for their canoe—set it afloat—entered, and within an hour were back to their first camping ground on the margin of Sleeping Bear Bay. The fire was undisturbed. Dead Shot and wife had not returned. Their canoe was there under cover. Both became quite anxious for their safety. Seebewa and Lynx Eye they did not expect for hours. But as they were discussing the situation, Red Wing made a motion for silence. His acute ear had detected a paddle stroke in the distance. Stepping to the water's edge with his ear low down, he listened.

Rising again erect and stepping back he whispered, "A canoe comes from the northeast." Soon thereafter they caught the dim outline of an object well in shore, but this side the point of land in that direction. The watchers hauled their own canoe under cover. Noiselessly approaching, and stopping frequently to listen, the voyageurs ran up and landed. As they were about to haul their canoe from the water Wakeshma standing near, addressed them, saying: "Our brothers are soon back, but they are much wanted, for two are yet missing."

Notes were then compared between the pairs, embracing all that had been seen or heard by either since their recent parting. They then crept along the beach to the old landing. There by the glinting starlight they searched for any traces of a fresh arrival. None were discovered. Seebewa now suggested that, "a canoe could pass up the outlet of that inner lake." Red Wing replied: "Then

the Chippewas went by the outlet and are now inside." Lynx Eye added, "Me see 'em much plain now. Dead Shot and Mishawaha have struck 'em trail. They're safe, only them hindered. That woman be sharper nor enny blood houn' on a scent."

Thus assured, they concluded to return to their temporary camp and wait for a short time longer. Much disquieted, there they remained until at least one hour past midnight. Then as they had risen to start in search, the lively notes of the whipporwill were heard back in the bush. Lynx Eye answered in nicely modulated notes remarking as he ceased: "She is coming now. Her has news. Them notes show it."

There followed a slight rustling of leaves, a parting of boughs, and the absent ones glided quickly into the circle. Dead Shot at once broke the silence saying, "We did not expect you so soon. Why have you made such haste?" Seebewa answered by stating the incidents of their trip, and Red Wing detailed theirs, both asserting their firm belief that the Chippewas were in the vicinity of the small lake. Dead Shot here nodded to Mishawaha who thereupon spoke:

"Our brothers are wise. Their suspicions are correct, there are four Chippewas in camp out beside that inner water. We found them stowed away near the upper end of that outlet. We crept along on the high bank and saw their camp below; count 'em there round the fire. Then we crawl to edge of bank and listen. To us their tongue was not known. We catch only few words. We only heard them say, "Sauks and Foxes come in two days. Then all go on trail to Grand Traverse Bay."

"Dead Shot wanted much that we two make a rush to bind or kill them there. Me say, "No! Cause we

want to find out what them know. We best go back to our brothers. Red Wing understand Chippewa words. May be he can get near to hear what they say. Mishawaha have another thought, she not tell it now."

The party listened with deep interest to her clear recital. The ideas suggested by her impressed them forcibly. A knowledge of the proposed hostile movements of the different tribes was of vital importance. The prospect that the Chippewa scouts would discuss, to any extent, the plans of the confederates, even if Red Wing could get within ear shot, was dubious. Finally Red Wing turned again to Mishawaha saying:

"The wife of our pale-face brother shows that she is wise, and has much cunning. Will she speak the other thought she just now withheld from us?" Her eyes sought those of her husband, seeing his approval there she answered:

"I am afraid woman talk too much, but I will tell my thought. Wakeshma, Red Wing and I are not only natives, but we can use the Sauk dialect, for it is the same with the Shawnee. Next day after this coming morning the Chippewas expect the Sauk scouts here. Suppose we all now move up around the point at northeast, till that time. Then we three come from Manitous as Sauk scouts to Sleeping Bear Bay. Next they take us to little lake for talk at their camp. Other three of us keep in bush near by. If they fail to discover our deceit they will tell us all. If they read our crooked ways, then we make sign, other three rush in, the six then bind the four. I have spoken my thought."

Her scheme was much admired and readily adopted. Launching their canoes they scud swiftly up around the northern point, whilst the darkness still lingered on

land and water. When out of sight of the Manitou islands they went ashore, and sought the cover of the timber. There spreading their skin robes each one now indulged in needed repose.

Waking before sunrise they made a fair meal. Lynx Eye volunteered to cross the tongue of land westward, proposing to himself there a double watch. One way he would hold the Manitous under his eye for any fresh arrivals. The other way he designed to watch for any movements of the Chippewa scouts in Sleeping Bear Bay. At evening he reported all quiet during the day, except that one Chippewa at two hours of morning sun had posted himself at the mouth of the outlet and there remained till late in the afternoon. By this information the party timed their canoe movements.

Next morning Wakeshma, Red Wing and Mishawaha at early dawn, passing over by canoe, entered at the east end of the channel between the Manitou Islands. There lying in wait, until full two hours after sunrise they emerged from the channel and made their way to the mouth of the outlet from the inner lake. Lynx Eye, on the watch at his previous stand point, saw the Chippewa at the outlet as the three scouts approached.

On their arrival the latter greeted the Chippewa in the Sauk language, which he but partially understood. Then Red Wing informed him of their passage, and that others were coming from Green Bay, using the Chippewa dialect. This satisfied and pleased him. He now readily led the way up the outlet, the scouts following him closely.

Arriving at the inner sheet of water all stepped ashore and concealed their canoes. Next they traversed a blind path a hundred rods westward. It ran below a bluff bank on the north shore, forming the out-crop

of the upper table running thence to Sleeping Bear Bay and Point. They came to a cove scooped in the bank, secluded and thickly canopied by clustered boughs of hemlock and spruce.

In the cove they found the other three Chippewas busily engaged in dressing and broiling some water-fowl for their breakfast. In an off-hand, easy manner, Red Wing led the conversation to the absorbing topic of the campaign. The plans for conducting it, the order of arrivals of braves, when to be expected, etc., were each introduced, at the same time hinting that they, as scouts, ought forthwith to explore the region and the trail leading eastward.

Thus without any damaging disclosures of his own, he managed to extract and absorb, like a sponge, their entire knowledge of the campaign, and of the proposed field of operations of the confederates. One of the Chippewas seemed to be deeply and blindly smitten by the charms of the blooming squaw scout. He sought most assiduously to ingratiate himself in her favorable regards.

Mishawaha was neither a flirt nor a coquette. But with a shrewd eye to business, and the special object then in view, she rather encouraged his attentions. Ere long they were cosily chatting together in the Sauk tongue. She played her cards adroitly, managing to glean from him the real policy of the Chippewas in this war. She angled after their purposes towards the Sauks upon whom they were now evidently fawning.

Peering over the eastern bank of the cove were the other three scouts. They had followed the margin of the Bay to the outlet, thence up to the lake, and along the bank of the latter, led by Dead Shot. Their place of espial was not within ear-shot,

but they could watch the acts and features of all in the group below.

As we have already intimated, the artful woman was employing her attractive graces and fascinating charms to lead the purblind Chippewa into most impolitic disclosures. She finally shrewdly insinuated that the Chippewas, with the advantage of closer proximity, might steal a march and take possession of the Traverse region before the Sauks and Foxes had time to arrive in force.

She expressed her surprise that the brave Chippewas would thus become drudges for their confederates, and stupidly stand to shake the bush for Sauks to catch the bird. The smooth sarcasm, like a barbed shaft, went home to its aim. The smarting brave, oblivious of both the occasion and his auditors, with heated manner and raised tone, blurted out his reply: "Chippewas are neither slaves nor fools. We blind Sauks and Foxes to help us. We want their country."

"Why then did you agree to fight for it?" Mishawaha inquired.

## CHAPTER VI.

"We'll soon show you how we intend to use that bargain!" the Chippewa replied. "Three days before Sauks and Foxes come in force two thousand Chippewas will arrive. Then we march out on the trail, and strike big Ottawa settlement at the head of Traverse Bay. Then—"

"Chippewa scout big fool to tell the Sauk squaw that!" was the rude and stern rebuke, leaping from the lips of one of his comrades. Quick as a flash of light the entire party were on their feet. The last speaker resumed in resolute tones: "Me talk not till now. Me watch and listen. Only one of these speak good Sauk words. Her squaw is one great humbug. Me just now think how me see her once down to Saugatuck with pale face hunter. A few days since the Sauk council outlaw one Chief for murder. This is Sauk outlaw."

With the word he laid his hand on the shoulder of Red Wing. The web of deceit was rent. The treachery was fathomed. Eye now met eye in deadly hate. Mishawaha uttered the sharp bark of the coyote. It was echoed back from the verge of the bank, as Dead Shot and comrades came sliding down the declivity. They leaped to the side of their associates ere a blow had been struck. Red Ring, however, instantly shook himself loose from the Chippewa's grasp, whilst knives were gleaming in the hands of all.

Dead Shot and Lynx Eye both stepped in front of Mishawaha, thus excluding her from the fight about to



commence five to four. But the next moment the males were evenly paired. For the first blow given was back-handed by a Chippewa. Quick as an electric shock, and equally unseen, that blade pierced the right fore arm of Wakeshma through and through.

The males were next paired off two and two, foot to foot, eye to eye, and knife to knife. All were skillful, muscular and brave. All were fine specimens of physical manhood except the dwarf. But in his case the shortness of his nether limbs was fully compensated by the length and supleness of his arms.

Minutes of sharp encounter and desperate struggle succeeded. Flesh wounds were numerous and blood flowed freely. Yet neither pair had fully grappled. Seebewa and Dead Shot, with their stalwart frames and muscular power, repeatedly but vainly tried to close with their antagonists. The brawny Chippewas opposed to Red Wing and Lynx Eye as fruitlessly pressed for a clinch. In every case thus far the attempt had been foiled and the grasp adroitly eluded.

Wakeshma, faint from the effusion of blood, early crept outside that ring of deadly conflict to where Mishawaha stood watching. Intuitively fathoming his wants, she swathed his arm with a scarf she wore. Next she helped him back a few paces to where a surface rivulet ran rippling across the cove. She sprinkled water freely over face and brow. By lying on his chest he drank from the stream. Then she stepped back to watch the issue of the four duels in progress.

She found that during her temporary absence the tables had turned and the whole aspect of the tragedy had changed. Dead Shot and Seebewa had each effected a grapple, each crushing his antagonist backward to the ground. There, with knee on chest and knife at throat,

they held their passive victims. Next Red Wing by adroitly parrying and then feigning a blow at the throat, got in a heart thrust, causing the life blood to gurggle forth from chest and mouth of the dying brave.

The knife play of Lynx Eye had been in the main defensive. Swaying his body from side to side, and seeking, apparently from his low stature, for upward thrusts, his play was seemingly for the vitals. His antagonist, being thus thrown off his guard, was fatally misled. For all at once the dwarf, bounding high from the ground, made a flashing sweep of his long right arm. Thus by an over stroke the knife was driven in haft deep at the collar bone.

Thus closed the fierce and deadly contest in that wild nook, on the margin of that placid land-locked sheet of water. The field summary and report are extremely brief. Of the nine combatants at the start two were dead, two were captives, and all were more or less wounded.

Wakeshma, by the bandaging of his arm and the reviving effects of the water, was on his feet again. The captives, true to their tribal training and the fantastic tendencies of the race, submitted to their bonds without murmur or struggle. They looked upon their probable tragical end with a philosophical composure near akin to positive indifference.

The scouts hastily buried the two dead men, after Red Wing and Lynx Eye had appropriated their scalps. The object of the scouting party in their reconnoissance was substantially attained by the information they had already gleaned. The scheme of Mishawaha had been admirably executed. The news of the enemy's movements would prove most opportune, and its importance to the whole Ottawa nation could not be estimated.

They resolved upon its speedy transmission to the

four prominent chiefs. The purport of the message to be sent was that in three days time two thousand Chippewa warriors would be massed at the Manitous. Thence they were to be forthwith transported to the main shore of Sleeping Bear Bay, while their fleet of war canoes was to be run up the outlet and safely moored in the inner lake.

The Chippewas, under Negaunee, their fighting chief, were then to take the Grand Traverse trail, and by swift marches surprise and capture the chief Ottawa village at the south end of the Bay. The design was to slaughter or expel the resident population with White Water, their ruling chief. Then their fleet of canoes was to be brought around up the Bay, for further conquests.

Five days after their irruption into the country, two thousand Sauk and Fox warriors were to follow them to the Manitous and Sleeping Bear Bay. By their compact all their forces were to have been there united prior to any further advance. The intended treachery of the Chippewas was, on their first arrival, to steal a march ahead of their allies, capturing, and afterwards holding the key of the whole region.

To accomplish their work now in hand, the scouts must divide their force. As Wakeshma was disabled for paddle service, they settled it that he with Dead Shot and Red Wing should take their captives with the news to White Water, by canoes. In the meantime Seebewa, the forest queen, and Lynx Eye should return up the coast to Grand Haven and Sauga'uck. On the way they were to notify Missaukie, at Manistee, and the chief at Muskegon.

Their plans being thus matured they proceeded with the captives to their last camping ground in season for

an early dinner, using for the purpose the two canoes of the captives as well as their own. An hour had barely elapsed after their arrival before Mishawaha and Lynx Eye in their canoe, and Seebewa in his, started up the coast homeward bound. As the water was smooth they made a direct traverse for Sleeping Bear Point.

Time being now of priceless value to the nation, they kept moving night and day. They found at the mouth of the Manistee, a messenger from Missaukie awaiting their news. The same thing occurred at the mouth of each river, till they reached Grand Haven. There they parted company, the one canoe for Grand Rapids, the other bound for Saugatuck. The scouts were highly applauded by their chiefs for the marked success of their trip.

In the meantime Okemos and Wakazoo had collected each one thousand braves, as an advance corps on their respective quotas. The scouts had made an unparalleled run, reaching home in the middle of the second night from their noon starting. The next morning at four hours sun Wakazoo, with his thousand braves in staunch canoes turning sharply north from the mouth of the Kalamazoo river, swept gallantly down the coast.

As he came abreast of Grand Haven, Okemos with his fleet, glided out, having an equal force of stalwart warriors. Onward, in orderly array, they together pressed their way. Being provisioned with prepared food, they made unceasing headway down the coast until their arrival at Manistee.

There their news was both gratifying and cheering. The recruits from Muskegon, Pentwater and Pere Marquette rivers had joined the force of Missaukie at Manistee. The latter, with a consolidated band full

fifteen hundred strong, had a few hours previously taken the up river trail. His intention was to go to the assistance of White Water, by seasonably heading for the settlement at Grand Traverse Bay.

Relieved from present anxiety by this intelligence of timely assistance at the point most endangered, the combined fleet ran bow on the beach for a night's rest ashore. At the starting hour the next morning, whilst the fleets were maneuvering into position again, Seebewa, the forest queen, and Lynx Eye ran up past, to lead the van. The chiefs had designedly left them at home to recruit from the effects of their previous exhaustive efforts.

But after a few hours of quiet repose Mishawaha was not content to remain away from Dead Shot at the front in constant peril. The other two veteran stagers could not rest in idleness during a stirring campaign. As one canoe reached Grand Haven it was joined by the other from Grand Rapids. At Manistee, as they unexpectedly ran up past the fleets to the van, they were loudly cheered. The veteran male scouts were themselves prime favorites of their tribes.

But the forest queen was their idol. Still in the bloom of her young womanhood—with the same queenly poise of the head—the same long, abundant hair—the same large flashing black eyes—the same faultless form, rounded limb, and graceful contour in motion or repose—the same fine features, with fresh, smooth, glowing complexion; and the same rich tint of the damask rose on the round cheek and moist pouting lips, as we have in other sketches described our heroine, whilst yet the Shawnee Princess of the noble lineage of Elkhart; the enthusiasm of the Ottawas would seem both natural and commendable.

## CHAPTER VII.

We cease to wonder that those chivalrous braves, well knowing that, added to those exterior personal charms, she bore the impress of rich mental gifts, with the resolute will, the skill to plan, the hand to execute, and above all the dauntless courage to lead where perils were appalling, should all but worship the peerless woman.

As their cheers subsided, silence was restored in the fleets. Not a sound was now heard save the measured stroke of many hundred paddles, as the canoes, three abreast, glided in lengthened lines over the water, running well in shore. In passing the inequalities of the coast line, the scouts ahead, as they rounded a point, would rest on the paddle to scan the new reach beyond. Then as if one hand moved, and one mind directed them all, each paddle in the fleets ceased from motion.

Mile after mile was thus traversed till the setting sun saw the combined fleet within the mouth of Betsie River. The canoes being safely moored to the shore, the whole force were busied in preparation for their food and nightly rest.

North by four miles from that river mouth, a point of land intercepts the coast view beyond. The region of the Manitou Islands is also thus hidden from view. Around that point the shore line abruptly trends off several miles eastward. The range thence north again is regular to Sleeping Bear Point. From the latter, back southward to Point Betsie, the entire shore line is laid bare to the eye, and from the Manitous as well.

When the shades of evening had fully come Seebewa and Lynx Eye resolved to reconnoiter by canoe down to Sleeping Bear Bay. Starting with the consent of the chiefs, they glided rapidly down the shore line. The banks being high, steep and wooded, they were thrown steadily under their deeper shadow.

Their progress was without hindrance until their arrival at a point a mile west of the long arm of that inner lake we have heretofore described. A rivulet there found its way to the lake through a gorge in the bank. From that dark gulch the two cuckoo notes nicely modulated, now reached their ears. Their paddles in a breath were motionless. Again came those notes most naturally given.

Lynx Eye with equal skill responded. The form of a man was first dimly outlined, but growing more distinct as he cautiously left his hiding place. The scouts knowing their man, at once headed for the shore. As they came near enough, Dead Shot sprang on board, and with finger on lip pointed south. Silently they faced about and made a couple of miles on their back track.

All restraint being thus removed by the intervening distance they now freely conversed. Dead Shot eagerly inquired after his wife, and then for general news. When he learned of that force two thousand strong in the mouth of Betsie River, with Wakazoo and Okemos in command, his joy was excessive. He next informed the others that by a change of their plan he had remained behind to watch at Sleeping Bear Bay whilst Red Wing and Wakeshma conveyed the news and captives to White Water.

He had detected no sign of the enemy until that afternoon from the northern outlook. A large force







WAK-A-ZOO.

had evidently come down the west side of the north Manitou, disappearing in the channel between the two. He supposed they would pass over that night and enter the inner lake by its outlet. One canoe with two men on board came over in the twilight, probably in search of their scouts.

Becoming very uneasy in view of the situation, he had walked up the lake shore with eye and ear open for any sign of approaching friends. Having detected the sound of their paddle strokes he had stepped within the cover of the gorge. As they came abreast he had resorted to one of their customary signals.

Upon their arrival at Betsie River the three reported promptly to the chiefs. Mishawaha having watched at the landing, was rewarded by the embrace of her husband as he stepped ashore. Thence she accompanied them to the chiefs to hear their report.

Wakazoo and Okemos, after listening to the recital of Dead Shot, readily adopted his view, that the Chippewas, failing to find their scouts, and also ascertaining that the outlet passage was narrow, would only attempt the transfer of a part of their force that night. They judged that the residue would be withheld until the succeeding evening. Their own best course, therefore, was to remain in Betsie River until the foe was ready to take the trail for the head of the Bay.

They would then move forward to the gorge where Dead Shot had concealed himself. There they would disembark, sending back their fleet of canoes by a small detachment to the Betsie River. Entering by the gorge the main force would make east for the inland lake, destroy the Chippewa fleet there moored, and then follow up on the trail. The band sent back with the canoes could return on the beach, and rejoin them before pursuing the enemy on the trail.

Whilst these events were transpiring along the lake shore, Red Wing and Wakeshma had taken their captives by canoe up the Bay to White Water, reporting to him all their discoveries. From the west side of the bay, from Elk Rapids on the east side, and from Little Traverse Bay, the old chief had drawn together one thousand warriors. After the arrival, but before the departure of the scouts, the southern band under Missaukie had reached that settlement. A force of twenty-five hundred men were thus gathered for defense.

To acquire a practical knowledge of the region, for their possible future use, the two scouts resolved to traverse the trail back to Sleeping Bear Bay. Leisurely pursuing their route, it chanced that they were on the trail the day after the night when Dead Shot and the others returned from the gorge to Betsie River. At evening they were in the vicinity of the outlet to the inner lake.

They there resorted to the utmost circumspection. They peered from the trail, one on each side, creeping forward, whilst critically examining every visible sign. Both discovered that many canoes had passed up the stream. From the tramping along the banks they judged that their ascent had been aided by drag lines held and used by men ashore.

Passing over and creeping onward, they both met on the trail between the outlet and the Bay. Screening themselves in a thicket, they hastily consulted in the fast vanishing twilight. Next creeping out to the edge of the timber they scanned the waters of the bay in the direction of the Manitous. At the east end of that dividing channel they dimly descried a fleet of canoes laden with men filing outward, steering for the outlet in the Bay.

Wakeshma's wounded arm being a serious drawback on his progress in creeping, Red Wing motioned him to remain quiet. He then crept swiftly to a nook near the stream, whence he could hear and see what was said or done. The leading canoes were shortly at the outlet. He heard the orders given and repeated to hurry up with all possible dispatch. The chief in charge fretted by the delays, finally warned the men that Negaunee, the chief of the expedition, required the entire fleet to be moored in the inner lake that night, as he intended to move out on the trail with his whole band at two hour's morning sun.

Having thus learned what he most desired to know, Red Wing crawled back to his comrade. Their next subject of thoughtful inquiry was as to where they should find Dead Shot. They felt assured he would be on the beach south of the point, watching for messengers from up the coast. They imagined that, like themselves, he must have become anxious lest help should come too late on the lake shore end of the trail. They resolved to seek for him on the beach.

Taking their bearing by familiar stars, seen through the opening of the tree tops, they took a course nearly southwest so as to strike the lake some three miles south of Sleeping Bear Point. They had no fact on which to base their theory of the whereabouts of the scout except that his sagacity would prompt him to avoid any exposure of his person on the point, and his anxiety for news from the south would lead him up the coast.

Striking the beach near the gorge where Dead Shot had been concealed, they resorted to the various signals then in common use. There was no response. Restless and really dispirited they wandered on again, often

pausing to listen. Finally Red Wing waded out in shoal water, bending his ear low to its surface.

There he intently listened for several minutes. Straightening himself erect, he waded back to the side of Wakeshma, speaking low at his ear: "They are coming. Me hear two paddle strokes. I'll try bird notes." He imitated the cooing of the ring dove. No response broke the silence. Wakeshma trilled forth the lively notes of the whippoorwill. Soft as flute tones over the water came the response as of a joyous returning mate.

Tremulous with excitement was the rejoinder of Wakeshma. Closing he whispered to Red Wing: "As I live 'tis our queen woman back again!" Sure enough Dead Shot and wife having fixed the spot accurately by the sound, run their canoe to the pebbly beach, abreast of them. They were so close that each party caught the outlines of the other. The two ashore stepped to the water's edge.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Dead Shot from the canoe spoke in his lowest tones: "Other canoe close by. When it comes one of you, jump in each. We all go south for Betsie river. You have news of what we came for, else you would not be here." Red Wing answered: "Pale-face and wife good scouts, always right. Hist! There they come." As he spoke Seebewa and Lynx Eye ran their canoe up beside the other.

Wakeshma stepped lightly out in shoal water, and then on board the last arrival as it still lay afloat. Red Wing from where he stood vaulted on the bow of the other, gallantly claiming the paddle held by Mishawaha. With silent dip, but nervous pull, the canoes went skimming south for a couple of miles. Thence forward they took it leisurely and conversed freely. Each imparted to the others what they had severally learned during their separation.

Once more inside the mouth of Betsie river, the chiefs listened to the report of Red Wing and Wakeshma. They breathed easier at the report of the numbers collected at White Water's headquarters. They felt confident now that White Water and Missaukie would never allow two thousand Chippewas to reach and destroy that settlement. Their own duty was obviously to cut off the retreat of the enemy back to the Manitous.

To this end Okemos advocated first the destruction of the Chippewa fleet, where they would leave it in the inner lake. Then secondly, he favored a vigorous pursuit on

the eastern trail. Wakazoo thought the destruction of the valuable canoes should be avoided. He was also inclined to await the return of the discomfited Chippewas to the vicinity of the inner lake and outlet. The two chiefs finally appealed to Red Wing for his opinion. To this appeal he promptly replied:

"There are high and very steep hills half an hour's walk this side of White Water's village. The trail runs in a narrow gorge between those hills. You hold White Water to be a good fighting chief. He will then plant an ambush, and so station his force there, as quickly to send the Chippewas flying back on the trail. They think White Water knows not of their coming. Negaunee has more craft than fight in him. Him come back much quick for canoes to return to Manitous.

"If you follow, you will head him on trail, Chippewas then scatter all over the forest. If you let 'em alone they will come surely for canoes. If, then, you put them over on south side of small lake, fleet much safe. Okemos take him stand on east side of lake, spreading him braves a little way out on trail.

"Wakazoo place him band west between arm of little lake and beach of big water. Chippewas know White Water behind 'em. Then first try to go south on east side of little water for canoes. Okemos drive 'em back. Them rush over outlet to go round west end. Okemos form strong on whole outlet. Wakazoo drive Chippewas back too. Wait, then, till White Water come. Then him and you all push 'em out on Sleeping Bear Point, take many scalps."

Okemos replied: "Young chief, the plan is big strategy, much wise, very much crafty, but him sure. Now Dead Shot, how we best git there? What shall we do with our canoes?"

"Let all go down the shore to a place I will shew. Land your bands on the beach, and send the canoes all back. Neither Sauks, Foxes nor Chippewas will find them here," was the scout's reply.

Wakazoo remarked: "These schemes seem safe. We'll carry 'em out. Now, Wakeshma, when we make finish of them Chippewas, where shall we fight 'em Sauks and Foxes? Me no hope can catch 'em in same trap."

"Wakeshma think one fight 'nuff at a time. Me first kill Chippewas. Then take others anywhere 'em come."

"Very good," said Okemos. "Now what thinks 'em queen of scouts on that last query of Wakazoo?"

Mishawaka at once answered the chiefs:

"I judge the Sauks and Foxes will arrive about the time the Chippewas come flying back to the bay. If so you must fight all the confederates on Sleeping Bear Point." The discussion here closed and the parties separated.

On the following morning the canoes were manned and arranged in their previous order. Headed by the scouts, they passed out of Betsie River and down the coast. In due time the van reached the gorge previously designated by Dead Shot as the place for disembarking the men. The canoes accordingly approached the shore successively, as the warriors leaping on the beach were marched inland through the defile.

The fleet was then divided and fastened in groups for towage, being taken back by a few men and safely moored in Betsie River. The men dispatched on this errand returned by the beach, overtaking the main body on the north bank of the inner lake.

As the Ottawa force approached that north bank, advancing to the outlet, they found the region silent



and deserted. The Chippewa fleet of canoes, however, were snugly moored on the north shore of the lake. The scouts returning from a short excursion on the eastern trail reported that the full force of the enemy had evidently left in that direction.

The Ottawa chiefs next ordered the fleet of canoes to be transferred to the southern shore, a distance of a couple of miles. The men thus engaged after securing the fleet, returned by the east side beach. The two chiefs with the several bands, now took their respective positions east and west of that sheet of water. The scouts, for an outlook, were stationed on the bay and point and on the trail.

Upon the peninsula piercing Grand Traverse Bay for half its length from the southerly end, there had been great stir and activity since the first intelligence from the scouts. As the local braves, with the auxilliaries from the rivers further south arrived, White Water commenced drilling them for effective service, for either defensive or aggressive movements.

He called Missaukie, chief of the Manistees, into his private counsels, assigning to his separate command the auxilliary force he had brought thither. They threw a band of veteran scouts beyond the high hills and the gorge already described as being traversed by the trail leading to and from Sleeping Bear Bay. Next with all their force assiduously working, they threw a stockade across the trail and gorge, the barrier thus formed extending up the slopes of the adjacent but opposite hills.

Oblique openings were left in the barricade in shape for defense, yet through them affording easy access to the ascending trail and gorge. That stockade was near the base of the hills and next to the bay, with a limited level interval. The gorge was of considerable length,

having several abrupt angular turns, thus excluding any extended view. No visible marks of their defensive preparations were left by the chiefs west of the principal barricade.

On either side the slopes were precipitous and thickly wooded. Along these slopes they disposed of one-half of their force, but well up, in parallel lines, extending nearly the length of the gorge. The remaining half was posted on the east side of the stockade and covering its length. Occupying these several lines and positions on the night succeeding the morning departure of the Chippewas from the vicinity of Sleeping Bear Bay, twenty-five hundred men lay on their arms in ambush.

They were silent but watchful. They were outwardly motionless, yet their chests were heaving, with hearts wildly throbbing. Their faces wore an earnest expression, and their eyes glittered under the pressure of feelings, outwardly checked, but surging within. It was from no sense of personal peril, or of shrinking emotional fear. There was no flutter of cowardly hearts, no wish to evade the imminent deadly conflict.

The feeling was one of passionate longing for plenary vengeance unmixed with any ingredient of mercy. It was a hungering desire to gnaw at human heart strings. It was a consuming thirst, to be allayed only by quaffing the purple life current, being near akin to the blood-lapping ferocity of the tiger. Often as the eye glanced up that trail the feeling was intensified and the wished-for moment still more ardently desired.

At the same hour beyond those hills, farther out upon that western trail, there was another body of men, two thousand strong, passionate and eager, yet widely differing in aim and character. With them there was indeed a similar recklessness of life and limb, with the same

disregard of human suffering. But with them the dominant feeling was of bright hopes about to be realized—of exultant joy in the act of grasping a highly coveted prize—a feeling in fact of conscious pride in the triumph of craft and subtilty over a fancied but blind security.

Nearer and yet nearer they approached the descending but sinuous defile. They moved with stealthy tread, with closed lip, but observant eye, so far as the aid of sight could be invoked amid the darkness of night and the forest gloom. So often, however, had their advance scouts sent back the report "all safe in front," that those lengthened files of warriors ceased to pause and wait for their report. Besides they had some distance to traverse. Their design was to reach and storm the settlement at early dawn.

Thus, with their scouts ahead, but now regardless of their reports, the column commenced its steady descent, having fairly entered the gorge, onward they pressed without any interruption, or any visible token of an enemy's presence, until their scouts had turned the last angular point and were already close upon the barricade.

## CHAPTER IX.

A listening ear near by, might then have heard the twang of half a score of bowstrings, and a keen eye might have seen the Chippewa scouts dropping to the ground together, each with an arrow in his heart. A few moments more and the head of the descending column stumbled over those dead bodies. Their first startled cry of surprise was the signal for a wild uproar of sounds, with a magical illumination of the bottom of the gorge throughout its length.

The sound arose from a terrific war-whoop by the entire Ottawa force. The sudden blaze of light was from hundreds of pitch pine torches stuck in the ground at intervals near the base of the slopes on each side of the trail. The braves having this duty in charge, as they struck the lights, nimbly crept up those slopes from view.

Then came a murderous flight of arrows from unseen foes, plunging downward upon the Chippewas exposed in that line of light. No further advance was attempted. They were not fool-hardy enough to essay the scaling of those slopes on either side. They intuitively perceived that flight afforded their only chance from utter annihilation. As one man they faced about, and with surpassing fleetness ascended the gorge, keeping in the trail.

In point of fact, the lights set for their destruction aided their escape by making their footsteps sure. Flight after flight of arrows was hailed down upon them

from the slopes, but with no certain aim, as the objects were all in gliding motion. Those behind the barricade rushed in at the openings and hotly pursued the fugitive body. The Ottawas on the slopes made what headway was possible in the same direction. When the Chippewas left the defile for the upper table land they were beyond any further immediate danger.

But the lesson had been too severe to lose its force, or allow their footsteps to linger in that continuous flight. They had lost hundreds of brave warriors in that defile slaughter, without a death's shriek or a scalp lock by way of reprisal. They had, to their cost, found the Ottawas on the alert, and in overwhelming numbers. All their ideas of effecting any easy conquest of such a people vanished at once and forever.

The Ottawas, after a pursuit of a few hundred rods, finding themselves distanced in the race, returned to the head of the defile, where the whole force was assembled as morning light had fully come. Not knowing at the outset how long their lying in ambush might be prolonged, they had been furnished with a liberal supply of prepared food. On this the entire host now made a hearty repast. They next appropriated the scalps of the slain and their weapons of value, then digging shallow trenches by the trail side, gave the bodies a hasty burial.

Whilst this was transpiring, White Water, Missaukie, and some minor chiefs held a brief consultation. The result was the resolve to march in a body to Sleeping Bear Bay, and to finish up the fighting at that end of the trail. To this they were strongly incited by the expectation of there meeting Okemos and Wakazoo with their bands. In two hour's time they were under motion in close order of march, with scouts in advance

and on either flank, to guard against ambush, and to see that the enemy all kept the trail.

Other movements were at the same time in progress; and other evolutions perfected in different portions of the campaign field. Wakazoo took up his position previously assigned, to bar the passage of the Chippewas from access to their canoes. Between this line of occupation by Wakazoo and Sleeping Bear Point, the surface formation is of a novel character.

Bounded by the coast-line and running parallel therewith, is an elevated ridge of a considerable length. On the water side the ascent is precipitous from the beach to the summit, being a sand exposure, destitute of tree, bush, or shrub. The top table is narrow but thickly wooded. The ends and east side are also on a steep slope, but covered with bushes, staddles and trees of moderate size. The altitude of the ridge exceeds that of any other uplift in the region, being a trifle over six hundred feet above the lake surface.

From the top of this ridge there is a charming view over the lake, away to the Manitous, at the north, and the inland country east. As Okemos and Wakazoo assumed their stations, the scouts were re-distributed. Dead Shot, his wife and Red Wing, went up to the point northeast of Sleeping Bear Bay, to watch for the Sauks and Foxes at the east end of the channel between the Manitous.

Wakeshma was stationed near the trail crossing over the outlet, to bear news to Wakazoo of the crossing of the stream by the Chippewas; whilst Seebewa and Lynx Eye were to ascend the ridge and maintain a general outlook, both inland and towards the northern islands. After hours of patient waiting the second day Wakeshma espied, far away east, a Chippewa runner

approaching. Concealing himself behind a tree close by the trail, our scout waited the moment for action with his tomahawk grasped in his left hand.

One leading idea seemed uppermost in his mind. That runner must never return on the trail with tidings of the missing canoes. Unconscious of his peril, onward came that runner. He nears the tree behind which his fate is lurking. Now he is abreast of it, next two feet beyond. Downward comes the weapon wielded by a skillful hand. It went crashing through skull and brain. The victim fell paralyzed, dying without knowing whence came, or who dealt the fatal blow.

The scout hastily withdrew the body from the beaten track, concealing it from view. Soon thereafter the van of the Chippewa band hove in sight. Wakeshma keeping himself screened by the bushes, waded the outlet and sped away with the news to Wakazoo. But he left many other eyes, from their covert places fixed upon the coming foe.

Yet not a move was made. Not a bow was bent or an arrow drawn from its quiver. Onward still the enemy came. But the first to reach the spot where their runner fell detected the gouts of blood in the path. A half score of braves sprang at once past by a few rods, whence they discovered the removal of the canoes to the southern shore.

Comprehending thus the presence of an enemy with the extent of their peril, they fled back to the chief. Negaunee felt that the safety of his band depended upon their regaining possession of the fleet of canoes. He ordered his lines to face to the south, and dash at double quick for the shore where the craft was moored. This brought them plumb into the ambush of Okamos' band. Terrific was the war whoop of the Ottawas, as rising from their hiding places, they poured in a united

discharge of arrows at short range. Many Chippewas fell, but no chance was afforded for a second well-aimed volley. The survivors wheeled, fleeing with Negaunee at their head. They went not, however, across the outlet, to turn the inner lake by the west, as had been anticipated. Their course was northward down the east shore of Sleeping Bear Bay. Okemos, fully persuaded that White Water would soon follow in pursuit, on the trail, and thus intercept any retrograde movement by the Chippewas, resolved upon a novel expedient.

He determined to prevent the flight of the enemy any further north than the point they were now headed for. With this view he led his band in a wild race obliquely to the right. He hoped thus to reach the shore of the shallow bay east of where the line of the Chippewa flight would land them. This feat he fully and successfully achieved.

Our scouts, outlying upon the point of land northeast of Sleeping Bear Bay, were unconsciously being imperiled by this Chippewa raid in their direction. Having no canoes within reach, they had gone up by land in the very route now taken by Negaunee. The latter with his band, if they continued their flight, would soon be upon them. The scouts at that particular moment were all absorbed by the fleet of canoes suddenly appearing in the easterly end of the channel between the Manitous.

The Chippewas, in their flight, when about equidistant between the mouth of the outlet and the point where the scouts were lying under cover, also caught sight of that canoe fleet. Rushing out upon the beach at the water's edge, they made all the demonstrations in their power to attract the attention of the Sauks and Foxes controlling that fleet up at the islands.



The effort was successful as the resulting movements indicated. The fleet was immediately thrust forth, but heading for the point north of the band of Negaunee, but where our scouts were then on the watch. The latter now looking to their safety, glanced up the bay as a way of retreat. They thus became aware of the hostile band directly in their pathway.

It had chanced that at sunrise of that morning a northeasterly gale had commenced blowing, steadily increasing in violence, until it had, at the hour the fleet put out, become a furious tempest of wind. The waters between the islands and the main land being exposed to its hurricane sweep, were tossed into frightful commotion.

The waves ran mountain high, and swiftly to the southwest. The Sauks and Foxes on board that fleet, two thousand strong, as they felt the full force of that wind storm, knew that their bark canoes would be filled and sunk lying lengthwise in the trough of the sea. As they struck out, therefore, all with one accord, except two canoes, turned their bows with the gale, and headed for Sleeping Bear Point at the south.

## CHAPTER X.

The Chippewas on the beach, unmolested by their enemies, remained intently watching the maneuvers of the fleet upon which all their hopes were centered. In the meantime those two canoes we have alluded to, carrying each a brace of braves, in utter recklessness, at war with every sane prudential calculation, maintained their original course eastward for the point designated. They manifested unusual skill and power in paddle practice.

Right on and swiftly they drove, even in the trough of the sea, holding their course, but drifting bodily to some extent southward. The scouts watched those rash adventurers, and their miraculous immunity from harm, with wonder not unmingled with awe. Mishawaha finally gave utterance in words to her swelling thoughts:

"No chance seemed left for our escape. The Chippewas hemmed us in by land. The fleet would have brought us only death. The breath of the Great Spirit has turned it wholly aside. Now his hand guides those canoes hither, to bear us safely away. Those rash men will live to land them on the beach."

Dead Shot and Red Wing looked at that dauntless woman in utter amazement. She stood proudly erect before them, all her features aglow with the enthusiasm of assurance rather than of hope. But when she shortly added: "Landing those canoes safely, their toils on earth will cease, for we must slay them," they caught from her the spirit and the full inspiration of that lofty abiding faith.

Still onward came those canoes. They were seemingly upheld and driven forward by a supernatural power. Now they were shooting and glancing in the shoaling water. Mishawaha notched her arrow on the string. Mechanically Red Wing imitated her example, whilst Dead Shot brought the rifle to his shoulder. behind their leafy screen she spoke again:

"Let them perform all their appointed work. Wait till they land and beach their canoes. Then Dead Shot will take the right and Red Wing the left ones of the four."

Whilst yet speaking, those light barks shot through the surf abreast, and drove bow on the beach. When the keels ground upon the pebbles, the occupants springing out in pairs by their sides and grasping the gunwales, sent them firmly ashore. As those doomed men together straightened themselves erect, three missiles of death laid as many of them on the beach. Ere the fourth one had time for thought or action the bow-string of the forest queen gave out a sibilant twang, the arrow laying him beside his fellows.

Dead Shot reloaded with despatch, but as his ramrod was pushed home, in its thimbles, Red Wing mastering the idea of Mishawaha, rushed to the canoes, exclaiming, "Shove off! Jump aboard and follow me for an offing and then south." At the word he seized a bow-stem and giving it a vigorous heave sent the light vessel afloat. Vaulting in, with consummate skill he steered well out to win a safe distance from that east shore surf.

The policy of Red Wing was two-fold. He sought to avoid the irregular tossing in shore, occasioned by the undertow of the waters. But his principal aim became apparent. He purposed, when coming abreast of

the Chippewas huddled on the beach, to be beyond arrow range of them. The other two scouts followed him closely handling their craft with equal skill. They were now running parallel with the shore line, but forty rods out on the water. The band of Negaunee nevertheless raised a defiant yell, discharging a cloud of arrows.

They also had watched the eastward track of those two canoes. They had seen the inmates slain on the beach. They heard likewise the report of Dead Shot's rifle. Rumor had carried far and wide the deeds of the pale-face wizard of the Kalamazoo. But more than all else, one of them recognized in the leading canoe, Red Wing, the Sauk chief outlawed by his tribe. It was this Chippewa chief who had directed the arrow discharge, and who, at their utter failure to reach, fairly howled in a paroxysm of rage.

That recognition was mutual, for Red Wing knew the chief, and in the bitterness of exasperated feeling unconsciously gave tongue to his thoughts, saying :

"Chippewa Chief ! Cowardly dog ! Him sent Red Wing forth to starve under the ban of an unjust sentence !"

His further utterance was unceremoniously cut short by the crack of the rifle of the scout. By the acts of the chief on the beach, and the words of Red Wing, he had spotted the enemy of the latter, and drawn upon him a bead sight. The Chippewas, unused to fire-arms, stood aghast at the fall of the chief, so far away from the pale face.

They were more fearfully roused into activity, a few moments later, by the war-whoop of the band of Okemos in the forest near at hand. There was no longer either indecision or hesitation among them. Down the beach of the bay southward wildly swept the band of Negaunee. Parallel with them, and racing in the same direction,

but out in the timber, the band of Ottawas were at their topmost speed; out, tossing on the bosom of the bay, the two canoes, with all the headway wind and wave, drift and paddle could give them, were wildly glancing up and down, still forging ahead, but alternately riding the crest of a billow, and then plunging into the abyss of the water trough.

It was felt to be a race for life by two of the parties engaged. Those in the canoes were doomed unless they could first make and run up the outlet beyond the reach of their foes. The Chippewas hoped to escape their pursuers only by a straight run to the outlet, thence along its east margin and that of the lake to their canoes. The Ottawas united in the race with the view of falling upon the fugitives up the outlet, and driving them across in the direction where Wakazoo was awaiting them in ambush.

Whilst they are thus flying over land and water toward a common goal, we will offer an explanation for the sudden appearance of one of those parties. Upon his arrival at the beach of the shallow bay, Okemos knew the Chippewas were further west, and that he had hedged up their escape east and north. He was in ignorance of the fleet of Sauks and Foxes at the Manitous. He believed that White Water and Missaukie were approaching on the eastern trail.

Hence he felt content to watch and wait. His quiet was unpleasantly disturbed by the first report from the scout's rifle. He felt instinctively that the three were in danger. The band of Negaunee had hemmed them in on that tongue of land. Their rescue was the first duty he resolved upon. His band were put in motion for the west side. When within one hundred rods of the bay the second rifle shot came from further south.

Okemos at once veered from his course toward the sound. Hurrying forward another fifty rods, the Chippewas were seen on the beach, but indistinctly by reason of the timber. The war cry and rush of the Ottawas was made to favor the imperiled scouts, of whose actual position in their canoes afloat they had not dreamed. It was thus that life race was inaugurated.

Owing to the gale the firm foothold along the beach was too much under water for use. The Chippewas were thus forced to run in the loose sand close up to the bank. Their progress was thereby much impeded. The canoes maintained their advance position, eventually entering the stream out of arrow shot of their foremost foes. The Ottawas, meantime, were quite as far in the rear of the hindmost of the band of Negaunee.

The canoes, owing to the contracted channel of the outlet, steadily lost headway in their ascent. Their foes, on the contrary, as they struck from the sandy beach upon firmer ground, came with accelerated speed up the margin of the small stream. The scouts discovered that the arrows sent by their pursuers came nearer and yet nearer to them. Now they began to fall around, and next beyond their canoes. Their peril became extreme.

Hoping to retard their hot pursuit and check the foremost, Dead Shot, dropping his paddle and seizing his rifle, faced about, and, pulling trigger, riddled the leading brave. As the victim fell, his comrades halted in consternation. But as that sharp report was still ringing, that forest canopy was fairly lifted by the appalling war-cry of the twenty-five hundred warriors, led by White Water and Missaukie, close at hand on the trail.

The terror stricken Chippewas were thus brought to a stand. But when the band of Okemos raised an

answering whoop in their rear, the beleaguered foe faced west, and plunging into the stream floundered across. Their start was now to join the Sauks and Foxes around on Sleeping Bear Point. But wily Okemos had already crossed the stream at its mouth. Thus by a shorter cut obtaining the advance, he continually deflected and headed off the band of Negaunee, southwesterly in the direction of Wakazoo.

The rescued scouts seeking Whitewater and Missaukie as they reached the outlet, informed them that two thousand Sauks and Foxes were concentrating on Sleeping Bear Point. The two chiefs resolved to hem them into close quarters by a strong line drawn across the narrow tongue of land between the Bay and the main lake. With this in view, they struck their course northwesterly at a rapid gait, keeping steadily onward until they found their new foes hovering in their front.

From the central point attained by the joint forces, White Water next extended a line westward to the water's edge, at the foot of the north end of the shore ridge. Missaukie at the same time stretched his line eastward to the Bay. A most formidable barrier was thus interposed not only against any advance by the Sauks and Foxes, but equally forbidding any junction with them by the Chippewas.

The latter, weary and disheartened, hunted and driven southwesterly by Okemos, bethought themselves of the possibility of reaching their canoes by the western circuit of the arm of the lake. Having, however, made too much westing in their hurried march, they suddenly beheld the southern extremity of the ridge looming up before them. Veering off sharply to the south they advanced beyond the uplift. The sun far down on his decline yet showed them a full hour of remaining daylight.

## CHAPTER XI.

To the Chippewas their way of escape seemed now open. With hope revived, came a measure of strength renewed. Their steps were once more elastic and their speed was already accelerated, when a pealing war-whoop from the line of Wakazoo, right, left and center, directly in their path, brought them to an abrupt halt. This was the signal for a well aimed and deadly discharge of arrows. Again the band of Negaunee was decimated by slaughter. Wheeling to flee, they were saluted by an answering peal by the band of Okemos not one hundreds rods north of them.

There was for this thrice decimated and demoralized throng but one last refuge left. The lofty ridge was there. To it they now fled as a final desperate resort. Up its rugged sides they climbed with that fierce energy born only of the last extremity of hope and fear combined. Higher yet they reached and still higher, clinging to root and shrub, and bush, until the last of that torn and shattered band, had crawled up to the summit of that elevated but narrow ridge.

During all the hours of that eventful day, Seebewa and Lynx Eye had kept watch and ward from that lofty outlook. They had been busy at the one end, or the other, often traversing the intermediate space. Many things they had seen distinctly. Others obscurely, or by glimpses caught in spots or opening vistas. Of their clear views were the operations of the fleet at the Man-



itous, its attempt to cross the waters eastward, and then its helpless drift towards Sleeping Bear Point.

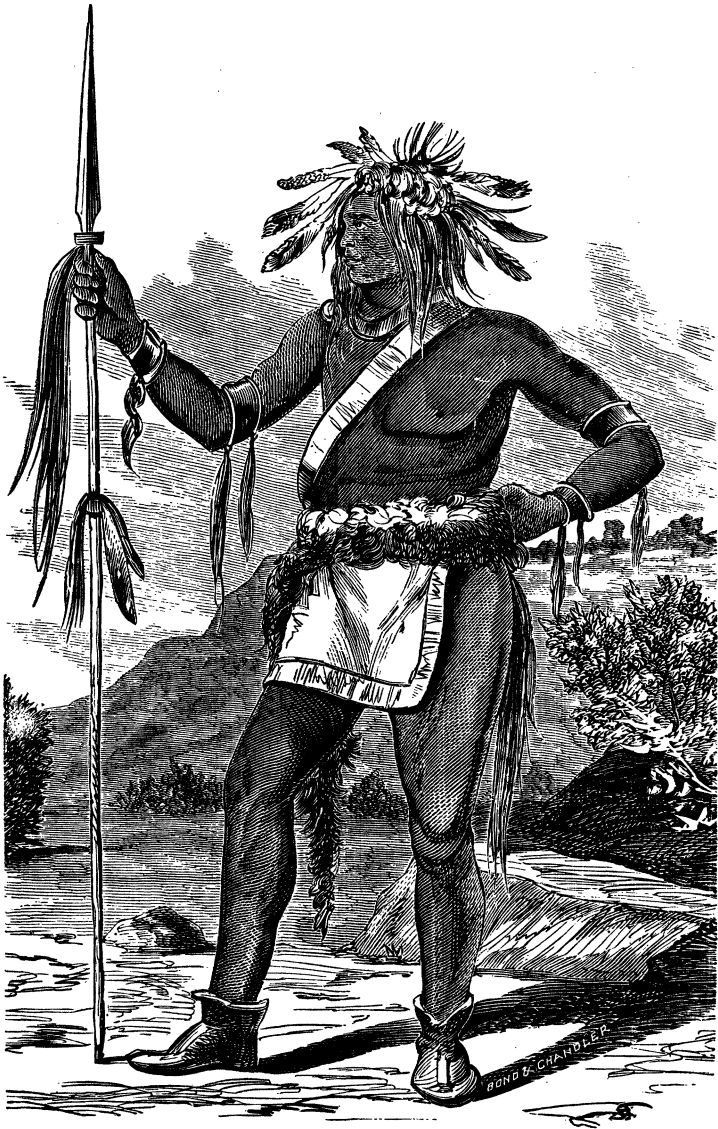
They had also seen the Chippewas huddled on the eastern beach of the Bay, and their subsequent race towards the outlet. Afterwards, they caught glimpses of their oblique southwestern approach, and of the more northern but parallel line of the Ottawas under Okemos. Finally they caught sight of the lengthy and more numerous line steadily pushing their way towards the northwest, ultimately deploying, in a continuous beleaguering line across the narrow peninsula.

Treading swiftly thrice to the southern extremity of the ridge they had communicated their successive discoveries to a messenger of Wakazoo standing at its base. They were there to witness the onslaught of the Ottawas upon the band of Negaunee, as the latter fell into the ambush laid for them. Then came the headlong rush for the ridge, and the scouts knew that its heights would be scaled.

With a timely effort their own escape at the north end was entirely feasible. But with characteristic devotion to duty, coupled with a reckless disregard of personal danger, they resolved to remain at their post, and in close proximity to the enemy during the night.

Selecting a low branching tree, with dense foliage, standing on the very brink of the western declivity of the ridge, they found, upon ascending it a few feet, a convenient hiding place. Here they sat till dawn, peering down into the darkness, whilst listening to catch some news that might prove of value on the morrow. But the Chippewas were too much exhausted to move voluntarily, and what of their talk they heard proved to the scouts an unintelligible jargon.

Meantime, with the two chiefs at the north, Okemos



O-KE-MOS.



on the east, and Wakazoo on the south, with his line now drawn close up at the base, the land sides of the ridge were thoroughly encircled. Night came, and with it an early meeting of the four Ottawa chiefs. The plans they devised will be developed as we progress. Hour after hour passed quietly by, with no visible movements by the Sauks and Foxes at the north, by the Ottawas at the base of the ridge, or by the Chippewas on its summit.

But with the first glimmer of dawn in the east, upon the ends and eastern side of the ridge, from beach to beach again, at intervals throughout the entire stretch, hundreds of small fires were lighted. There was an abundance of accumulated dry leaves and vegetable debris lodged at the base of the ridge. Those feeble, flickering, but luminous points grew steady, but as they gathered strength, suddenly a thousand tongues of flame darted outward and leaped upward. They were soon overlapping and igniting all intermediate spaces.

The entire land side of the ridge at its base was now environed and all aglow with a fervid fiery girdle, a continuous sheet of flame. Clinging to the steep ascent, upward it went, crackling and roaring and surging. Upward still it rose, searing, crisping and consuming all things dry, and all things green as well. Leaf and twig, shrub and bush and branching limbs, scorched and shriveled, finally disappeared in that ocean of flame.

Up the hill-side the devouring element went, throwing its blazing, flashing streams still higher, until the heavens glowed with the fiery illumination, and land and water were bathed in a flood of quivering brightness. At length the summit is reached, when, like as the piling waves of a flood overflowing the banks of a river

sweep over the adjacent bottom lands with a lateral rush; so did the overlapping flame madly sweep with horizontal flame and surge over that topmost summit table land.

As that lengthened line of light in its incipient stage first threw its streamers upward, our scouts on that ridge readily fathomed its ominous significance. Sliding quietly down their tree body on its water side, they stepped over the fibrous verge of the ridge, upon the naked and precipitous sand slope reaching downward to the narrow lake beach. Here grasping firmly with the right hand, each his unstrung bow, and holding it perpendicular with two-thirds the length above the hand, they sat down for a sliding descent.

By striking the end of the bow ahead deep into the sand, and anchored by it, they could descend arm's length after arm's length, without increased momentum or accelerated velocity. Safely reaching the beach by this method, they ran south to the flank of Wakazoo's line of braves, ere the flames had climbed to that summit.

By similar means the Chippewas were, by the Ottawa chiefs, expected to seek safety on the beach. There, hedged in at both ends, White Water and Wakazoo, each with a competent force, were to advance and complete the utter annihilation of that section of the invading horde.

The victims thus summarily doomed were fully aware of the pitfall thus artfully prepared. They knew there was no slow and easy descent for them. They had remained perfectly quiet until after the escape of the scouts. Then in a body swiftly traversing the center of the ridge to within forty rods of its northern terminus, they faced toward the lake. In platoons of a dozen, in open marching order, at intervals of a minute between,

the successive files stepped down abreast upon the naked slope of sand, and, sitting down, commenced their slide simultaneously in line, without let or hindrance of any description.

In that precipitous descent of six hundred feet, with ever increasing velocity, the flight might be endured with bated breath, and some probable abrasion of garments and skin. But how were human beings to survive the ultimate concussion with the horizontal pebbly beach. Those untutored savages were not inclined to solve for us that problem. By a simple and most ingenious evolution, they avoided its possible occurrence.

As each platoon in succession arrived within twenty feet of the beach, each man instantaneously pressing his elbows to his sides and his hands over his face, threw himself sideways at full length. The sliding motion was thus converted into a rotary one, with but slight abatement in the velocity. Over and over their bodies rolled to the bottom, across the beach and quite a distance in shoal water.

Here another change occurred in the kind and line of motion, not even dreamed of in the philosophy of those usually sagacious Ottawa chiefs. The sea created by the gale of the preceding day had now run down, leaving the surface of the lake undisturbed, except by the undulations of the ground swell.

The Chippewas thus reaching the water in successive platoons, headed and swam for sixty rods directly from the shore. Then wheeling squarely to the right they swam down the lake past the flank of White Water's line, and until they were abreast of the Sauks and Foxes. Facing to the right and swimming ashore they joined their allies.

This adroit escape of the Chippewas was doubly annoying to the Ottawa chiefs. They were thus completely foiled in their anticipated summary vengeance. Their imaginary hecatombs had slipped through their

fingers. Not only so, but the material strength of the enemy was thus increased by the addition of at least twelve hundred warriors.

Now the Sauks and Foxes had arrived at the Manitous on time, but had failed to find the supplies which the Chippewas were to deposit in opening the campaign. They also failed to discover either scout or messenger with news of what was transpiring on the main land. In this painful uncertainty they passed the night. Next morning, without waiting to send over scouts, they manned their fleet, determined to explore in full force. As they emerged from the eastern end of the channel, they met the gale and wildly rolling billows.

Orders had been given to return within, to await a change of weather. At that moment the band of Negaunee appeared over on the beach, wild with alarm for their safety, believing also that they had met with disaster or were beleaguered without canoes for their escape, orders were given to pass over to the peninsula they were upon. Finding this impossible in that gale, and equally so to make the channel again, they resorted to another expedient.

Skilled in navigating canoes, and adepts in calculating the drift of wind and current, their judgment was accurate as to the feasibility of making Sleeping Bar Point. Landing there, they first cared for the safety of their water craft. Next they dispatched runners, one up the coast south, and the other around Sleeping Bear Bay to the outlet. The latter saw and hastily returned with news of the band of Okemos crossing that outlet. The one bound south barely escaped the same band in the vicinity of the ridge. He, too, turning back, was driven over to the lake beach to escape White Water's extending line.

## CHAPTER XIII.

The next morning, when the Chippewas arrived in their camp, mutual explanations were demanded. Negaunee, the Chippewa chief, having failed in all his schemes, and seeking to avoid any disclosure of his intended treachery, remained silent and morose. The Sauk and Fox chiefs, suspicious that there had been foul play, ceased to question further, closing the council. Before the lapse of much time, their satellites had extracted from the common Chippewa braves a detailed account of all that had transpired on the main land and trail.

The last-named chiefs were highly indignant at the treacherous schemes of Negaunee, and but for the perils into which all had been thereby plunged, they would have rejoiced over the losses and discomfiture of the traitorous chief. Had they not then have left the Manitou Islands, they would have forthwith abandoned the campaign.

As they were now situated, they were restrained by a certain wild, chivalrous feeling from departing in their canoes, and thus leaving their allies to a well-merited fate. Another consideration also weighed heavily with the chiefs. They were satisfied that their treatment of Red Ring had been wantonly unjust and barbarously cruel.

They knew that he was now with the Ottawas, and they were convinced that through him alone a timely warning had been given, and the whole nation aroused to meet the emergency. They were painfully impressed



with the idea that by his agency all their plans would be steadily thwarted, and on their heads he would ultimately wreak a sure and bloody revenge.

No clearer evidence could be furnished of the fatalistic proclivities of the aboriginal races, than the fact that those chiefs notwithstanding their gloomy forebodings of impending disasters, were yet uninfluenced by any such personal considerations. They were not thus to be swerved or deterred from entering the field to which honor or duty now beckoned them. The behests of fate were by them never questioned.

Where life was to be sacrificed at the nod of fate the aborigines met the requirement with a firm step, or stoical composure and an even pulse. So in the present instance, inasmuch as all could not leave in the canoes, but those who remained must surely perish, they determined to stay and stand or fall together. Satisfied of their inferiority in numbers, they resolved to fight on the defensive, and to entrench themselves on that point in a compact area, by throwing up a breastwork of such material as they could readily command.

In the lapse of a few hours three thousand men were busily engaged on a line from lake to bay, about half a mile from the extreme point. Hundreds, hatchet in hand, cut up shrub and bush, staddle and limbs of fallen trees, placing them in line, windrow fashion. Others, with paddle blades delved and threw upon the crude mass, sand and earth, and gravel, whilst others still gathered and heaped thereon stones of moderate size, to give the barricade body and stability.

A few hours later quite a respectable breastwork, for their mode of warfare, was formed from beach to beach, and the bands were marshaled, being assigned their stations and commanders.

The Ottawa chiefs shortly recovering from their disappointment at the novel escape of the Chippewas out of their toils, now calmly viewed the situation. They planned to hold the enemy not only to his present circumscribed limits, but to prevent a possible escape to the Manitous by canoe. They understood that henceforth they were to become the assailants.

Whilst they were unanimously agreed on the adoption of the most vigorous measures with a short decisive campaign, yet their views were in decided conflict as to the means to be employed. The scouts had kept them advised of the movements of the foe, and of their construction of the breastwork. Okemos, with whom Red Wing had become a prime favorite, now proposed that he should be invited into the council, and his views obtained, without his being informed of the views entertained by either of the Ottawa chiefs.

The suggestion meeting with entire approval, Okemos was deputed to notify him of the wish of the council. After a brief absence, Okemos returning, introduced Red Wing with the accustomed native ceremony. White Water, as chief of the region now made the seat of war, by their rules of courtesy, presided over their deliberations. He briefly, but clearly, stated the situation and relative strength of the beligerents—the desire of the Ottawas that the conflict might be sudden and decisive, together with their apprehension that the enemy might seek to escape by means of the water facilities.

In finally closing his statement, White Water remarked that the council were anxious to hear the views of their guest as to the means best adapted to the accomplishment of their ardent wishes. Bowing courteously in acknowledgment of the compliment, Red Wing modestly, yet with becoming firmness, replied:

"Red Wing has thought of all these things, and of what ought to be done. Red Wing knows your enemies. The Sauks and Foxes will stay and fight, with half a chance. The Chippewas will steal their canoes and flee, if the opportunity occurs. The Ottawas must make the attack. It will be with great hazard and loss, me 'spect, unless made at different points.

"Red Wing thinks canoes in little water behind us, should be this evening run into the Bay. As fast as brought hide 'em in bush with men 'nuff to use 'em. When all ready on land, to make big rush before daylight, then run up canoes together and make attack on water side. Men fly quick from works to stop landing from canoes. Then you go over barricade and kill many. Your fleet can stop them from running away in canoes. Red Wing has spoken."

The members of the council were impressed by the tact and wisdom displayed by one so young in years. The scheme seemed not only feasible, but its success most certain. They were ready to adopt it, when Wakazoo, rising, stated that whilst he highly commended the plan, still, where so much was at stake, he wished the council to consult yet another person, whose ready wit and practical wisdom had often availed him in emergencies.

His proposition to invite Mishawaha before them received a cheerful assent. To her White Water again made known the objects and wishes of the council, and detailed the advice of Red Wing. She listened attentively, and as he closed she quietly remarked:

"The council does me great honor. The plan of the Sauk chief is good, but it is not perfect. Their line behind the barricade will be only withdrawn from one end. Their canoes being only at one point, cannot

prevent escape by water. The weather will now be fine for days. They will steer in any direction north, or direct to Green Bay. A thought occurs to me. You will say whether it be wise.

"Let Okemos, with his braves, carry out Red Wing's plan. Then let Wakazoo send back for our canoes, and as they come, his whole band can join them here at the ridge. At the set time both fleets move up and together attack on both sides. They will run up the canoes bow on, so the men can leap ashore. Then White Water and Missaukie may easily scale their works."

The chiefs, adopting the suggestions of both advisers as a basis, matured their plans for an attack at early dawn on the succeeding morning. In due time the two southern chiefs sent detachments to start the canoes forward during the early portion of the night. White Water and Missaukie were to get their bands well up to the enemy's barricade by midnight. When the Sauks, Foxes and Chippewas turned alike to repel the joint assault from bay and lake, they were to vault over the works into the area.

The scouts, with Red Wing, meantime held their own consultation, and devised their own plans for aiding in the final melee. They were aware that they must temporarily separate, for Dead Shot, Red Wing and Lynx Eye were detailed to accompany the detachment for the canoes in the Betsie River, whilst Seebewa and Wakeshma were sent to start those out of the inner lake, with the squad of Okemos. The latter brace, after seeing the fleet to the outlet, were to meet the others at the little gorge on their return. From the labor and hazards of that night encounter, Dead Shot thus planned to exempt his wife.

The transfer of those fleets by the fatigue parties

was skillfully and successfully accomplished. They were placed under cover as near their respective points of attack as prudence would allow. The braves to man them were all lying close in their rear, by one hour past midnight, eager for the word to shove off and embark.

When the three scouts with the fleet from the south reached the gorge, they fell in the rear with two four-paddle canoes, and headed ashore. As they had concerted, the other pair from the inner lake were there, and leaped aboard with Red Wing. They had no suspicion of the presence of an interviewer. But on the instant Mishawaha, with her rippling musical laugh, skipped from her concealment aboard with the pale face and Lynx Eye, remarking: "It was shrewdly done. You thought to leave me out of the contest. You ought to know that a willful woman cannot be thwarted thus. Where you go this night, I shall go also."

As it was no time for expostulation, Dead Shot gracefully accepted the inevitable, whilst Lynx Eye's dark orbs fairly danced with glee. When the fleet reached its temporary destination, and was placed under cover, the full corps of scouts, well in the rear, remained watching for the final advance. Being close under that end of the high ridge, the darkness of its shadow effectually screened them from any observers.

Lying there till faint streaks of light began to shoot up the eastern horizon, they saw north of them canoe after canoe shoved afloat, and their intended occupants gliding over the gunwales like weird forms from spirit land. They knew but too well the fell purpose of the hour to doubt that the hearts in those silent beings were warmly and wildly throbbing. They knew too well that the stillness of night, and the hush resting

down on land and water, were about being rudely broken by the savage war whoop, and the air would lose its balmy redolence in the hot taint of human gore.

They beheld the body of the canoes moving northward. They, too, were soon in swift pursuit. All at once those lines of water craft facing to the right like a platoon on drill, were vigorously driven, side by side, bow on the beach. The scouts ran up a few rods well inshore, there remaining stationary, but still afloat. Instinctively they felt after every weapon to see that all were ready.

At a signal from Wakazoo, one thousand men as one struck the pebbly beach, whilst a thousand throats sent forth the fierce war cry of their tribe. An answering whoop came pealing over the misty point from the sturdy band of Okemos over at the bay. Together both bodies rushed inland to draw the foe from the intrenchments. Now the Sauks and Foxes deeming the band of Negaunee dishonest and treacherous, had placed them over on the lake shore in front of White Water, being thus the farthest removed from their own canoes.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The Chippewas failed to respond to the battle-cry of Wakazoo's band, remaining quiet till the latter had swept past them by a few rods inland. Then springing up with the chief at their head, they ran in line for the Ottawa canoes, just vacated. The light had perceptibly increased. Red Wing knew Negaunee, and whispered Dead Shot that the chief was leading. Then he added: "Near enough now. You hold big chief sure. We will send five more with him."

Dead Shot spotted his man, but as he pulled trigger five bow-strings twanged, and the six leading Chippewas fell to the ground. The crack of the rifle, with the simultaneous fall of the chief and five braves, arrested as if by magic every footstep in that band. As they thus suddenly halted, White Water's line leaped to the top of the barricade, standing there for a brief moment, with the foe only a dozen rods in their front. Then a cloud of arrows went to the mark, and the Chippewas were again decimated.

Next Mishawaha led off another flight of five arrows from the canoes, adding that number more to the slain. It was more than flesh and blood could stand. The Chippewas broke incontinently away to the eastward, running behind the Sauks and Foxes, but having Wakazoo and Okemos, successively, still north of them, and sorely galling them in their flight.

Their allies knowing their aim was for their own canoes just vacated by the corps of Okemos, on the

beach of the Bay, lost all stomach for continuing the fight. They too had suffered severely by the cross-fire from front and rear, and to which they were now steadily subjected. Knowing that the Ottawas outnumbered them two to one, they felt that their only chance was in flight. As the battle and the forces had all drifted eastward, the Sauk and Fox bands suddenly broke westward for the canoes of Wakazoo.

A few moments previously, the scouts imagining the canoes on that side to be safe, little dreaming of that western rush of the Sauks and Foxes, had headed their own craft around the point to aid in repelling the raid of the Chippewas upon the canoes in the Bay. Those same Chippewas meantime finding their advance towards the canoes of Okemos hotly contested, veered, in a breath, northward, to the left of the band of the latter, and shooting past the line of Wakazoo, still west of them, found a clear passageway to the Sauk fleet, well up towards the extremity of the point on the eastern side.

At the moment of their shoving off, leaping aboard and heading north for the Manitous, our scouts, rounding the bluff point of land, found themselves in the track of the fleeing foe. Red Wing adroitly faced about, with Lynx Eye following, whilst Dead Shot nimbly re-loaded his rifle, having failed to do so since his last shot. The Chippewas in their blind haste, paid no heed to the scouts, who passing out of their line of flight, were left unmolested.

But in escaping from one peril, and whilst attempting to pass again to the west side of the point they fell into another snare far more formidable. For in rounding that northern extremity back they were confronted with the Sauks and Foxes, now in possession of



the fleet of Wakazoo, also bound for the Manitous and striking out for life. They had formed a half-score of successive short lines, perpendicular to the shore, following each other, at intervals of twenty feet.

The paddle-strokes of the scouts instantly ceased. The voice of Mishawaha was the next moment heard, as she spoke in the clear, firm tones of command which years before she had been accustomed to use as the Princess daughter of Elkhart of the Shawnees :

"We will neither yield nor retreat any further ! Lash this pair of four-paddle canoes together by the gunwales ! Then for a straight passage through that motly mass now approaching ! We will divide them on either side, or ride over their canoes in our front."

These spirited utterances had the magical charm of inspiration for the scouts. Her orders were implicitly obeyed, and then those five men gazed up admiringly at the proud woman standing in their midst. With head thrown slightly back—with eyes flashing—cheeks glowing and nostrils inflated and tremulous ; with lips unclosed, but wreathed up in a scornful, yet smiling curl ; and with right hand extending horizontally as if to enforce her mandate ; the spectacle she presented was truly one right royal in its majesty.

The muscular power of the whole six was next given unsparingly to their paddle-strokes to gain swift headway and a strong momentum. Red Wing desired to strike the center of the several lines, as they should successively collide with them. That was the customary position of the chiefs. Their double craft was given that direction by the scouts accordingly.

Red Wing soon espied, side by side, in the front line of the rapidly nearing fleet, the two principal Sauk and Fox chiefs. They had been the prime movers in

his own condemnation and outlawry. His countenance was lighted up with fierceness. There was a cold, steel glitter in his eyes. Yet his tone was strangely calm as he addressed Dead Shot, but loud enough for all to hear.

"That Sauk with the head-band and erect circlet of eagle's quills is for you. I will look after the one with blue fillet and drooping feather from the raven's wing. The rest of you will spot the braves on either side of the two chiefs."

When their double craft, now moving with great momentum, was within a dozen rods of meeting the fleet, at a sign the paddles were exchanged for their weapons. Following the lead of Dead Shot, those weapons were brought to bear, each upon its object. As the sharp crack of the rifle rung out, the twang of five bow-strings was heard. The two chiefs and four braves toppled over, some falling within and others without their canoes.

In the hundreds of those vessels that rifle report was heard, and the fall of the chiefs and braves was observed. A yell of mingled rage and terror burst upward from the throng. Then a wild superstitious dread fell upon all. They saw and shivered as they realized that the terrible pale-face wizard of the Kalamazoo was in their midst. Veering obliquely right and left of that demon craft thus freighted with doom, the advancing lines swept on and past. The warriors bending over their paddles with nervous jerks, were solely intent on making the open water beyond.

Gallantly the double craft held on its way, piercing and parting line after line of the fleet, as some sudden obstacle often divides into two side columns a wildly careering buffalo herd on the western plains. Finally, in the twinkling of an eye, Red Wing stood erect, his

whole frame strung with nervous tension, and his features all aglow with the white heat of passion. Seizing a paddle with a powerful dip and stroke, he shied their craft sharply to the left of their course, and drove madly at an enemy's canoe near by.

Fixing his glaring eyes upon the chief before him, he sent from foaming lips the sibillant words :

"Dog chief of the Foxes ! You clamored for my blood in the council, feigning great love for the Cougar, whom I slew in open fight. You only wanted to put a witness of your cowardice in the Menominee war out of the way. You hunted me into banishment and outlawry !"

With the word, knife in hand, he leaped on board the enemy's bark, alongside of which their own was driving. As his feet struck the transverse thwart, his knife with a whirling, downward plunge, entered at the base of the neck on the left, fatally piercing the vitals.

Ere yet the quivering form had ceased from its convulsive spasms in the bottom of the canoe, Red Wing stooping, with his left hand seized the scalp-lock, then circling the crown of the fallen chief with the crimson blade still firmly clutched in his right, he wrenched away the gory trophy. With an exultant yell of triumph and a vaulting panther leap, he stood again with his fellows, on the double vessel, as they shot through and past the rear line of the fleet into the open water west of the point.

The movement—the deed, with its surroundings, had all been so wild, so irrational and so reckless—that the scouts had stood quiet with bated breath. The Fox warriors aghast and terror-stricken by this unlooked-for apparition of Red Wing, recoiled as from an avenging demon. They had no thought of vengeance. They





*DEATH OF THE SAUK CHIEF BY RED WING.*

made no effort to retaliate the blow. The extreme temerity of the deed furnished its own immunity to the actor.

The fit of frenzy passed off from Red Wing as suddenly as it had seized him. Once more calm and self-possessed he smilingly addressed the scouts :

"The burden is removed from my shoulders. My revenge has now been ample. Of those who thirsted for my blood, condemned me to death and outlawry, and in my extremity denied me refuge ; six chiefs are now dead ; two Chippewas, two Sauks, and two Foxes. The Great Spirit has heard my cry ; I am content."

Without further incident the scouts landed on the point and reported their doings to the Ottawa chiefs who warmly commended them, adding an assurance of the high esteem in which they were held, and that their services were regarded as invaluable to the common cause. They also individually tendered to the scouts the right hand of fellowship, and in behalf of their respective bands offered them the hospitalities of their settlements and the freedom of their hunting grounds.

The Ottawas had lost in all only two or three hundred men, and those principally in the short, but sharp fight between the Sauks and Foxes and White Water's line after scaling the barricade. The chiefs were confident that the campaign was ended, and the scheme of a further or future invasion would be forever abandoned. They were jubilant over their brilliant successes, and the flattering prospects of permanent peace within their borders.

On looking over their present affairs and campaign position, the Ottawas found that with the canoes of Okemos still in the mouth of Betsie river, those of the Chippewas from the inner lake and the balance left

by the Sauks and Foxes, they had a bountiful supply of water craft for all the auxilliary forces who preferred returning south by the lake.

During the day the dead were buried, and all arrangements completed for their departure. Upon the succeeding morning the various bands started for their several homes. White Water led the Grand Traverse bands over the trail to the head of the bay. The others, accompanied by the scouts, with Red Wing, made a pleasant return trip by canoe up the lake shore to their respective river abodes.

**OU-WAN-A-MA-CHE AND MO-KISH-E-NO-QUA ;**

**OR,**

**THE NATIVE SAGINAW MAIDENS OF 1804.**





# OU-WAN-A-MA-CHE AND MO-KISH-E-NO-QUA ;

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THE NATIVE SAGINAW MAIDENS OF 1804.

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## CHAPTER I.

There are numerous water encroachments seriously trenching upon the symmetry of the eastern shore line of the lower Peninsula of Michigan. Among these the Saginaw Bay constitutes by far the most striking and prominent. Jutting for some fifty miles boldly and broadly into the southwesterly interior of the region, its relative connexion with Lake Huron, bears in some aspects, a fanciful resemblance to that of the Mexican Gulf with the Atlantic Ocean.

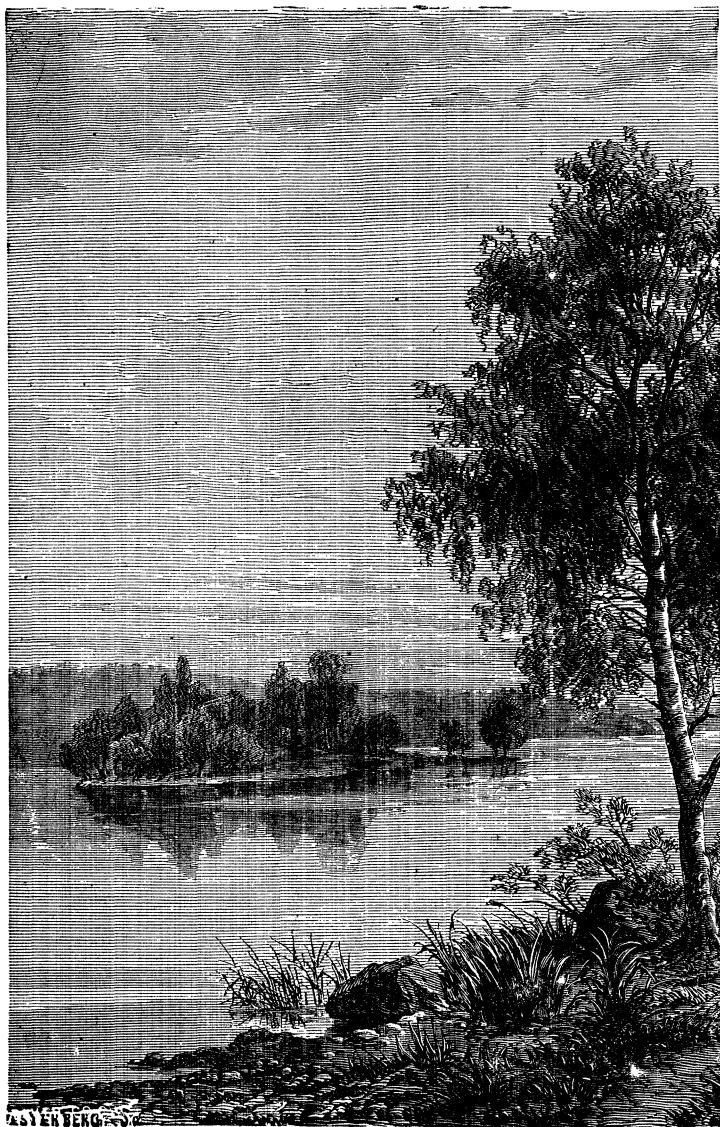
Midway of the southwestern extremity of the Bay, the Saginaw river empties its broad deep volume. Still further inland by some five and twenty miles, this magnificent watercourse has within a limited stretch, the confluence of its three principal branches. Still higher up, a fourth tributary forms its junction with the main stream. The four rivers, before their final union in one volume, have severally a main direction as follows : The Tittabawassee flows southeasterly ; the Shiawassee northeasterly ; the Flint or Pe-on-i-go-wink northwesterly ; and the Cass, or Washington, takes a westerly course.

The rivers we have named, with their myriad affluents, serve for the drainage of the grand Saginaw Basin. The region, as outlined by the sources of its numerous streams, is rich in soil, timber, salt, and many other local resources. Regarded from an economical standpoint, the diminution of available land, by the bay and rivers, is more than compensated by the increased facilities for access to the interior, and for the water transit of its industrial products.

Although quite destitute of bold bluffs, lofty elevations, or abrupt uplifted ranges, the region is still sufficiently diversified by vallies, undulating swells, and low-browed forest clad hills, to furnish picturesque and lovely landscape views. If then to its other natural advantages in a wilderness state, we add an illimitable supply of game, fish and fowl, we can readily imagine how a covetous craving for its possession might have induced many sanguinary conflicts between the aboriginal tribes.

In fact, if we include in our backward survey the traditional occupation of the region by the old Algic Osaukies from the Atlantic seaboard, with their final expulsion from the region by the Red Hurons, and flight to Green Bay; we find that portions of the Saginaw Basin have been repeatedly made the theater of sharp conflicts and intertribal warfare. We may even yet discover traces of Ottawa, Chippewa, and Huron races, as occupants of distinct localities and sections meandered by the chief rivers we have named.

In the beginning of the present century the fact seems well authenticated, that a band of Chippewa extraction and tribal descent, somewhat numerous and powerful, were seated in the valley of the Flint or Péon-i-go-wink river. They occupied for their hunting grounds



*ONE OF THE MACKINAW ISLANDS.*



grounds the territory chiefly embraced in the modern counties of Genessee, Oakland and Lapeer. Taken collectively, this band were then generally known by the designation Pewanigos. One of their chief settlements was called Mus-cat-a-wing. The city of Flint is now situated upon its ancient site.

At the same period of time, the more westerly valley of the Shiawassee river, was occupied by another distinctive native band. If we may judge by dialect, physiognomy and tribal customs, the latter pertained to the old Huron stock, being descendants of those who had anciently driven the Osaukies from the region. They were as firmly seated, and possessed an equal territorial area with that of the Pewanigos. The range of their hunting-grounds included the present county of Shiawassee with portions of Tuscola and Saginaw.

In numerical force, when mustered for the war-path, the two bands were quite evenly matched. The principal village of the band in the Shiawassee valley was on the east side of the river, some half dozen miles north of the present white settlement of Chessaning. The native name of the old village was Omagansee. The tribal band were collectively termed Shiawassos.

Between the two bands thus occupying those neighboring vallies with their adjacent uplands, treaties of amity had often been formed, but for either fancied or actual violations, those treaties had as often terminated in sharp antagonisms and bloody conflicts. At the opening of our narrative, being about the year 1804, Ne-o-me had then recently been elected chief of the Pewanigos on the Peonigowink, having his brother, Mix-a-ne-ne as local chief of a clan, and Tou-e-do-ganee, a near relative as his leading war chief.

The three were then all in the flush of early man-

hood. They were all of commanding stature, active in movement, of pleasing address, with muscular, well-knit frames and manly bearing. Ne-o-me was ambitious of conquest and renown. His schemes were comprehensive. His measures for accomplishment, at times, savored of finesse and strategy, but were never tinctured by low craft or subtility.

His brother, Mix-a-ne-ne, was faithful and valiant, but obtuse in intellect. He was destitute of the requisite shrewdness to plan, or cunning to evade the tricks of others. He could be easily duped or beguiled, but never knowingly led into a dishonorable act. Tou-e-do-ganee differed from the others in his entire mental and moral structure. His natural disposition was both selfish and heartless. He was crafty and secretive, with a strong proclivity for intrigue.

His ambition for personal aggrandizement was inordinate. He envied Ne-o-me his position, and sought to supplant him. But with characteristic subtility, he never assailed him or his measures openly. He lacked either the nerve or the depravity to cause his assassination. He labored by deceit and subtle misrepresentations to undermine the popularity of the youthful chief. His fixed resolve was to destroy the public confidence in both his ability and fitness to rule the tribe.

It was the fortune of Ne-o-me and Mix-a-ne-ne to have a sister, woman grown, but still under the age of twenty years. They were both fond and proud of her as a darling pet, hoping ere long to provide for her an honorable alliance by marriage in her own or some neighboring tribe. The maiden thus cherished by her brothers, and for whom they planned a brilliant destiny, bore the name of Men-a-cum-se-qua. She was a fine but peculiar specimen of aboriginal loveliness. She was *petite* in stature, but moulded in exquisite symmetry.

Sprightly and graceful in all her ways, she possessed a sunny disposition; was full of frolicsome gaiety and rippling laughter; being, withal, as musical as a tropical bird. Men-a-cum-se-qua was genial and social, being gifted in badinage and *repartee*. Vain of her personal charms and courting admiration, she had thus far drifted on life's current, guided solely by impulse and emotional feeling. She admired things beautiful, but was destitute of discriminating taste. She was ever captivated by the gay and gaudy, being taken by strong contrasts and vivid coloring.

Men-a-cum-se-qua was inordinately fond of adorning her person with dresses of flashy calico patterns, set off by a profusion of beads, trinkets and bows of gaudy ribbon. We are thus particular in alluding to these traits and tastes, not on account of their intrinsic importance but because of their influence in shaping her future destiny.

During that same year of 1804, but a few months prior to the elevation of Ne-o-me to the chieftainship of the Pewanigos, a similar event occurred over in the Shiawassee Valley. The Grand Council of the Shiwassos had invested the then youthful Chesaning with the dignity and power of their ruling chief. He was the sole surviving male scion of a line of illustrious braves. Several of the same ancestral stock had successively filled the same high station.

Our youthful chief had barely reached his majority in years. Having, however, been ably trained to manly sports and warlike exploits, he had already achieved an enviable distinction in both. He was not only remarkable for activity and suppleness, but was endowed with unusual volume of brawn and sinew. At the same time, therefore, that he could distance every competitor in fleetness, he



had no rival in muscular power. He was a practiced adept in the use of all their weapons as well for the chase as on the war path.

Chessaning was in stature slightly above medium height. His countenance was open and manly, but marked by a restless and keenly observant eye. His address was pleasing and his demeanor courteous to all. In his then brief but active career, he had shown himself to be shrewd, courageous, fruitful in expedients and gifted with unusual forecast.

This our young chief had one only sister bearing the name of Ou-wan-a-ma-che. They were the sole survivors of their father's family, being also the sole immediate representatives of their own flourishing ancestral stock. Thus isolated in position, without companionship with other near relatives, they very naturally became bound to each other by the closest ties of affection. That brother might well be both fond and proud of his lovely sister.

Ou-wan-a-ma-che was of full medium height, possessing a form faultless in outline symmetry. Slender and flexible, yet erect and spirited in movement and attitude, she was ever natural, easy, and full of grace. Her head, comely in shape, was well set, but ordinarily poised and carried with a slight inclination towards the left shoulder. Her forehead, broad, smooth and full, was yet of but moderate height. Her eye brows, with a fair breadth between, were well defined, having a plainly perceptible arch.

Above the brows and forehead came the crowning glory of a woman's adornments at the hand of nature, in long, voluminous folds of flossy black hair, not only falling thickly over the shoulders, but reaching below the waist. The eye lashes were also long, drooping at

times over eyes large, of lustrous black, alternately moist in their dreamy softness, or glittering with a flashing brightness, according to the mood they reflected. There was a faint touch of the Oriental in the barely perceptible drooping at the outer corners.

The nose was of a clear cut model, showing in profile a slight tendency to the aquiline type. The cheeks, wanting the usual aboriginal prominence, were round and richly tinged by the flush of warm blood beneath, wearing each at their base and near the corners of the mouth a lurking dimple, transiently appearing with every rippling smile. The mouth was comely with arched, pouting lips of carmine hue, opening and closing upon rows of teeth small, white and evenly set.

The well defined chin was in harmony with the other features, whilst the ears were thin, semi-transparent, and jewels in set and shape. The complexion was copper color, but glowing with a lively silver tinge, utterly devoid of the dull, dusky olive hue of the southern Asiatic. Her voice was low and sweet. Even her laugh was musical. Her disposition was amiable, with spirits buoyant, even gay, for life to her had thus far been free and sunny.

## CHAPTER II.

During the two years preceding the accession to power of Chessaning and Ne-o-me, there had been not only a cessation of actual hostilities between the Shi-wassos and Pewanigos, but an interchange of civilities approximating closely to friendly intercourse. The young men whom we have presented to the reader, had become acquainted, and had mutually exchanged visits with each other at their respective villages and lodges.

In this manner, during those years of peace, Chessaning had not only formed an acquaintance with Men-a-cum-se-qua, the sister of Ne-o-me, but had frequently visited and chatted with her by the hour at her home. He became assiduous in his efforts to win his way to her esteem. Misled by her smiles and some coquettish tokens of regard he flattered himself that his passion was measurably reciprocated.

Nôw Tou-e-do-ganee, her cousin, more from a selfish policy than from ardent love, had some time before offered himself for her husband, but met with a prompt rejection. Not to be thwarted in his crafty purpose, he had renewed his offer, meeting however with a similar rebuff. The recent friendly intimacy springing up between Chessaning and Men-a-cum-se-qua at first filled him with a rage against the latter, and jealous hatred of the former. He was far too subtle however to allow these feelings to come to the surface in either direction.

At this juncture he became acquainted with Ou-wan-





*OU-WAN-A-MA-CHE.*

a-ma-che, the sister of Chessaning. The arrow of the reputed blind god fairly transfixed his heart at that first interview. His witching cousin back on the Peonigowink, suddenly fell in his estimation to the level of a common mortal. Her chance for a fresh rejection of his suit was from that moment irretrievably lost. His selfish policy and ardent passion fanned into a flame by a second interview with his new charmer, combined in urging him to make a hasty offer of his heart and hand to Ou-wan-a-ma-che.

In those two interviews the maiden, with rare intuition, fathomed the true character, the selfish policy and unworthy motives of Tou-e-do-ganee. Her first impulse was a scornful rejection of his proposal. Her tact and prudence came to the rescue, and instead of a haughty dismissal, she politely declined the alliance and the proffered honor. Her considerate even-toned reply disarmed him of open resentment, but the arrow had entered his soul. Leaving her presence he returned to Mus-cat-a-wing, vowing, however, that the proud beauty should yet be his wife, by the aid of either stratagem or force.

Upon reaching his own village he learned with surprise that his own dismissal had been duplicated in the rejection of Chessaning by Men-a-cum-se-qua. Here were fresh materials and new complications to be shaped by his subtlety. The two rejections would serve to end the truce between the Shiwassos and Pewanigos. In that estrangement he would find means to abduct his bride, or if war should intervene he would make Ou-wan-a-ma-che the captive of his bow and spear.

Whilst such were the schemes and villainous plots of the rejected Tou-e-do-ganee, the sorely chafed Chessaning was equally averse to succumbing quietly to his dismissal, or meekly wearing the willow. He also meant to have

his bride, but in accomplishing that design he had no thought of resorting to any unmanly measures, or to any dishonorable appliances. He would appeal to tribal law, invoking the despotic power of Ne-o-me as chief, for the bestowal of Men-a-cum-se-qua upon him for his wife.

Among the Aborigines, formerly, the power of a chief over his female relatives in settling their marital relations was really autocratic. In the choice of a husband and all the arrangements up to marriage, it often occurred that the wishes of the female were entirely disregarded. The chief having once decided, tears, entreaties, even attempted resistance against his fiat, were found to be alike unavailing.

In behalf of Chessaning it may be said, that in making an appeal to the chief he entertained no idea that the affections of Men-a-cum-se-qua were pre-engaged. He knew that she had rejected the suit of Tou-e-doganee. He believed that she had no aversion to himself, but that her rejection had arisen from a wayward freak, or from maiden coyness. Woman's rights had but slender foothold in the aboriginal code of law or ethics.

When that appeal was made to Ne-o-me, Chessaning was not aware how opportunely it came to the chief of the Pewanigos, nor of how little weight his own wishes or the welfare of Men-a-cum-se-qua would prove in that decision. In fact, it paved the way for a counter proposition, and for an alliance widely different between the two.

The band of natives then occupying the region of the Cass or Wakishegan River, on the easterly of the Pewanigos, were also of Chippewa descent, and of the same tribal extraction. Upon his accession to power, Ne-o-me had conceived the wild project of uniting and

consolidating these two fractional tribes, thereby duplicating his own territorial sway and magnifying his own personal dignity.

Ne-o-me desired to make that conquest both speedy and sure. He wished for an allied force to co-operate with his own band. Here was an opening for striking hands with Chessaning. He then and there made a proposal for that league, with the hand of Men-a-cum-se-qua as the requital and equivalent for his assistance on the war-path.

When that proposal, thus nakedly put, fell from the lips of Ne-o-me, he was amazed by the instant change in the aspect and bearing of Chessaning. His head was thrown back with a haughty toss. His chest was heaving; his eye was flashing; his face was glowing, and the muscles of body and limbs lay out in corded swells. He was in a white heat of passion and fiery indignation. His reply was curtly given, and in tones sharp and defiant:

"Chessaning no trader, to buy wife! Men-a-cum-se-qua no chattel or slave, to be bought or be sold!" Ne-o-me recoiling a step, as he stood confronting that fiery aspect, rejoined in smooth, even tones and quiet manner:

"The Shiwasso Chief has too much hot temper. Him no understand me. Him talk in riddles. Ne-o-me no ask Chessaning to buy him wife. Me no want to sell Men-a-cum-se-qua to him."

"What for then did Pewanigo Chief say him pay my services by giving me his sister for wife?" interrupted the Shiwasso Chief, but in milder tones.

"Ne-o-me make one mistake in him talk. No speak him thoughts plain. Him knows Chessaning stand even in rank with any in all Saginaw country. Him get wife for asking of much big chief. This what



Ne-o-me mean to say. Me give you Men-a-cum-se-qua for wife free. That make one strong peace between us. Our family interest same then. You help me 'gainst Wakishos and Wakishegan. That is gift of open heart from you, but much great favor to me."

Flattered and soothed by this crafty diplomatic way of putting the case, Chessaning lost his resentment, ceasing to consider the proposition in the light of an affront. In the rapid transition from anger to pleasure the clearness of his mental vision was obscured, so that the closing appeal to his generous impulses rendered him quite oblivious to the fact that the very gist of the proposition was still "a Roland for an Oliver." The interview was amicably closed, the parties being mutually pledged to that joint compact.

This arrangement between the two chiefs soon became bruited about. There was one person, however, who was very far from acquiescing in this shrewd diplomatic treaty. Tou-e-do-ganee saw in it the utter defeat of all his secretly cherished schemes. He had deemed a quarrel imminent between the two bands consequent upon the rejection of the suit of Chessaning. The discord and possible war thus arising he had built largely upon for undermining the popularity of Ne-o-me with his tribe.

He also clearly saw that a war, prosecuted by the joint forces of the two chiefs, must inevitably result in the conquest of the Wakishos, with their annexation to the Pewanigo band. Ne-o-me would thus become too firmly seated to be foisted out of power by any machinations he might set on foot. The marriage of the Shiawasso Chief with Men-a-cum-se-qua must be thwarted, whilst that invasion projected against the Wakishos must be frustrated, or at least postponed.

For the accomplishment of the first object of this

scheming mar-plot, he had at least two auxiliaries ready for co-operation. For the orderly explication of this portion of our narrative, it will be necessary for us to introduce new personages to our readers.

A French trader in calicos, trinkets and fancy notions, as seller, and in peltry and furs, as purchaser, had been a resident of that region for several years. He was generally known among the natives by the name of Kassegans. He was still young, of insinuating address and pleasing exterior. He was a shrewd observer, making it a specialty to cater to the tastes of his female customers. This led to great acuteness in discriminating as to personal traits of character.

Whilst plying his vocation he was in the habit of making periodical visits at the lodges of the chiefs and principal braves with assorted articles of his wares. Months previous to the opening of our sketch he had thus formed acquaintance with Men-a-cum-se-qua. Pleased by her wit and vivacity, he was at the same time captivated by her witching ways and personal charms. He concluded to try his hand at winning the prize.

Taking advantage of her passion for gay and gaudy articles, with these, in ribbons and trinkets, he furnished her abundantly. Knowing the deep hold that strong contrasts and vivid coloring took upon her fancy, he made her frequent presents of garish ribbons and flashy cloth prints. Then with honied words, gallant attentions and protestations of love, devoted and undying, he beguiled her into a reciprocal attachment. Whilst thus exchanging vows of love, they were both aware of the dangerous ground they occupied.

They knew that a consent to their union by chief and kindred of the maiden was out of all question—hopeless. Thus they drifted on, as they supposed, with

their attachment concealed and their interviews secret or stolen. But there was one who had been furtively on the watch—one who had tracked them to their secret interviews—and there listened to their passionate avowals of reciprocal love.

Tou-e-do-ganee deemed himself the master of both their secret and their destiny. One short month previous to that discovery, his own knife, on that revelation, would have severed the heart-strings of Kassegans. To hide the stain upon family and kindred, the maiden would have been incontinently doomed to an unloving wife-hood with some repulsive brave.

### CHAPTER III.

As the arch plotter fathomed the secret of the maiden's love for the pale-face, every trace of his own previous fondness for her was swept away forever. He was, in his then frame of mind, rejoiced that the fact existed precisely as he had found it. It was knowledge that he could presently weave into a plot for the overthrow of Ne-o-me. When, therefore, the league was formed between the two chiefs, by which the one was to be aggrandized by the subjugation of the Wakishos, and the other rewarded with the hand of Men-a-cum-se-qua as his wife, a gleam of fierce exultation lighted up the features of the dusky war chief.

He clearly perceived the power of the knowledge he possessed, and the use to which it could be applied. With it the league could be servered, and the friendship between the two chiefs converted into bitter antagonism. With it the joint raid upon the Wakishos would be necessarily exchanged for a war nearer home. The time was not yet fully come. But at the fitting moment he would confront the two chiefs with the maiden and the pale-face.

Meanwhile steps were quietly, but effectively taken by the two chiefs, for a prompt muster of a picked corps of braves, by each, on the war-path. The campaign plan was to make an invasion of the chief settlement of the Wakishegan valley. They were to advance in two separate columns, by land and by water, but meeting on a set time at the theater of the war.

Up to the date of the league between the chiefs, the visits of Ne-o-me to the lodge of Chessaning at Omgansee, had not been frequent, and thus far were rather ceremonious than social.

But during the lapse of time requisite for perfecting their warlike array, the Pewanigo chief made two somewhat lengthy visits at the lodge of Chessaning. In maturing their plans for the campaign a full and free discussion occurred in the presence of Ou-wan-a-ma-che, the blooming sister of the Shiwasso chief. The latter, holding her sagacity and forecast in high esteem, eagerly sought her opinion upon points of difference between himself and Ne-o-me.

Thus appealed to, she frankly expressed her views, modestly but clearly assigning her reasons. Ne-o-me had been struck by her loveliness and her winning deportment. He was now filled with admiration of her intellectual gifts and her mental grasp of intricate subjects. Ou-wan-a-ma-che, as yet heart-whole, but susceptible, was very deeply impressed by the personal comeliness and manly qualities of Ne-o-me. She separated however at the last of those interviews without word or outward sign by either, of this reciprocal love already nestling in the hearts of both.

Meantime other events were about transpiring, which require a direct allusion to other personages. The chief of the Wakishos was, at the date of our sketch, too aged and infirm to meet most of the responsibilities of his station. He would have been deposed prior to that time, and a new chief elected, but for the sterling executive quality of his only child, a daughter then verging upon her twentieth birthday. She was the darling of her father, and the especial favorite of the whole tribe.

To a fine constitution, healthful vigor and superb physical development in form and feature, Mo-kish-e-noqua enjoyed mental gifts equal to, and in certain fields, superior to those of Ou-wan-a-ma-che. Along with other endowments she possessed administrative and strategic powers ranking her as the peer of an oriental Zenobia.

It is but justice to the youthful Pewanigo and Shiawasso chiefs to state here, that they were in entire ignorance of the present posture of affairs over on the Wakishegan. Hence, whilst about waging war upon our youthful heroine, as matter of fact—they as yet had no acquaintance with her—no inkling of her relationship to the ruling chief—and no knowledge that the government of the Wakishos was actually lodged in her hands.

At the period of which we write two renegades had become habitues of that region, drifting from band to band and river to river. The one was of white, the other of native lineage. Outlawed, and driven from Canada West for crimes, they fled by canoe, seeking a place of refuge around Saginaw Bay. Nominally they claimed to be hunters and trappers. In reality they were idle vagabonds, doing menial jobs for hire, as occasion offered, but ready to rob, plunder, or use an assassin's knife for a consideration.

They were quite familiar with the main water courses of the Basin. They had explored the Wakishegan to its sources. They had thus learned the fact that up in the hilly country, one of the affluents of that stream passed through a dismal rocky gorge. It was walled in by high beetling ledges. Within the elbow of an abrupt angle, far down by the water, a spacious grotto was deeply cleft into the side of the chasm. It was sheltered by overhanging masses of ledge-rock, and

quite hidden from view, except at its low-browed front.

Those renegades had latterly been hanging about Muscatawing and consorting with the baser sort of Pewanigos. Kassegans, the French trader, in his traffic for furs with them, heard their description of that grotto, and learned its bearings to other local, and visible land-marks of the vicinity. Of the knowledge thus casually acquired the trader afterwards availed himself in an emergency.

Tou-e-do-ganee had also formed an acquaintance with the two desperadoes, having occasion to use them in furtherance of his crafty schemes. He found them pliant tools, ready for the perpetration of a dastardly outrage he had seriously determined to accomplish.

Whilst we are thus busied in hastily grouping, outlining and presenting characters figuring more or less in our narrative, we will venture up another pair. In the household of Chessaning there was a native female verging upon the ripe age of sixty years. She had nursed and reared the young chief with his sister, and for long years had stood to them in the relation of mother in affection and watch guardianship.

To her had been born a son, now of the age of seventeen years. He had been a deaf mute from his birth, but was acute, of remarkable intelligence, and learned things by a glance of the eye that many would have failed to comprehend through the medium of all their faculties. With the inmates of the household he readily conversed by signs. He was of medium height, of slender form, but supple, active and untiring. His attachment for Chessaning and Ou-wan-a-ma-che had no measure for its intensity and devotion.

When, however, the two reached the age of maturity, that mother and mute son were separated in their personal

attendance. The mother hovered constantly around the maiden, whilst the mute dogged the footsteps of the young chief, unless checked by the latter. This faithful, self-constituted slave bore the name of Se-go-quen.

The campaign arrangements of the two chiefs being completed, the day was set for the assembling of the braves of each at their respective villages. The route of each band to the theater of war had been also settled. Chessaning, with a fleet of canoes, was to glide down the Shiwawsee and up the Wakishegan to Mattawan, the principal village of the Wakishos.

Ne-o-me was to make the same objective point by a land route, reaching it at the same time but on the interior side. The combined assault was fixed for early dawn, commencing first from the water, to be duplicated forthwith from inland. The line of the Pewanigo march, with the points for stopping, were all understood by the war-chiefs and principal warriors.

Tou-e-do-ganee, as war-chief of Ne-o-me, was entitled to the leadership and the maneuvering of the Pewanigo braves, whilst Mixanene, the brother of the chief, only led a clan, and fought under the orders of his cousin the war-chief. Ne-o-me was not expected to lead, but with an eye to the whole field, would supervise and direct as exigencies might require. Tou-e-do-ganee had previously approved himself as a brave and skillful leader and fighting chief. Fate seemed to be crowding him to the wall. He must now act, with no alternative short of steeping his name with infamy for treachery or cowardice. If he fought to win, he would thus be adding laurels to the brow of Ne-o-me.

There was yet one escape from this dilemma, and that was to frustrate the expedition altogether. He felt assured that such a result could be reached by



disclosing the love passages which he had witnessed between Kassegans, and Men-a-cum-se-qua. Chessaning, in his wrath, would surely repudiate the marriage, and abandon his league with Ne-o-me. That disclosure he resolved to make on the morning of assembling the braves.

Driven by stress of circumstances to an early explosion of his mine, the arch plotter was destined to learn that others had been equally busy in countermining. For from the date of the decree condemning Men-a-cum-se-qua to wed the Shiwasso Chief, the trader Kassegans had employed all his persuasive arts to induce his inamorata to consent to an elopement. That consent being fully obtained, the time was set for the night preceding the morning gathering of the Pewanigo warriors.

As the land march of Ne-o-me would require more time than his own water transit, Chessaning agreed to visit Muscatawing and witness the review and the departure of the Pewanigo band. The suggestion had come from the wily war-chief, but when it was readily assented to, a gleam of fiendish exultation swept over his dusty features.

At an hour's sun in the morning the two young chiefs, in full costume, stood side by side, witnessing the evolutions, as Tou-e-do-ganee skillfully marshaled the braves in the order of their march for the war. He finally brought them to a halt in double line, with the chiefs midway, but a few paces to the left and near himself. By a word, he faced the lines front and rear, towards the chiefs and then he spoke. His words were distinctly uttered and loud enough for all to hear.

"Men-a-cum-se-qua has proved false to the pledge of Ne-o-me. She loves the pale-face Kassegans, and has promised to be his wife. Will Chessaning still claim, or take her as his wife? Or will he throw her off, and abandon his league with Ne-o-me?"

## CHAPTER IV.

Along those swarthy lines all was still in the hush of breathless silence, but gleams of wrath, like lightning flashes, glowed on every face. For a few moments those chiefs stood spell-bound. Then Chessaning turned his eye, with an ominous frown upon his brow, full on the face of Ne-o-me. He saw that the shock, which still ran thrilling and shivering through nerve and heart-strings, was not simulated. He knew that no treachery lurked in that great agony.

The burning glance of Ne-o-me was yet glued to the face of Tou-e-do-ganee. His dilated eye balls fairly scintillated with baleful flashes, as if to scorch and consume the publisher of this monstrous slander. Then checking his own surging passions by a mighty effort, he demanded in a sharp, rasping tone :

“Who vouches for such a charge !”

The war-chief had anticipated an explosion. He lacked neither nerve nor courage to meet the crisis. He answered with open, even brazen assurance.

“I, Tou-e-do-ganee vouch for the charge. My eyes saw their loving dalliance. My ears heard their guilty avowals of affection each for the other.”

His further statement was cut short by the prompt order of Ne-o-me, as it rung out in metallic tones.

“Let two braves go for the pale face. Fetch Kassegans forthwith before us !” Turning next to his body-guard, he added : “Two of you will conduct Men-a-cum-se-qua hither at once.”

Tou-e-do-ganee, with an exultant glance towards the chief, responded: "It is, of all things, what we most strongly wished."

Chessaning had cast his glances alternately upon the one speaker and then the other during this brief colloquy. The tell-tale look preceding the last remark of the war-chief was to him a clear revelation. In it he saw subtilty, malice and deep-dyed treachery all combined. Self-possessed again, but keenly alive to the situation, the Shiwasso Chief silently awaited further disclosures.

The attendants dispatched to the lodge of the chief first returned with a report that Men-a-cum-se-qua could not be found, and had not been seen since yester evening. The countenance of Ne-o-me was filled with dismay. An exultant gleam, and then an anxious look flitted across the visage of Tou-e-do-ganee. Both were noted by Chessaning. The two braves next returning reported that Kassegans had hidden away or absented himself, not having been seen by any one during that morning. Ne-o-me bowed his head as if crushed by this sudden calamity. The glow of exultation settled into an expression of fierce malignity on the features of the war-chief. The eye of the Shiwasso Chief still rested upon both.

Suddenly the mute, Se-go-quen, at the side of the latter, addressed him in his language of signs. In his keen watch the mute had detected the fact that they were disturbed by the disappearance of two persons. He first inquired of the chief who were missing. Being informed, he talked a few moments longer in his mute language. Turning from him, Chessaning now addressed Ne-o-me:

"Men-a-cum-se-qua and Kassegans have fled together. I came over here in the night. The mute came with





*NE-O-ME.*

me overland to your settlement on the river below. There we designed taking a canoe. Whilst the mute was unfastening the bark, a large canoe with two inmates shot past us down stream. It was dark, with only starlight. I was full of thought, and took slight notice. Se-go-quen now says he saw and knew them, and that those persons were Men-a-cum-se-qua and Kassegans. I trust his eye. It never mistakes."

Ne-o-me replied, "I am now convinced. They have fled together. I knew not of her folly, or our shame before. She will never return. Her name, even, has gone out of our family forever. She is already forgotten. I have not broken faith with the Shiwasso chief. His promised bride is indeed lost. I have no further claims upon Chessaning. I release him from his pledge."

The latter promptly rejoined. "The spirit of Ne-o-me is just. His path has been straight. He has not beguiled, or broken troth with Chessaning. It is my loss because I thought no wrong, believing she was heart free and would learn to love me. She has now gone out of my memory, but without any bitter thoughts or words from me. I stand, however, with and by Ne-o-me all the same. I am still ready to help him on the war-path as I agreed."

There was an instant, spontaneous, ringing shout bursting wildly forth from those serried lines of dusky braves. As the young chief pronounced the last sentence he fixed his eye searchingly upon the arch plotter before him. He beheld his features fairly writhing under the torture of the double defeat of his nefarious schemes. Chessaning abruptly put to him the question:

"How long has the war chief known of the love of his cousin for the pale-face?"

Tou-e-do-ganee smothering his fury thought to give point to his answer as he replied:

"I have not been blind mole like two chiefs. Tou-e-do-ganee has known it for many days."

"I thought so," responded Chessaning, "and yet you have withheld your knowledge until now. You have planned to break up this war; to injure Ne-o-me with his braves; to provoke hatred between him and me; and stir up a war between our bands. Your perfidy and your treachery are now apparent to all. It is enough. When we come back from this war, mark my words! Chessaning will stand ready to prove on your person what he now charges upon you; that you are a false traitor to your chief, and a black-hearted knave generally."

The blunt Mix-a-nene, obtuse in intellect, sluggish in thought, and dull of perception, but straightforward and manly in conduct, now strode forth from the ranks near by, brusquely remarking: "Me much b'lieve Shiwasso chief tell big truth. Mix-a-nene no see what for we shall wait to come back from war, 'fore Tou-e-do-ganee git one big punish. Me ready now. Let Mix-a-nene go for him."

Ne-o-me here interposed, saying: "My good brother is always much kind to me. But he must wait patiently 'till we return. Then we'll have all things made plain. I accept the gage of friendship proffered by Chessaning, and his pledge to meet me at Mattawan, the chief Wakisisho village." Thus saying and warmly grasping the hand of his ally, the chief bade him adieu.

Turning next to the war chief he curtly bade him to move forward the column upon the war-path. Perhaps no human breast, civilized or savage, was ever tortured with more conflicting emotions than those now preying

upon Tou-e-do-ganee. By the total failure of the schemes on which his main hopes had centered, he was suddenly caught in a most distressing dilemma. He knew full well that open hostility to either chief would mar all his plans, on the one hand for a wife, and on the other for supplanting Ne-o-me.

So far as his heart was capable of an honest, fervent passion, the war-chief was truly enamored of Ou-wan-a-ma-che. Next to her darling image, he prized and cherished as an idol his fame as a brave and skillful war leader. His ruminations during that day's march were restricted to these two subjects, with the modes of achieving the one and sustaining the other. To gain possession of the blooming Shiwasso maiden, he would resort to abduction.

To guard his reputation he would fight, but under such circumstances as, without his own apparent fault, should insure the defeat of Ne-o-me. To achieve these two objects he must revisit Mus-eat-a-wing that very night, but return before morning. This was his fixed resolve as his band halted at the designated place for their night's encampment.

Luck seemed here to dawn upon him unexpectedly. For as he was about seeking the chief for leave of absence, he espied the very men lurking about the camp to obtain an interview with whom he had projected that night journey. Hence, as the evening advanced, Tou-e-do-ganee, retiring to the forest, held a stolen interview with the two renegades, of whom mention has been previously made.

Concerning the objects of that conference, with its results, we have simply to state in this connection that the war-chief there bargained with the two desperadoes for the performance of a brace of despicable acts. The



first was at once to inform Mo-kish-e-no-quā, the *de facto* ruler of the Wakishos, of the invasion now set on foot; also, of the Pewanigo line of march, and of the time fixed for reaching Mattawan.

The second of the notable performances of those depraved wretches was, on the night thus set for the arrival of the joint forces on the Wakishegan River, to repair to the lodge of Chessaning at Omagansee, and there to kidnap Ou-wau-a-ma-che, and convey her by canoe up the Peonigowink, past Muscatawing to a hamlet named Kish-kaw-bee, and there hold her a captive in the lodge of a relative of Tou-e-do-ganee.

## CHAPTER V.

We will next, in passing, glance at the more recent fortunes of Kassegans and Men-a-cum-se-qua. Upon their conclusion to elope, the trader hastily transmitted his furs, cloths and more bulky commodities to a brother dealer at the head of the bay. Closely packing his light wares and valuables, he stowed them in a good-sized canoe in the evening before the hour for their departure. His plan was, with his betrothed on board, to glide down to the mouth of the bay, and, coasting thence down the main waters, to reach Hamtramck, near Detroit.

The scheme was well laid, and with only ordinary obstacles to contend against, the trip was entirely feasible. At the appointed hour the maiden met him at the canoe with a package comprising her wardrobe. Like all native women she could use the paddle deftly. Quietly embarking, they sped swiftly down stream. Their hands trembled and their hearts beat wildly, as at the hamlet below, they recognized the mute and Chessaning at the landing. Having, however, passed them without the semblance of pursuit, they plied their paddles in unison and with practiced dip. They were soon at the junction of the rivers.

Here they paused, peering anxiously out upon the broader waters of the Shiawassee. The night had been balmy, with only a straight vault above them, but whilst thus in the act of reconnoitering, the full moon arose, bathing both land and water with her silvery radiance. They now looked backward on the stream they had been descending. In the far distance they espied an approaching canoe.

Their first thought was to turn up the Shiawassee, thus allowing the rear canoe to pass them on its way. But they now as clearly discerned up the Shiawassee a large well-manned six paddle canoe also descending. Taking counsel of their fears alone, they imagined a joint pursuit on both streams. Instantly their paddles were plied with quick nervous jerks, shooting their bark like an arrow down the broad silver-hued sheet of water below the confluence. Glancing again upstream they saw the large canoe yet more distinctly.

Onward still they pressed, until arms were weary and breath came pantingly. Yet nearer came that canoe in their rear, with a second one only a few rods behind. The whole thing was palpable. Those canoes were in joint pursuit, and they would soon be overtaken. With this conviction Kassegans veered slightly for the eastern shore, designing to land and seek concealment. They were soon thrown into shadow by the dense foliage of the marginal trees. Running finally into shoal water, they found to their inexpressible relief, that the mouth of the Wakishegan was close at hand.

With renewed vigor they urged their bark around the point, a few rods up the latter stream into a sheltered nook. From this leafy covert they watched the other two canoes sweep successively past the mouth of the stream in which they had sought shelter. Breathing freely again, they were about to congratulate themselves on their fortunate escape, when they observed the two canoes come to a sudden halt on the approach of a brace of others from below.

After a short consultation between the inmates of the four, they all headed up stream, three in company, with the fourth running off obliquely for the mouth of the Wakishegan. Again were the apprehensions of our

fugitives most fearfully aroused. Their canoe darted out from that cover like a bird on the wing. This time they flew up stream for refuge in the Wakisho village of Mattawan.

They were able to compete in speed with the canoe now in pursuit. They settled down to a steady use of the paddles, avoiding their previous exhaustive efforts. Arriving in due process of time at the village, and running the canoe into a huddle of others they landed, walking thence rapidly to the lodge of the chief. There, owing to the constant attendance required by the aged infirm chief, they found members of the household astir.

Having both previously seen Mo-kish-e-no-quah, for her they enquired. After the lapse of a few moments a curtain was drawn aside, and they were ushered into her presence. Recognizing their persons she listened to their request for shelter and concealment. She exacted a frank statement of the facts leading to this extraordinary request. Men-a-cum-se-qua was ingenuous and destitute of caution or forecast. Her catechist had tact shrewdness, and first-class diplomatic qualities. Kasse-gans being awkwardly situated, took refuge in silence.

Thus it chanced that the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, the persecutions and efforts to escape of those refuged were all laid bare for her inspection. She felt a woman's sympathy for the maiden. She knew the family pride would revolt against her choice, as a misalliance. She was well assured that, by the rash step the maiden had taken, she was forever cut off from home or kindred. "But why should Ne-o-me be so anxious for her to wed Chessaning? Why should he wish to force upon her a distasteful alliance?" were questions coming smoothly from the lips of the catechist.

Men-a-cum-se-qua answered hastily that it was for a

great service expected at the hand of the Shiwasso chief. "What was the nature of that service?" The maiden hesitated in her answer, became confused, and stumbled still worse. He was to help in a war. But what war? With whom? When and where? were the questions now pressed home by Mo-kish-e-no-quā. Kassegans seeing that evasion or prevarication would now be useless, or any plea of ignorance equally unavailing resolved upon a full disclosure.

Their safety demanded it. He was under no restraints or obligations of secrecy. He had no scruples of delicacy or feeling in the matter. He voluntarily laid before her the whole details of the projected war, with the time when the bands expected to reach her village of Mattawan.

Sudden and startling as this revelation was—imminent as was the peril to her people, with all she held dear on earth—and brief as was the interval between the news and the time the wild tornado would sweep down into the doomed valley, yet not for an instant did that wonderful young woman lose her calm exterior, or her mental self-control.

The head was indeed poised a trifle more erect; the eye flashed with an added steel glitter; the cheek lost a shade of its carmine hue; and the lips, by a firmer pressure upon the teeth, became thinner and showed less color; but that was all. She expressed her sympathy with her guests in their strait. She avowed her willingness to help them, but lacked both time and ability then. They must hie them away to the grotto forthwith. It was far up stream. She would endeavor to furnish them food and keep their retreat a secret from all.

At this point Mo-kish-e-no-quā requested her visitors

to excuse her absence for a brief interval, and withdrew to the adjacent apartment. She sent for the six braves composing her body guard. A few moments later they all reported in person, to her. The news was then tersely imparted to them. She added the particulars of the invasion by the bands jointly, with the time their presence might be expected. Her orders were next coolly but curtly given.

She despatched two of them to the nearest beacon-station, to send high in the air the signal blaze. This was sure to be duplicated and repeated up and down the valley range, from headland to headland, and from the mouth to the river sources. That signal equally efficient with a bugle call, never failed to rally around her person the Wakisho braves from valley bottoms or upland hunting-grounds.

Her village at that season of the year had but few denizens, for her people by families and by clans were scattered in camps away up stream in the broken country, constituting the resorts of larger game.

Two others of her guard she ordered to collect the youths and squaws and with their help to take all the moveables and valuables kept by them, or left in store, including provisions, cured meats, sugar and dried fruits, and place and pack them in the fleet of canoes moored at the landing.

Next they were to carefully place therein the sick, aged and feeble with the women and children and thus all the residents combined were to start up stream for the old encampment near the well-known grotto gorge.

The two remaining braves she sent with some youths to group all the horses in a drove on the main inland trail, and head them under the charge of those youths for the same destination, reserving, however, and bring-

ing back to her the black native pony trained as her favorite on the war-path. Then, Mo-kish-e-no-quā, bending tenderly over the couch of her invalid father, in soft winning tones, she informed him of their great peril, of her hasty plans, and of the necessity for sending him by canoe to a place of safety.

Then caressingly touching his cheeks and brow with her moist red lips, and threading her fingers through his thin, aged-bleached locks, she soothingly and hopefully spoke of the care of the Great Spirit for their welfare—that his finger had guided the flying pair to their abode, with news in advance of the blow—and of her abiding faith that the same hand would lead them yet by a sure path to a safe deliverance.

Her filial devotion met with an instant reward. As she closed, those deep-set and drooping eye lids of his were raised and there flashed full upon her face, as of the olden time, a look of fond trusting confidence, along with one of ineffable love. In submissive accents he distinctly whispered the single phrase, "it is well."

Thereupon, Mo-kish-e-no-quā returned to her visitors of the hour. They had heard all her orders as they had been successively issued, together with her loving, hopeful words to the helpless invalid. They had been amazed by her self-control, her inflexible will, her unyielding spirit, and her unbounded fertility in plan and resource. On her return therefore they gave her the assurance of their willingness to submit themselves entirely to her guidance.

She replied, "then there is no time to lose. Betake yourselves to the water again, and make diligently for the gorge. Kassegans has said that he knows the land marks of the grotto. Conceal yourselves there and wait for me, but keep closely hidden." Thus saying, as

they arose to leave, she stepped out with them and saw that a supply of dried meats, maize and fruits with a mokirk of sugar were placed in their canoe. As they parted at the river brink, she handed to them a token, to exhibit to any of her braves whom they might chance to meet.

Their upward passage was often challenged in the upper section of the river, by warriors meeting them in swift descent, but the token proved an efficient passport. Arriving at the foot of the gorge stream they paused to reconnoiter and take their bearings. Then entering the gloomy defile, aided by the knowledge of Kassegans they pushed their canoe through its labyrinths to the grotto where they were ultimately safely landed.



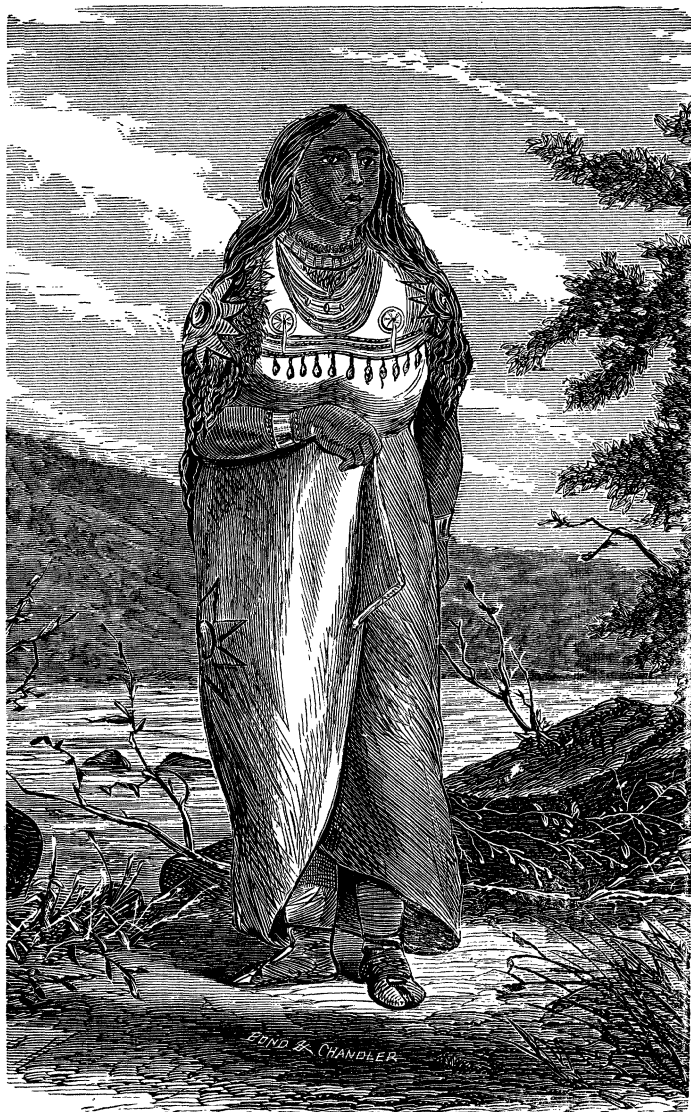
## CHAPTER VI

On the succeeding morning at the same hour that Tou-e-do-ganee was marshalling the Pewanigos at Muscatawing in the presence of the two chiefs, Mo-kish-e-no-quā stood with her six braves sole tenants of Mattawan. The deserted wigwams and denuded cone-set lodge poles, stripped of their spirally wound webs of rush matting seemed like sad mementoes and wrecks of a once thriving people suddenly swept away by some dire calamity.

Soon thereafter, warned by the beacon-lights of the previous night, other Wakisho warriors began to arrive on the trails, and in canoes, by twos and in squads. When her two principal war leaders came in Mo-kish-e-no-quā ordered up her horse as she stepped temporarily within. She speedily reappeared clad in her war regalia. As she sprang to the back of her steed, and there sat, whilst giving orders for camping the braves as they arrived, to await her return, both horse and rider presented a beautiful and imposing spectacle.

The sleek, jet black steed with flowing mane, fiery eye and dilated nostrils, stood tossing his head and at intervals pawing the earth with his fore foot as if impatient of delay. Sitting there with head proudly poised and flashing eye, clad in full war costume closely fitting her faultless form, with circlet of eagles quills in a silver tiara, spanning and confining the hair to her head, but leaving it loosely flowing over neck and shoulders—with knife and tomahawk thrust into her ornamented waist zone—with quiver full of arrows peer-





*MO-KISH-E-NO-QUA.*

ing over her left shoulder and polished bow in her right hand, that maiden equestrienne looked a veritable native queen born to command and lead.

Beckoning to the two war leaders, the trio at once departed on the southern trail, over which the Pewanigo band were expected to approach Mattawan. Their object in that excursion was, on a long line, to fix upon the most eligible points to place parties in ambush, or to make a temporary stand in a retreat. They advanced leisurely until but an hour's sun remained. Those practiced eyes seized upon ridges, ravines, slopes and stream crossings, but their memories retained them all.

Returning, they carefully reviewed the same country as seen by starlight. It was late at night when they reached Mattawan. Quietly entering her own wigwam, the maiden showed the two braves to a sleeping apartment, and bade them good-night. In the early morning she was aroused by a sentinel, announcing the arrival of the two renegades, who, as messengers, claimed an immediate audience. Bidding the sentinel first to invite the two counselors to her room, she consented to hold an interview after the lapse of ten minutes.

As the renegades were ushered into the room they found the three together. In an awkward manner the pale-face managed to state their desire for a conference with her alone. She curtly replied, that, "the two braves there present were her advisers, and to them as well as to her their errand must be disclosed." The same outlaw rejoined: "That they were sent with a message to her by Tou-e-do-ganee, of the Pewanigos, but he should not object if she preferred to have others hear it also." As a preface to his message the renegade spoke of the invasion in two bands, the details of which we have already made known.

Next in order he added: "That Tou-e-do-ganee was war chief, and was compelled to fight, but that he had no wish to defeat her in battle. That if she would fight boldly, he would so lead the Pewanigos as to insure her a victory." With a scornful smile playing on her lips and features, she interrupted him by the inquiry: "And what is to be the reward he expects from me for this monstrous treachery to his chief?" "Him ask nothing but your good will, when he made Pewanigo chief," blurted out the native outlaw, thrown off his guard by the bitter sarcasm of both tone and spirit in her question.

"Ha!" she rejoined. "Light breaks in. Tell your employer that I thank him for the hint, and when we meet in battle, he shall have a taste of my style of fighting, such as he will then admit needed no spur from him."

Thus saying, and with freezing politeness she bowed them out. Then turning to her advisers with a face eloquent with disgust and loathing, she remarked: "They are fitting envoys from a leprous traitor? But can we really afford to use hints derived from such immeasurable perfidy?"

One of the counselors promptly replied: "We most assuredly can and will. Him Great Spirit, me think certain, set up this big villain to overturn wicked plans of Ne-o-me." To this remark the other adviser added: "Me much b'lieve it allers right to use enemy's quarrels in camp. In war me spose it much good strategy." Mo-kish-e-no-qua closed their conference by saying: "Then we can and must surely be victorious in our first battle."

For that engagement, the plan as matured by our heroine, was eminently after the Parthian model. She

resolved to fight on the retreat. Or rather she would plant successive bodies in ambush, extending far up the trail. Then as the enemy approached, her first squad would thus obtain one full and safe arrow discharge. Then by falling back in a manner to draw the enemy after them in swift pursuit to the next point of ambush, a second effective discharge could be delivered.

By this method the force of the enemy would be depleted step by step, whilst her own band, with far less hazard and loss, would be steadily increasing in volume to the last stand point. There, with a full rally in all her strength, she could at pleasure engage in a fierce charge and a desperate hand-to-hand conflict. In their reconnoissance the trio had selected five separate localities for the posting of as many parties in ambush.

At early dawn of the fourth morning, including that on which the Pewanigo left Muscatawing, the two bands were to meet at Mattawan. On the evening of the third day Chessaning was to have his force in canoes at the mouth of the Wakishegan, with the design of ascending the river during the night. Promptly rallying and embarking his band at Omagansee, he was at the designated point at early twilight.

On that same day Mo-kish-e-no-quā took her warriors in a body up the trail to the farthest ambush point. This was within one-half mile of the place selected for the last evening encampment of the band of Ne-o-me. Thence after a two hours' rest the files of the latter could easily reach Mattawan by midnight. In thus leading her entire band to the farthest station, the maiden thought to familiarize the men with the ground, thereby lessening the casualties of the impending flying engagement.

At that extreme point she placed one hundred braves, in charge of one of her brace of war chiefs. Falling back on the trail some distance she left a like number in charge of her other leader. A like number were stationed at the three remaining points selected at longer or shorter intervals. In their retreat from point to point the several squads were to obey the orders of those two chief leaders.

Other actors in this lively campaign demand of us a passing notice. By the final arrangement between Tou-e-do-ganee and the renegades, the latter were to abduct Ou-wan-a-ma-che and start for Kish-kaw-bee at as early an hour in the evening after the departure of Chessaning, as circumstances would allow. They returned from the delivery of their message at Mattawan, by the trail again. Thus meeting their employer, they reported to him the reply sent back by Mo-kish-e-no-qua. The war chief misinterpreting that enigmatical message, plumed himself highly upon his diplomatic ability.

Those desperadoes next made their way to Muscatawing, furtively entering the place and then departing at night by canoe. Reaching thus the mouth of the Peonigowink, they turned up the Shiawassee on their mission to Omagansee. Arriving in that vicinity at early dawn and mooring their canoe, they sought a hiding place for food and rest during the day, but in position to witness the departure of the chief with his fleet of canoes.

Shorn of its strength by that exodus, the village seemed gloomy and deserted as evening came on. The two outlaws creeping forth, took their canoe to a landing a few rods below the lodge of Chessaning. Leaving it there they commenced a critical reconnoissance of the premises and wigwam of the Shiwassee chief.

His dwelling place was spacious, being divided into several compartments inside, by partition hangings of rush matting. It had two entrances, one fronting the river, whilst the other faced to the south. The structure itself stood somewhat isolated from all others, on a gentle slope, and a dozen rods back from the water's edge. From the front a well beaten path ran obliquely down stream to the landing where the outlaws had moored their craft. From the south entrance a similar path ran angling up stream to a second landing. Thence water for domestic use was brought, and there the family canoes were usually kept.

On that evening as the domestic work was ended, Ou-wan-a-ma-che sat inside the front entrance with the curtain brushed aside. Oppressed in spirit by the loneliness of the village she fell into a musing mood, with her eyes dreamily wandering over the river view. Her old nurse was also fidgety and uneasily flitting from room to room. She was in a state of feverish excitement, for Segoquen her deaf mute son had gone with the Chief, and both were rushing into open danger and unseen perils.

Finally thinking to spend a half hour in gossip with a crone on the opposite side of the river, she concluded to take a canoe and cross the stream. Twirling a scarf about her head, she stepped out from the south side entrance and tripped down the path to the family landing. Unfastening a light, one man birchen canoe, she shoved off, sprang in at the bow, picked up the paddle and headed about for crossing over. But when she had spanned one-half the width of the stream a sharp, piercing shriek of pain or terror smote upon the ear.



## CHAPTER VII.

The old nurse knew every tone and inflection of that voice too well to be mistaken. That shriek came from the lips of Ou-wan-a-ma-che. Terror stricken, she wheeled her canoe and listened with bated breath, for any further signal or out-cry. All was quiet. But a moment later the burly form of a man sprang out from the front entrance of the wigwam she had so recently left. He flew swiftly down the path for the lower landing, followed closely by a native of smaller size.

In the arms of the foremost she observed the outlined form of a female with the head and shoulders enveloped in a blanket. She at once bent frantically over her paddle, with it shooting her canoe direct for that lower landing. Rapidly nearing the place, she more clearly discerned, and now distinctly recognized the two outlaws. The larger one, seated in the bottom of their canoe, was holding Ou-wan-a-ma-che, with one hand pressed upon the covering of her mouth. The other renegade shoved off, sprang aboard, and forged his craft ahead with two or three quick jerking paddle dips.

At that moment the two canoes were in danger of immediate collision. Knowing now that her darling was a captive, that faithful foster-mother gave a sharp agonizing scream as she sprang up erect in her canoe. There was no opportunity for its repetition. Before the first cry was fully uttered the native outlaw with a horizontal sweep of his paddle smote her head above

the ear. She fell at once to the bottom of her canoe, stunned, motionless and wholly unconscious.

With renewed and vigorous paddle strokes the native next shot their bark down stream, thus in a few minutes placing canoe and inmates beyond sight from the settlement and many rods distant from the drifting bark behind them.

But that timely, well-aimed blow, was awkwardly delivered, and with but slight comparative force. The flat side of the blade came in contact with that head, enveloped in that scarf. No essential injury was inflicted beyond its momentary stunning effects. A brief space only elapsed therefore before she recovered from the shock, and seizing her paddle, commenced a swift pursuit, ere yet the outlaw bark was lost to her view.

The abduction of the maiden had been greatly facilitated by that hastily projected gossiping visit of the old nurse. The renegades had discovered the position and the dreamy abstraction of Ou-wan-a-ma-che, but in approaching the front entrance they could not escape her notice. An entrance at the south door was equally difficult whilst the foster-mother was in that part of the lodge.

But upon her sudden departure on the south path, a way of access was opened. The white renegade slipped in at the south entrance, creeping noiselessly through the opening of the partition within, and thus stealthily nearing his object, he prepared for a rush. With a single bound he clasped his victim with one arm about the waist—at the same instant throwing a blanket over her head with the hand still at liberty. In the moment of her seizure, and ere she was thus muffled, that one shrill shriek was uttered. Then the hand of the outlaw pressing the blanket over her mouth prevented any further outcry.

As the two canoes parted company, her captor knowing the maiden must be stifling, put to her the whispered inquiry: "Would she remain quiet if he removed his hand?" Although fast relapsing into insensibility the captive heard the question and nodded her assent. The hand and blanket were both removed. Speedily recovering her breath and strength, with them came also a measure of her proud spirit. Addressing the renegade in low tones she said, "Pinion my arms, lash my ankles, manacle my wrists if you wish, but unhand me from your clasping arm!"

Her captor replied "I am doing the work of another. I must do it thoroughly and securely. Beyond that I have no wish to add cruelty to your captivity. My liberality shall be measured by your discretion." Thus saying he released and seated her beside him on a thwart. But in the very act his fingers were menacingly placed upon the knife haft in his belt.

A smile of withering scorn and derision rippled over her features and arched lip, as she noticed that silent threat. While it yet lingered there she spoke: "One might naturally expect that a wretch who could be hired to steal a woman, would be equally ready to finish the job by murdering his captive. But I wish you to understand once for all, that I am neither a child to make an unavailing outcry, nor a coward to be intimidated by your ruffian threats." Thus saying, she turned away her head, sitting quiet and silent.

Now Chessaning in leaving his home was careful to provide against any treachery of Tou-e-do-ganee towards himself or Ne-o-me during their absence. As much of the malignant hatred of the war chief had exhibited itself just as he was about to leave on the march, the Shiwasso chief very naturally concluded that any mis-

chief the traitor might concoct would be transmitted back by canoe.

Hence as his fleet on the Shiawassee was in the act of passing the mouth of the Peonigowink, Chessaning stationed there two canoes with two braves to each with orders to intercept all messengers from Mattawan to Omagansee or Muscatawing. If they proved to be from Ne-o-me or himself to let them pass. If from the war chief to detain them. But in no event were they to leave their station or remit their watch.

The brace of kidnapping desperadoes in profound ignorance of this politic stratagem of the Shiwasso chief, were with their captive rapidly nearing the mouth of that river, up which lay their course through Muscatawing to Kish-kaw-bee.

They approached the tongue of land between the two rivers at its extremity, so as to round into their new course in shoal water, and under the shadow of the overhanging trees. With customary alertness, as the Peonigowink opened up to their view, the advance of their canoe was checked for a survey. A short distance up on the opposite side they espied a canoe with two braves on the watch. Glancing across they saw its counterpart in canoe and inmates.

The native outlaw whispered the other, "Shiwassosure." The pale-face replied: "Yes, and set here for our capture. We have been tracked or betrayed. We are too weak to fight them all. We cannot run the gauntlet between them." "Hush!" said the other looking back over his shoulder: "As I live, that old woman is alive, and is pursuing us." With the word and a swift paddle-dip, he wheeled the canoe to the left, and then shooting across the mouth of the Peonigowink, he

made their bark fly down the Shiawassee as though their lives hung upon each paddle stroke.

The braves on the watch in one of those stationary canoes, seeing the swift passage of the outlaw craft, ran their own down to the junction of the streams, there meeting the foster mother of Ou-wan-a-ma-che. In few words her story was told. The braves assured her of their sympathy, but being under orders they could not leave. They advised her, however, to keep their track as far as she was able to follow. Onward the faithful creature sped again with the chase now barely in sight ahead.

When the native renegade found his strength failing under his severe efforts, he quietly tendered the paddle to the pale-face and took his place to watch the captive. Whilst doing this he put the inquiry: "Where we go now?" "To our old place down at the Bay," was the brief reply.

Down the current they glided swiftly under the practiced strokes of those stalwart arms. They were not long in reaching the confluence of the Wakishegan. Still onward they pressed until they were in a remote ken of the mouth of the Tittabawassee, coming in from the west. Their advance was suddenly arrested by a spectacle extremely startling to them.

They beheld scores of torch-lights in motion, glancing and flashing over the water surface far ahead and from shore to shore. They thought them to be advancing up stream. Struck with consternation they readily imagined it to be the fleet of Chessaning, which, for some inscrutable reason, had dropped down to the mouth of that river, but was again upward bound for Mattawan.

Glancing back whence they had come, the way seemed clear. No canoe was in sight. Facing about,

the pale-face forced their craft against the current with lusty strokes, until he reached and turned up the Wakishegan. Then handing the paddle to the native, he took his vacant seat remarking: "The grotto in the gorge is our last refuge. We are now ahead and may reach it."

In passing Mattawan they saw a fleet of Wakisho canoes, as they supposed, moored along the bank, but the village seemed utterly deserted. They observed no lights and no people there. Wondering much, but with no time for the gratification of idle curiosity, they sped on their way with no further obstacle or interruption. They safely reached their destination and ushered their captive into the grotto. They were surprised by its pre-occupation, whilst Kassegans and Men-a-cum-se-qua were terror stricken.

Mutual explanations were hastily given. They were thus not only placed at ease, but thought the meeting fortunate, as the one party might materially aid the other in future emergencies. From that interview, Ouwana-ma-che sat proudly aloof. We will here retrace a few steps of our narrative to look after the fortunes of one of our actors in the canoe transits of that eventful night.

We left the forlorn, grief-stricken foster mother of the Shiwasso chief and his sister, drifting in pursuit down the Shiawassee. She was unable to keep pace with the renegade canoe. It passed from her sight by the increased stretch of the intervening space. Still she pressed on, for as hope and strength were failing her for the pursuit of the kidnappers, another thought came suddenly to her support. She could carry the news to Chessaning at Mattawan.

Buoyed up by the inspiration of this new thought

she toiled on, but as she neared the mouth of the Wakishegan, she was running well in shore, and in the shadow of the easterly bank. There to her inexpressible relief she saw the outlaws, on their return from below, pass up in the direction of Mattawan. Again they outstripped her in speed, and again vanished from her sight. She however followed steadily on, finally reaching and landing at Mattawan, to find it, as the outlaws had previously seen, utterly deserted by every human being.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Ne-o-me contented himself with a rally of five hundred Pewanigo warriors, as Chessaning was to furnish a like number of Shiwasso braves. This joint force he deemed amply sufficient to reduce the Wakishos to a speedy submission after the destruction of Mattawan. With the number first named he had confidently set forth on the war path. Tou-e-do-ganee had brought them promptly forward to each successive resting place, and at sunset of the third day they had been gathered in their last camping ground prior to their night march and assault upon the village.

With food and two hour's respite the march was resumed, the war chief leading the advance in double line or two abreast. He stepped forward bravely, but was evidently laboring under intense excitement. Soon he passed between the crescent horns of the first ambush line of the foe. That crescent was severed by the trail passing through its center. Through that gap Tou-e-do-ganee passed and some paces beyond, without the sign of an enemy's presence.

Suddenly, like a flash of calcium light, and scarcely half an arrow's flight in front of the moving double lines, Mo-kish-e-no-quā, seated upon her fiery steed, came with a flying leap from the side, plumb into the center of that trail. With a firm check upon the bitt, the animal became stationary, whilst with a species of reed trumpet the rider gave a sharp, shrill blast. Then with another vaulting leap the trained steed vanished from view upon the opposite side.



Without awaiting a single echo of that piercing blast, the crescent ambush line was darkened by the dusky forms of warriors, rising as by magic from the earth, and pouring a concentrated well aimed arrow discharge upon that advancing band of Ne-o-me. No opportunity was afforded for any retaliatory blow. The assailants were instantly and swiftly racing to the front in lines parallel with the trail but a few rods inland.

Tou-e-do-ganee shouting to his serried lines to close up and follow, plunged madly onward in the trail, without an effort to assail the enemy by whose running braves they were flanked on either hand. He was shortly within, but suffered to pass, by the space of twenty feet, a second similar ambush line. Again that mounted Amazon came flying into the trail in their front, repeating her shrill reed blast, and vanishing as before. The advancing file of the invaders was again assaulted by a flight of arrows from a duplicated force in ambush.

Again the Pewanigo war chief shouted forth the order to charge down the trail. Mix-a-nene here whispered his brother: "This be one trap. 'Tis all him work. War chief much big traitor. We must leave 'em trail. You follow Wakishos outside on the right. Me lead 'em men on the left." Hurriedly the answer came from Ne-o-me. "'Tis wisely said," adding a moment later "as they hover down at the next ambush, we'll charge them before the signal is given by that wonderful female rider."

The scheme was forthwith acted upon, each of the brothers thus drawing aside fully one-third of the trail band. This time the blows came first from them. The Wakishos delivered a scattering return flight of arrows in part upon their assailants, and in part upon that diminished trail band. Tou-e-do-ganee still urged his

command as wildly forward, with an equal number of foes running *pari passu* with him on either flank. Mix-a-nene now fully aroused eclipsed the speed of those in his front, whilst Ne-o-me held him at an even pace.

Thus at the fourth ambush there was no signal and no volley discharge upon the band on the trail. But with its accumulated force the enemy wheeled at bay instead, delivering each upon its immediate pursuers a well aimed arrow flight. This effectually checked any further advance, throwing them into a confused recoil. Precious minutes were consumed in restoring order and closing up in serried phalanx again.

The Wakishos, however, on both sides of the trail, were instantly on the wing for their final ambush, and general assault. With them Tou-e-do-ganee was yet running evenly, but with a shattered band of only fifty followers on the trail. Suddenly like an apparition that mounted woman leaped her steed into the trail three score steps in his front, sounding again the blast of doom on that same reed trumpet.

This time the trail was blocked by an inrush of men, filling the space between the war queen and the war chief. From all sides a tempest of arrows was poured upon that devoted trail band. Then came the rush, the melee with brandished knives and whirling tomahawks. Yet ere a blow was struck, from the lips of that superb equestrienne the order came, ringing out in clear metallic tones.

"Slay the braves to a man! Capture the war chief! Hold him unharmed for further orders!"

The echoes of that clarion voice had barely subsided before the command was fully and literally executed. Among the doomed, Tou-e-do-ganee alone survived. He was now a captive with arms pinioned and a brace of

warriors each clutching an arm above the elbow. Then in the same clear, firm tones of the chieftainess came the second order, curt but imperative: "Follow me in compact lines! Bring our sole captive to the eastern hills!"

Those words were closely followed by a full but final blast of that reed trumpet. Then Mo-kish-e-no-qua turned her horse on an upland trail, there branching off eastward for the old settlement of Wakishos in the vicinity of the gorge.

As the rear of her compact, doubled files, was disappearing at a lively quick-step, Ne-o-me and Mix-a-nene with their bands, arrived at the last scene of carnage. They beheld the Wakishos retiring in prime condition upon a strange trail, and with a force double their own. They both felt that in their present plight a pursuit by them would be both hazardous and hopeless. They had already encountered actual defeat with a fearful loss. Two-fifths of their entire number were either slain, wounded, or disabled.

There was a fearful mystery hanging over that night attack away out there on that forest trail. They readily appreciated the fact that the entire series of ambuscades had been laid and conducted with consummate skill. They were quite sure that no Wakisho chief had been present to plan or fight. It was, past all question, the work of that wonderful mounted woman, glimpses of whom both had caught, as the blasts of that reed trumpet had been severally given.

In this moment of bewilderment and intense anxiety, the eye of Ne-o-me chanced to fall upon a Wakisho brave, desperately wounded, but yet struggling to raise himself to a sitting posture. Stepping to his side the chief saw that his hours were numbered, yet he ad-

dressed him soothingly: "The Wakisho shall not be further harmed. He shall be left to die in peace. But will he tell me who the woman was, riding on the swift black horse?"

An instant glow stole over that cadaverous cheek, with a proud light gleaming out from under the death film of his eye. He gaspingly uttered the words:

"Yes, me tell. She was Mo-kish-e-no-quaa. Her, daughter of our old chief. Him much weak many months. Her nurse him nights, and be our chief ruler days. She, oh! much beautiful and brave! She plan all things. Her now gone where all much safe. Your war chief her captive now. Me much glad 'tis so. Me die easy now." His head here dropped and with a gasp he expired.

To a young man of generous heart, of noble impulses, and chivalric spirit the shock given by that intelligence must have been severe. He had ignorantly been making war upon a woman, and one too, who was dividing her time in caring for an infirm and helpless father, and in watching over the welfare of that aged father's people. The ambition of Ne-o-me for conquest was merged in a feeling of humiliation and self-abasement.

Only a brief interval had elapsed, when Chessaning with his band from Mattawan arrived at the scene of carnage. It was now in the full morning dawn. Perplexed by the desertion of the village, with the knowledge of their hostile approach it would seem to indicate, Chessaning had carefully examined the suburbs. Segoquin, the deaf mute, was on the alert. He soon reported in his language of signs, that a large band of braves had departed on the southern trail. Satisfied of the fact, the chief knew it placed Ne-o-me in jeopardy.

With his apprehensions thus aroused came a suspicion that the enemy had acted upon advices from the treacherous war chief. He rallied his band and hastened to the rescue up that trail. Upon his arrival he was soon informed of all that had occurred. Like Ne-o-me his cheek and brow were suffused with a blush of shame for their having thus levied war upon a woman. They were agreed that the thing must proceed no further; that an ample apology should be seasonably tendered for their invasion; and that their joint forces should be forthwith withdrawn.

As Chessaning had abundance of canoe room for both bands, they resolved to return together by water to the junction of their respective rivers. Leaving their united bands to bury the dead of that running fight and to bring forward the disabled, the two chiefs, each with a half-dozen braves, took the trail for Mattawan. There they found the foster mother of Ou-wan-a-ma-che. She had reached the place after the departure of the Shi-wasso force up the southern trail. The chiefs were inexpressibly excited and shocked by her news.

Segoquin, the deaf mute, was more demonstrative than the others in his heartfelt grief. By signs he excitedly enquired of his mother about the course taken by the outlaws and to what spot she had surely traced them. Then with his mute, touching, pleading eloquence of eye and sign, whilst facing the chiefs, he pointed to the canoes, and then up the current of the Wakishegan. Their own thoughts had already taken the same direction.

Each chief selected two braves to remain with the old nurse; to direct in the immediate embarkation of their bands jointly, for home, and taking special care of the old nurse, to accompany her to Omagansee.

Next selecting each four warriors, they were ordered to make choice of two large war canoes; to place on board a full supply of provisions for a week; and to be ready for a start at the earliest possible moment. Within twenty minutes they were under good headway upstream, each with four prime working paddles.

## CHAPTER IX.

Segoquen, curled upon the bow of the canoe of Chessaning, watched with his keen restless eye covering every object, large or small, on both shore or water. One hour of steady headway had elapsed, with no clue gained or discovery made. Then like a flash of light the mute threw himself forward. Hanging by his knees and one hand to the bow stem, but projecting his head and remaining hand low down to the water, he clutched a twig with thickly clustered leaves, floating on the current. By a jerk he righted himself on his bow perch again.

His eye was momentarily fastened on his prize. Then with features aglow and flashing, joyous glance at his chief, he pointed to the compact cluster of leaves, saying by signs: "She sent it!" Chessaning grasped the twig, but found fastened to the stem among the green leaves a bow of pink ribbon, bearing a small breast pin, set with an emerald gem. With a glad cry of recognition the chief held up the token to Ne-o-me, then running his canoe close abreast.

The latter, with a joyous shout and a springing leap, landing in the canoe of Chessaning, seized that prize. Ou-wan-a-ma-che had worn both pin and ribbon bow at the last interview of the three. The gaze of the Pewanigo chief fairly devoured the trifle. Next he raised to his lips, and finally thrust it into his bosom remarking: "'Twas hers; 'tis now mine, to keep or return, as Ou-wan-a-ma-che shall decide." Thus saying







*CHES-A-NING.*

he sprang lightly back to his own canoe. Chassaning had suspected this growing, ardent passion of Ne-o-me, but this was the first open avowal.

Even the braves, animated by the certainty of being on the right trail, bent themselves with increased vigor over their paddles. Hour after hour now passed, of steady progress indeed, but without any fresh discovery. Finally they ran bow on the shore, landed, made a meal of their prepared food, indulged in a two hours rest, and were again aboard and pressing lustily upstream.

Eventually they came nearly abreast of the mouth of that gorge affluent. The eye of Segoquen now fastened upon another object floating on the current of the latter stream. It proved to be a bit of bark, with a small piece of figured calico fastened to the top. The chiefs and the mute all recognized this token as a fragment of a loose tunic sometimes worn by the maiden.

All were fully satisfied that in the gorge they would surely find the place of her captivity. It was on the south side of the main stream, and the course of the defile came trending in from the direction of the sun, then on the meridian. They concluded to enter on a careful personal reconnoissance. For that purpose they would first drop one hundred rods down the main stream. There they would land, conceal their canoes, and leave the braves on sentinel duty. The two chiefs and mute would first explore the hither or western bank of the yawning chasm.

At the conclusion of the sharp and bloody encounter on the trail south of Mattawan, we left Mo-kish-e-no-qua leading her warrior band, with their captive Tou-e-doganee, out on the eastern upland trail. As we have related, she had previously despatched all her people and

moveables by canoe up the river, to a secluded dell in the vicinity of the gorge, but a mile inland from the south bank of the main river.

The trail she was now traversing led in the same direction and terminated in the same dell, where a small hamlet of Wakishos had been long maintained. She felt fully assured that with the sharp reception she had given the band of Ne-o-me, he would never hazard its repetition by a lengthened pursuit to her chosen retreat. She left a brace of scouts to watch the trail behind.

In fact she believed that the war was virtually ended. The enemy might, in a rage at the discomfiture they had experienced, burn the deserted lodges and wigwams of Mattawan, but would then return by the river, home. Thus reasoning she advanced along the trail with a tranquil feeling of security. Without misadventure and in due time, the journey was accomplished, and her people were re-united in the pleasant dell.

Those scouts, by her thus left behind, after waiting in vain for the approach of the foe finally pushed westward to the scene of the last conflict. They were only in time to discover the vanishing rear of the enemy's band on its way to Mattawan. Warily they followed to a point whence the village lay like a map before them. They only staid long enough to witness what to their savage minds, presented a curious freak. They saw the joint bands embark and depart down the Wakishegan, leaving Mattawan intact from violence or fire.

Being expert runners they returned back on the trail arriving with their report at the dell, but a few hours behind the main war party. Mo-kish-e-no-quā was prepared for their news, all except the escape of her favorite village from a fiery ordeal. Her attention was next directed to other matters. Thus far she had kept her

prisoner under the strictest surveillance. She had not condescended to recognize him thus far by word or look even. Upon this footing were the relations of these parties, when a few hours after their journey ceased the captive war chief sent to her by the mouth of his keeper, a petition craving an interview.

Accompanied by her two advisers the maiden promptly repaired to the wigwam where her captive was confined. Entering with queenly step she enquired: "For what purpose have I been invited hither?" Tou-e-do-ganee was by no means deficient in either finesse or assurance. He replied: "In the happy enjoyment of your signal triumph over the Pewanigo chief, I thought it a fitting time to ask for my own liberation."

"What reason have you for supposing that such a request would be granted by me?" she demanded.

"The best in the world," he responded. "I gave you timely warning of the invasion. I led your enemy purposely into your successive traps, to give you the victory."

To this Mo-kish-e-no-quā scornfully rejoined:

"The reasons you assign will avail you nothing with me. I had knowledge of the invasion before you officiously sent me word. You would never claim either merit or reward for your treasonable tricks in that fight if you realize how thoroughly then, as now, I did and do despise and loathe a traitor. I spared you then to punish you afterwards." Thus saying and turning to her advisers they left the wigwam together.

The maiden next bethought herself of the brace of lone and anxious persons whom she had directed for safety to the grotto. She resolved to visit them forthwith, intending to offer them a present asylum in the dell. She felt a lively sympathy with and for them in

their sincere and ardent, although misguided affection for each other. A trail led direct to the junction of the two rivers, where a small canoe was kept for use in the chasm.

Mo-kish-e-no-quā had laid aside her war costume, but always wore a knife in her girdle. Taking her bow with a few arrows, she now tripped lightly up the trail for the grotto. Finding the canoe in its place of concealment, she launched it and skipping in entered the chasm stream, threading her way up to the grotto. The inmates had stretched a blanket across the entrance a little within the jaws. Securing her canoe she sprang to the rocky platform and raising the curtain stepped within.

At the inner extremity a torch was burning upon a ragged projection of the wall. Near by it the two females were seated, whilst the three males were all lounging not far distant. As the eye of their interviewer swept the circuit, and finally fastened on the group she recognized the pair previously sent there by her, as well as the brace of outlaws. The presence of the latter in that retreat aroused her indignation. Notching an arrow on the string and raising her bow she sternly addressed them.

"Move not at your peril. Kassegans with Men-a-cum-se-quā I expected to find here. The strange maiden reveals in every look that she is here by constraint. But as for you two vagabonds; by what right have you converted my grotto into a den of thieves?"

"Begging your pardon," replied the white renegade: "We occupy by right of discovery made long since. We are now here for shelter and for safety." He was sternly interrupted by her next pointed inquiry:

"Who then is this maiden, and who brought her here?"

The same outlaw again answered: "She is a Shi-wasso, the sister of the chief Chessaning. He is now making war on you. We brought her here a captive from her home." With a look of loathing on her speaking countenance, Mo-kish-e-no-quah broke in: "Oh! you are women stealers then, as well as thieving miscreants generally." Then with a hard steel glitter of her eye, whilst her frame seemed restrung with a cord tension, she added: "Tell me why I should not slay you here and now?"

The pale-face outlaw hurriedly replied: "Because we have done you no wrong. By our act you may benefit, for it will draw Chessaning from the war for our pursuit, and her recovery. Besides we work for another who is your friend. We have not misused the maiden beyond her captivity and forcible abduction."

To the last answer of the renegade she rejoined: "And so you are professional thieves and kidnappers. You steal women for hire? I am not your debtor for any help. I thank you not for officiously intermeddling with my affairs, especially in my management of the war. But who is this precious friend of mine, whose dirty work you are so ready to perform?"

With some assurance the outlaw rejoined: "Tou-e-do-ganee, the war chief of the Pewanigos." With heightened color and scintillating eye she responded:

"Ha! Light comes of your statements and admission. Tell me then why the Pewanigo war chief should seek to befriend me?"

"The answer is not difficult," the desperado replied. "He loves this maiden. She despises him. Chessaning despises him too. So he steal her. Chessaning want Ne-o-me to give him this other woman for his wife. Tou-e-do-ganee oppose. Hard words and then hate

come between them. War chief also hates Ne-o-me. He wants his place. Tries hard to undermine him. Wanted you to beat him in the fight, to ruin chief with the Pewanigos."

"That will do. Now that my questions are answered, I make no more talk with the vile tools of such a knavish traitor. But I will now," said the maiden, "tell a few things. Tou-e-do-ganee is my captive, taken in that fight on the trail. The Shiwasso and Pewanigo bands have returned home. The war is ended; your game is also played to its close; you are now in my power. This much-abused maiden with the other pair are under my protection; you will not be likely to repeat such an outrage soon. Nay! cease fondling those knife handles! Stir not, or I slay you instantly! You are caged at last!"

## CHAPTER X.

“Kassegans will now pinion your arms securely. On your showing the least resistance I will plant an arrow in each of your black hearts. Well done, Kassegans. Now lash their ankles firmly. Take away their weapons. Now all seems safe. When I come again it will be to remove you all to my camp.”

Thus saying and stepping lightly forward, Mo-kish-e-no-qua, lovingly embraced each of those maidens in turn. Lingered over Ou-wan-a-ma-che, she spoke in low gentle tones, “I see that you are beautiful ; I know that you are true. ~~Let~~ us love each other whatever betide our fortunes.”

The latter replied in her own flute-like tones, as she clung with her arms still closely wound about the neck of her deliverer, “We surely ought to have been sooner acquainted. Henceforth we will be sisters in esteem and true affection.” With a strange inclination of the head to the three, their visitor left the grotto, and entering her canoe drifted down to the mouth of the stream. Placing the craft in its hiding place, she stepped out on her homeward path in her own peculiar gait and with elastic tread.

She was freshly and tastefully clad in her native costume. She wore a wreath of intervined flowers and green leaves, fitting closely about her shapely head. The hair was thus confined in place, but back of the ears the luxuriant tresses flowed in rich volume over the shoulders and below the waist. She wore a nicely



fitting calico sacque with sleeves. An ornamented girdle encircled the sacque about her slender waist.

Underneath and below was a full but short skirt of broad cloth, with leggings to match, having a heavy fringe inwrought with bead work on the exterior sides and gathered closely in a band at the ankles. Her feet were encased in small close-fitting moccasins, richly set off with fancy colored quill and bead work.

At the moment of her leaving the canoe, Chessaning in his critical survey of the gorge had crept down near the landing. There the mute, farther up the bank, telegraphed him by signs that some person was descending the chasm stream, carefully screened from view the chief watched the movements of the graceful forest maiden as she landed and made ready for a start. In belting frock with collar loosely turned down from the neck; with silver circlet and solitary drooping eagle's quill on his shapely head, and with trim leggings and closely-fitting moccasins, he too, seemed purposely clad for a race.

Waiting until she was a short distance from the landing, with a few flying leaps he struck the trail, within ten rods of the already fleeing maiden, bearing in her direction he was in instant full pursuit. That exciting race was witnessed by two other persons having an interest almost equally absorbing with that of the actors. Ne-o-me and Se-go-uen from their greater elevation, had a clear view of the line of that trail.

That race was between parties celebrated for univalled fleetness in their respective tribal bands. On the part of the maiden the effort was to escape from imminent, perchance from deadly peril. With the other the effort was to secure intelligence vital to him as life itself. It was the hope of his thus obtaining that

knowledge which created the lively interest of those spectators in the issue of that spirited race.

When both with unfettered movement and at their topmost speed had run over the space of a full arrow's flight, or forty rods, the final result was no longer doubtful. The distance between them at starting had been lessened by fully one-half. Perceiving this the maiden tried her best for a few breaths more.

To an artistic beholder that sight would have proved truly beautiful. It was in fact far more. It was purely classical. For, not all the discipline and rigid training of ancient schools for racing at the olympic games, could have turned out better specimens of physical perfection, of graceful movement, bearing, and general attitude, of steady bird-like sailing of head and trunk to the hips, or of quick, supple, agile motion of the nether limbs and feet.

In the last short stretch, the maiden saw that she had lost still more ground. Halting abruptly and facing about, her arrow was instantly fitted and her bow was raised. Chessaning came to an equally sudden halt. He stood perfectly quiet, presenting a full chest exposure, but with falcon eye fairly glued to her movements.

He purposely gave her a certain aim within that easy narrow range. With feelings of anger at the chase, and of chagrin at her defeat in the race, the moment was all too wild for thought. The maiden improved her chance sending the missile true to its aim. But during its swift transit, the wily chief, already six feet to the right, was bounding towards her with flying leaps. Abandoning both flight and offensive attacks she dropped her bow and stood there composedly erect, with her eye upon the pursuer, and her right hand on the haft of her girdle-knife.

Halting a few feet in front of her the young chief stood also erect, with extended hand and open palm, as he addressed to her the words:

"Fear not, lovely forest queen, I seek not to injure you by word or deed." She eagerly enquired: "Why then have you thus pursued me with the speed of the wind? And I will ask further, for I am most curious to learn, who you are thus fairly outstripping her whom men have styled 'the fawn of the hills,' and evading with ease the arrow's flight?"

"Most willingly will I answer all questions thus musically put," he replied. "I am Chessaning, chief of the Shiwassos. I am sometimes, on account of my fleetness, called 'the Antelope.' I pursued you in quest of intelligence dearer to me than life, and which I felt sure that you could impart." Again she interrupted him by the inquiry:

"Why should Mo-kish-e-no-quā be called upon to give information to Chessaning, who makes war upon her and upon her people?"

"It was the greatest mistake of my life," said he, "and if you are the actual ruler of the Wakishos, owing to the infirmity of the chief, your father, as I now believe, I make this early and most earnest apology for a great but unintentional wrong I have been led to commit against you and your sex generally. I was in utter ignorance of the illness of the chief, your father, or that his public duties were being discharged by you, his daughter, when I embarked as an ally in this war.

"I have only further to state, that I am incapable of the abasement of intentionally making war upon a woman. As evidence of the fact I sent my braves home from the war path the moment I learned the true

state of the case." There was a marked change of tone and manner in the maiden's response.

"The apology was sorely needed. But being thus frankly tendered, as I am inclined to believe ingenuously and truthfully too, it melts away the frost that for days had been chilling my spirit. But wherefore then have you pursued me away up to this my retreat?"

"I am searching for a beloved sister," he answered, "who during my brief absence from home in this unfortunate war, was kidnapped by a couple of ruffians and brought, as we are satisfied, to this vicinity. Seeing you come from the gorge in which we believe her concealed in captive bonds, I pursued you with the wild hope that you knew and would tell me how I might rescue her."

"But how was I to know," she a little mischievously enquired, "that you were not prowling about to capture and forcibly abduct, or marry that other maiden, for whom you were ready to make war upon those who never harmed you or yours?"

"Nay," said Chessaning, now coloring vividly with embarrassment and shame, "with that woman I have no desire to continue my acquaintance, I willingly yield her up to him upon whom her affections are evidently centered. I had then no suspicion of the fact. She has bewitching ways. I was fascinated, really dazzled by her wit and personal charms. But I now know that my fancy for her was not true love. I am only too grateful that we have both escaped, as towards each other heart whole."

"The Shiwasso chief will accept my thanks for the confidence he seemingly reposes in me. This noble candor exhibits true greatness of soul. Your frank re-

nunciation of her does you infinite credit. But I had no intention of prying into your love passages," she remarked by way of apology whilst coloring with embarrassment ;

"I blame you not," he warmly rejoined. "The wound you may think too suddenly healed. My own explanation is this, that my fancy and not my heart was captivated." To this the maiden responded in a pleased tone and with an animated glow on cheek and brow :

"I profess no skill in matters of the heart, yet I accepted your distinction between fascination and love as wisely taken. All your sentiments have given me profound satisfaction. At all events I have lost my resentment against you, even for having beaten in our late race. Now that you may continue to think highly of my knowledge, I will, before bidding you adieu, state that both your sister and your old fancy flame are safe under my protection. I will also state that Tou-e-doganee, the arch plotter, with those tools of his who stole your sister, I have now in bonds. In two hours I will return to deliver Ou-wan-a-ma-che into your hands. Thus saying, with a courteous adieu, she departed.

With great impatience Ne-o-me and Se-go-quen had awaited the close of that interview. Seeing the chief now returning down the trail they hastened to meet him. In their walk to the landing Chessaning rehearsed to them the substance of what had passed between him and the maiden. He next informed the mute by signs of the safety of her whom they sought, and gave him the assurance of his soon seeing her. He then despatched him for the braves below, with orders to bring the canoes up to that landing without delay.

Punctual to her engagement Mo-kish-e-no-quā returned to them accompanied by her two war leaders. Ne-o-me

was then introduced to her by Chessaning. Taking one of their war canoes, she with her attendants forthwith ascended the chasm stream. They shortly returned with the two maidens and the trader Kassegans.

Brother and sister met in a warm embrace, with the mute dancing in ecstasy around them. Ne-o-me next approached and the meeting between him and the maiden brought the warm blood richly mantling over her cheek and brow, although outwardly it was confined to a friendly clasp and a hearty shake of their hands. Then came the turn of Se-go-uen with the Shiwasso braves, for each of whom Ou-wan-a-ma-che had a kindly word of greeting. Over their great happiness Mo-kish-e-no-qua was deeply moved even to tears.

Then Ne-o-me approached the latter making her a manly and ample apology for the mistake of the war he had ignorantly waged against her. Then with womanly wit and tact, she promised to forgive and forget if he would do the same by Men-a-cum-se-qua and Kassegans. Ne-o-me turned loftily away saying: "He had forgotten that any such persons lived. That to him they were dead."

Chessaning seeing that the hearts of the Wakisho maiden and his sister were craving for that reconciliation, himself paved the way. Stepping forward he frankly gave his hand to Kassegans. Then turning with perfect composure he took the hand of Men-a-cum-se-qua saying: "I surrender all claims to the possession of your hand or heart. There has been no love between us, but in the future let there be peace and good will." Her grateful thanks were eloquently expressed by smiles and tears.

Ou-wan-a-ma-che then taking a step towards the Pewanigo chief addressed him in tender pleading tones:

"Ne-o-me has no heart of stone. He cannot forget his once darling sister. 'Twas her fate and not her crime to love the pale-face. She loves you tenderly still. Let her go out from among her people with the assurance that she still shares a brother's love."

The pride of the chief was vanquished. His answer came with a smile. "The wish of Ou-wan-a-mache is law to Ne-o-me." With the word, turning towards the repudiated one, brother and sister were folded in a cordial embrace. At this point Mo-kish-e-no-quā again addressed them: "For thus restoring to you brothers your sisters again I have a boon to crave. Leave me to deal with Tou-e-do-ganee and the outlaws." "No!" broke forth the fiery voice of Chessaning. "I must have the latter to punish." "And I must have the former," added Ne-o-me. At that moment a fierce gleam was darkly shooting athwart the noble features of each.

"Nay!" replied the Wakisho maiden, first turning to Chessaning. "The lofty spirit of the Shiwasso chief can never stoop to revenge himself on those miserable tools; besides, to their abortive attempt to injure, we are all indebted for the luxury of this hour." Chessaning gallantly bowing to the maiden responded: "I yield implicitly to the force of your last suggestion."

Then Mo-kish-e-no-quā turned to the Pewanigo chief, whose countenance betokened an unyielding purpose. There was now a tinge of severity in both tone and manner as she spoke: "Is Ne-o-me the person to take vengeance on Tou-e-do-ganee for being the victim of an inordinate ambition? Will not Ne-o-me remember that this same proclivity may be a taint of family blood, which without timely check, might have wrought out for me and mine, deep wrong and lasting injury?"

The rebuke, like a keen blade, pierced to the very soul; but in view of the magnanimity so notably displayed by that superb young woman, both pride and resentment were powerless. Bowing with quiet dignity the Pewanigo chief replied:

"I yield to the point. The rebuke though severe, was merited. Ne-o-me will try to correct his own fault, whilst he leaves his war chief in hands more just."



## CHAPTER XI.

Mo-kish-e-no-quā adroitly changed the current of the conversation by pleasantly remarking that she must be again their debtor by a loan of their canoe for another brief trip. With it she despatched her two braves to the grotto to bring down the two outlaws. In their absence it was arranged by the remaining group that Kassegans and Men-a-cum-se-quā should remain her guests until their final departure for Hamtramck, where, unless recalled, they would continue to reside.

The outlaws being brought down and landed, she ordered the fetters to be removed from their ankles, and sent them under the escort of the two braves to her camp. Then tendering to Ou-wan-a-ma-che and the two chiefs an invitation to visit her soon at Mat-tawan she bade them adieu, as they were preparing to embark with the mute and their braves. Then with the pale-face and his betrothed she returned to her people and temporary home.

There, under the influence of a new-born passion, softening all her feelings, and nestling away down in her heart, but as yet an unacknowledged guest, her proposed punishment for the outlaws was modified from 'branding and cropping,' to running the gauntlet and banishment. By the customary aboriginal method, running the gauntlet was a very serious matter for the prisoner, one in fact where death frequently occurred during the ordeal.

But under the direction and plastic guidance, whips

in the hands of braves were substituted for war clubs. The arrangement was simple, and the outlay of time and trouble but trifling. One hundred braves were marshalled in two parallel lines of fifty on a side, with a space of eight feet between, those lines extending twenty rods in length.

Instead of clubs with which to belabor their victims, they were each supplied with a rod of birch, beech, or hazel three feet in length, with the tip end severed when the rod was of the size of an ordinary pipe stem. Those prisoners were to run side by side between the files of men, receiving such blows as they were able to inflict as the runners passed the station of each.

At the appointed hour the men were stationed and the renegades brought out to the head of the lines stripped of all clothing down to the hips. Tou-e-dogancee was also led out to witness the punishment. Mo-kish-e-no-qua then appearing, publicly pronounced the sentence for their crime. They were to run that defile subject to the falling shower of blows. They were then forthwith to flee the region of that river for all coming time. If found therein after forty days any brave might lawfully slay them.

The signal being given the outlaws started, running their race of twenty rods well, considering the unmerciful flogging to which they were subjected. No brave in the lines missed his chance for a cutting blow scored in with a will. Every square inch of head, shoulders, arms and back was empurpled with wales, or cut and bleeding. The native ran silent in his suffering. The pale face went yelling and cursing. Their flight ceased not with the blows. Right on they fled until far distant from that scene of pain and ignominy.

Without one word of comment from the maiden, or

any hint of what was in reserve for himself, Tou-e-do-ganee, was ordered to be remanded to his place of confinement. There he was left through that night a prey to keen agony of spirit, induced by a clear perception of the enormity of his own misdeeds. Through the punishment of these miscreants his own crimes were unveiled. The abduction, the treason, the murder of over two hundred men back on the trail, all stared him in the face, as the fruits of his own insane ambition.

The next morning Mo-kish-e-no-quaa, with her two chief advisers, paid the war chief a visit. She found him subdued in spirit, and filled with remorse for his conduct. He freely acknowledged the justice of the punishment he had witnessed, and as frankly admitted that his own more heinous offenses were worthy of death. After these avowals, the maiden suddenly put to him the question, "Could he abandon all his ambitious schemes henceforth?" The response came instantly and earnestly, "Utterly and forever."

Her next startling inquiry was, "Would he join the Wakishos, and serve them faithfully?"

His reply was emphatic: "Most willingly and for life!"

"I will accept and act upon your pledge," she now cheerfully responded. The colloquy being thus terminated, she directed his fetters to be removed, and then led him into the assemblage of her entire people.

There she announced her own resolve to retire from the duties of ruling over the tribe. She stated that her father had that morning abdicated his chieftainship, and that until an election could be duly held, she would earnestly recommend the appointment of Tou-e-do-ganee as their war chief. She further stated that she would unhesitatingly vouch for his ability and fidelity.

So highly esteemed was Mo-kish-e-no-quā, by her people; so admirable had been her administration of their affairs; and so perfect was their confidence in her forecast and judgment that her nomination was ratified by acclamation. To the war chief, this transition from captivity to honorable rank was like a dream. But with purer aspirations he applied himself assiduously to his duties, and the task of meriting the trust so unexpectedly confided to him.

Under his energetic measures, Mattawan was speedily re-occupied by its former denizens, and the general affairs of the tribe were restored to their usual prosperous condition. Kassegans and Men-a-cum-se-quā were united in marriage by the customary aboriginal ceremonies on the day succeeding their release from the grotto. In the course of a few days thereafter they accomplished their long trip to Hamtramck, where they dwelt many years, leaving descendants of two generations surviving them.

The return of the two young chiefs to their several villages of Muscatawing and Omagansee, was a joyful occasion to their respective bands. The failure of Ne-o-me in his warlike expedition, brought no cloud upon his popularity. It was imputed to some fault on the part of the war chief, but the Pewanigos as a people were never made acquainted with the extent of his treachery. Ne-o-me and Chessaning were content that he should fill a position for which he was indebted to the magnanimity of Mo-kish-e-no-quā.

Mix-a-nene was soon after made war chief of his tribe, and in their increasing prosperity the disastrous loss of their braves in that Wakisho raid was speedily forgotten. Many years later, but in the lifetime of Ne-ome, Mixanene, brave and valiant, was slain in battle whilst making gallant fight in one of the numerous tribal wars of the Saginaw Basin.

Dating from the period of that expedition to the Wakishegan, the Pewanigo chief became a frequent visitor to the lodge of Chessaning at Omagansee. To his customary enquiry for the Shiwasso chief, he was quite resigned to the usual reply of the blushing Ou-wan-a-ma-che, that she supposed him to be over at Mattawan on a visit to Mo-kish-e-no-quā. In fact, the latter, having purposely liberated herself from all public cares, was nothing loth to devote herself to the entertainment of the agreeable visitant.

This ardent wooing by those two comely young chiefs was in a short time consummated by a double marriage, followed by the removal of the blooming brides to their respective new homes. Ou-wan-a-ma-che was duly installed as mistress in the lodge of Ne-o-me, whilst Mo-kish-e-no-quā presided over the lodge of Chessaning at Omagansee.

The old foster mother, still clinging to the fortunes of Ou-wan-a-ma-che, proved to her for many a year a loving and a beloved attachee. The deaf mute, Se-go-quen, was equally devoted to Chessaning, rendering him most efficient service, and becoming himself famous as a scout upon trail and war path.

Tou-e-do-ganee, after a brief, but meritorious service as war chief, succeeded to the chieftainship of the Wakisho band on the Wakishegan, where he continued to rule for many years. At the same time his cotemporaries, Ne-o-me on the Peonigowink, and Chessaning on the Shiawasse, maintained respectively their princely rule, even after the cession of their principal territorial domains to the Federal Government under the treaty negotiated by Gen. Lewis Cass, in 1819.





*RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.*

ALICE AND EFFIE;  
OR,  
THE CAPTIVE WHITE MAIDENS OF THE  
HURON RIVER.





# ALICE AND EFFIE;

OR,

## THE CAPTIVE WHITE MAIDENS OF THE HURON RIVER.

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### CHAPTER I.

It is an interesting fact in the topography of the lower peninsula of Michigan, that the western branch of the Huron and Kalamazoo rivers, having their sources only a few miles asunder, should yet trend away in opposite directions, east and west. Taking their rise in the summit lakes and marshes of Jackson county, the former discharges its waters into Lake Erie, and the latter into Lake Michigan.

As the nomadic tribes inhabiting the region were wont to follow the water courses, in their lines of travel and transit, an early and much frequented trail was established across the peninsula, taking the main direction of the rivers above named. The trail did not pursue a direct line, neither did it follow many sinuosities of the streams.

But keeping the water line in view, at intervals, it meandered from headland to headland of the northern banks. It also made frequent detours to avoid sunken or marshy places, or to attain more eligible crossings of streams, chasms, or ravines.

Upon its lengthened line were numerous aboriginal settlements consisting of clustered lodges, or wigwams, where many families were often grouped. These local communities were ordinarily under some species of municipal control, by a resident petty chief of the tribe.

One of the more important of these settlements of Ottawas of the Kalamazoo river, in the middle section of its valley range, was at the junction of the Battle Creek with the main river. At this point the chief trail branched in its westerly route. One fork ran down the river margin to a center of trails at Kalamazoo, whilst the principal through line, led a point north of west, across Gull Prairie down upon Gunplains, running thence over the intervening uplands to the Big Horse-Shoe river bend at Allegan.

At the Battle Creek junction above referred to, the region in its natural forest state, was sufficiently diversified to be picturesque. It possessed at the same time frequent vistas and limited views of rare loveliness. The main river, with its rich alluvion bottoms and low banks, whilst pursuing its westerly course, gracefully curves up, as if to embrace while meeting its northern affluent.

The latter with full volume and more rapid current, sweeps down around its bold and somewhat elevated westerly and then northerly shore line. Within the last sixty rods of its course it curves south again to its confluence with the Kalamazoo.

Close at hand in some directions, and far away in others, rising slopes, undulating swells and low-browed hills, were crested with forest trees. Everywhere, at the proper season, the landscape was draped in a bright mantle of verdure. There were luxuriant grasses in the alluvion, with herbage and plants and flowering shrubs on the plains and hillsides; whilst myriads of

pendent leaves on bough and branch of towering forest trunks would flutter and sigh in the fitful breeze.

Then if we imagine the whole bathed in the warm golden sunbeams, or in the alternations of light and shade from swift drifting clouds, we have a picture of graceful adornment. But when the inspiration of art and inventive genius, or of the grand and sublime in nature, reaches far down, stirring the inmost soul, the deep swell of emotional thought life is ever voiceless; so in landscape beauty, everything within the compass of our vision is shaped and tinted, modelled and colored with such skill and transcendent loveliness, that language has not the power; word pictures can never accurately delineate our visual perceptions of things grand and beautiful, always and ever filling us with delight, and thrilling the inner being with blissful emotions.

At the era of 1807, the native settlement at Battle Creek was grouped upon the elevated plateau west and north of the smaller stream. About an hour before sunset of a warm day in June of that year, two men entered that settlement on the eastern side. These wayfarers were white men, both in the flush of early manhood. They were severally of medium size, possessing well knit, sinewy frames, giving promise of both strength and activity.

They were evidently intelligent; seemingly also endowed with the requisite courage and enterprise for border life. There was, however, a marked difference in their personal appearance. In complexion the one was dark, with hair and eyes to match. His nose was prominent and slightly aquiline in type. The other had the fair ruddy complexion, the light hair and blue eyes, with the straight nose of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Fording the stream, and ascending the steep bank to

the upper level, they there came face to face with a stalwart native Ottawa. Of him the dark-browed youth enquired for his chief, using the English tongue. The wily savage answered the question by proposing another: "What for you want chief?"

"We wish to see him on important business," courteously, but somewhat curtly answered the stranger.

"Before me tell, you must tell me three things—who you are; where you come from; and what your business is?" calmly replied the native.

"That is what we came here to tell your chief," interposed the blue-eyed youth with some asperity of manner.

"No harm to tell 'em twice; sure then to get 'em right," rejoined the Ottawa, with the same quiet composure.

The dark-haired youth here turned to the other saying: "Easy and steady, Will! Heat now will only delay the news we so much need. I think the readiest way is to tell him all."

"Do as you like, Sam," replied the other. "But I would like to throttle the impudent red-skin."

Jim, as his companion had called him, turned to the brave again and courteously said, "We are in haste, but I will briefly state what you desire. We are white settlers living over east on the Huron river. We live with our parents. We came from there since dawn this morning. We each had a sister, both women grown, and also living with their parents. Last evening they went out together for a moonlight ramble. They did not return. We searched for them till dawn."

"Then we found where they had been. We saw marks of a struggle there. Saw moccasin tracks of men. Then found near by where horses had been hitched. We fol-

lowed the moccasin tracks there. They were all gone—sisters, men and horses. We flew home, seized our rifles, saddled and mounted our horses, and are here. We pursued the tracks of those horses on the trail all the way to within a dozen rods of this stream behind us. Now we want your chief to return to us those young women, and punish the villains who kidnapped and brought them here.”

“Aye! and we’ll make him do it, too! or we’ll burn up his dingy town,” added the impetuous Will.

“You are a boy too much! No business on trail now. No curb to hot temper. Good pluck me ’spect. Mebbe make a man some day,” responded the native. Then turning to Jim he said, “Your story looks straight. Me ’bieve you mean tell ’em truth. But you be wrong ’bout tracks to this place. Me is chief here; me know where all braves are; me know, too, where all our horses are; me keep ’em down on this low point you see between the waters. None have been used for three days.”

“Now you must show me the tracks you followed. Ride horses back over the stream. They much hungry; can feed with mine.” At a signal one of his braves now joined them. They all descended the bank together. The pale-faces rode across whilst the natives passed in a canoe. Dismounting, Jim and Will turned over their animals to the brave, who led them a short distance down the south bank of the stream to a corral fence. This enclosed the tongue of land between the creek and river. There he turned the two within the enclosure.

The chief and young men walked out east a dozen rods on the trail. There rod after rod further on they traced the tracks of five horses evidently approach-

ing the village. Two of them were the tracks of full-sized English roadsters, but the other three were manifestly the tracks of ordinary native ponies.

There had been a smart shower on the previous afternoon, and the tracks had been made since the rain had fallen. The young men in approaching had carefully ridden on the skirts of the trail so as not to obliterate those incoming tracks.

There had been a lapse of a few minutes only when the brave returning from corraling the horses of the men, reported to the chief that two of his best animals were missing from their enclosure. The chief seemed sadly puzzled for a few moments, then turning to his follower he said, "White Ferret much keen on trail. Him take these tracks. See where 'em go."

As White Ferret started, bending to his work, the chief remarked to the young men: "Pale-faces much smart, quick to see, and think straight. All is much plain to me now. White squaws have gone this way. Them interlopin' thieves what stole 'em, dont belong to Ottawas. They steal my horses too. Want 'em for pale-faces to ride on. Me must know one thing. Did 'em run off with young men, cause their fathers look dark on them in wigwam?"

An indignant crimson flush suffused the faces of the young men for a moment, to be instantly succeeded however, by a look of trusting confidence and abiding faith as they replied: "Our sisters would never stoop to an elopement. They had no lovers under a cloud, who would be guilty of this outrageous abduction." " 'Tis enough," the chief rejoined. "Them carried off by sneakin' outlaws, for much bad fate. We will all track 'em up. Meb'be git 'em back.

"But we must go much crafty, and big wise. Great

chief Wakazoo now in Kalamazoo. Him have there too, his three famous scouts. Me send to him right away for help. Them come to-morrer sure. We eat then, and plan and sleep."

White Ferret fully instructed and well mounted on a fleet horse was speedily galloping down the Kalamazoo trail, to acquaint Wakazoo with the facts and to urge their need of help. The scouts, Dead Shot, Mishawaha and Lynx Eye, were promptly despatched by the old chief to aid the local chief, Tekonsha, and the pale-face strangers.



## CHAPTER II.

At an hour's sun of the next morning White Ferret reached Battle Creek again, accompanied by the trio of scouts on the favorite steeds trained for trail and war path. After a hasty repast and a brief interview with Tekonsha, Jim and Will, the entire group visited the tracks eastward on the trail. These underwent a rigid scrutiny, being finally followed to near the corral enclosure. All, except the native scout, Lynx Eye, passed through an opening in the fence and resumed their search beyond.

Lynx Eye, classed as a dwarf, owing to the unnatural shortness of his stumpy legs, contrasted with his long spare arms and hands, selected his own field of research. He turned down the east side of the corral hedge, where on hands and knees, working right and left, he critically examined the ground under the matted grass and herbage. His face presently lighted up with a glow, and his keen eye glittered with conscious triumph.

Rising up suddenly erect, he departed south for the river bank. There, on renewing his search, he was equally successful. Again rising, but with eye glued to the earth, he nimbly walked up the north branch of the river for a distance of forty rods. There he came to the mouth of a rivulet.

On its sandy narrow beach he clearly traced the tracks of two large and five small horses. They were headed out on a low sand bar, as though aiming to

swim the river. Moccasin tracks were also distinctly impressed upon the moist sand, indicating a dismount to make their preparations for crossing over. Our scout there discovered and appropriated two small articles, by him found lying there. Doubtless they had been dropped in the hurry of flight.

Adroitly concealing the waifs beneath his garments, the dwarf returned to the entrance of the enclosure. There the residue of the party stood grouped already. They had failed of making any fresh discovery beyond the loss of the two choice horses. Somewhat surprised and annoyed at their failure, Dead Shot and wife having noticed the absence of Lynx Eye from the enclosure, now glanced abroad in quest of his person elsewhere.

Dead Shot was remarking to Tekonsha that they must search in a larger circle, when they beheld the dwarf leisurely approaching with impassive face. Mishawaha, being ever a shrewd observer, whispered her husband that Lynx Eye had news. Dead Shot looked incredulous, but she insisted that she knew it by his walk, notwithstanding his present leaden face.

The chief, White Ferret and the two young men were all despondent, the latter two being almost distraught with grief. Perceiving this, Dead Shot turned brusquely to the approaching scout saying: "Well, Lynx Eye, what is it?" This was spoken in a peremptory tone, which the other well knew meant business. The answer came promptly and somewhat proudly.

"Me found 'em trail; me see where horses swim the river; count 'em horse tracks there; me found out two large, five small ones. See 'em moccasin tracks, too, on sand. Me find out two large, three small ones. Two were pale-face sure. Feet large and toes turn out. Three of tracks small. Feet of red men made 'em.

Me too, find these, where 'em get off horses to make ready for swim." Thus saying he produced a smoking pipe, and an arrow with a flint head.

The former had a bowl of buckeye wood, with a stem of hollow reed of a peculiar variety. The arrow head was fastened to the shaft in an unusual manner, the latter being of chestnut wood. Tekonsha after examining these attentively, remarked: "The interlopin' thieves come from south, sure. Most likely, me 'spect they now turn back agin."

Mishawaha, formerly a Shawnee Princess, now the wife of Dead Shot, next passed the articles under a critical review. She finally spoke in a decided manner, and in correct language, learned of her husband.

"As the daughter of Elkhart, Head chief of the Shawnee nation, I enjoyed frequent opportunities for contrasting the people of many tribes. I noticed their paint, the fashion of their garments, with the make and material of their trinkets and weapons. From what I thus saw in my father's wigwam years ago in the Wabash valley, I recognize these perfectly. They are peculiar to one of the Ohio tribes, the Mingos west of the Maumee swamp. That reed and the chestnut grow there, as well as the buckeye tree."

The chief with admiring gaze had fairly devoured her words. As she ceased, he eagerly rejoined, "Our forest queen speaks wisely. Her eye sees all things. Her memory goes much straight on back trail. Me think pipe and arrow are Mingo sure; can tell at wigwam. Let us all go there."

Upon their arrival at the lodge of Tekonsha, he quickly produced divers curiosities, among others, a Mingo pipe with some arrows. All were satisfied that they were identical with those found that morning by Lynx

Eye. At this point the young man, Jim, abruptly addressed the others :

"I, too, have a fact to state which strongly corroborates your present conclusion. You may all be aware of a leading trail south from Saginaw Bay, running by way of the Shiwassee river past Long Lake, crossing this east and west trail and the Huron river for the Maumee region.

"We had settled and lived on the bank of the Huron, a few miles east of that trail crossing. Now the Mingos a short time since, sent a large deputation north on that trail to Chessaning, ruling chief on the Shiwassee river. I was in the woods on a hunting trip thus seeing them pass. There were white desperadoes in their train." All doubt seemed thus removed as to whence the abductors came.

The young man, Will, forcibly impressed by the accumulated evidence burst forth in a tone of bitter anguish : "May God forbid ! that our sisters should fall into their reckless blood-stained hands ! Yet it must be so. Let us at once move forward on their track."

Tekonsha, moved by his grief, replied soothingly : "Be quiet now. Others work for you. Me have meat 'nuff for two days ready in half hour, for three. That will be for scouts of Wakazoo, cause them go first to hunt up and foller trail. Lynx Eye never miss that. Mishawaha never fall into any ambush trap. Dead Shot allers ready to kill 'em far away with rifle, or snug up with knife. Them three 'nuff ennyway fur all your fingers can count of braves ; with next day's sun, we four, with plenty meat, will take the trail they leave. White Ferret won't miss it. We all ride fast, and catch 'em much soon."

All being ready within the half hour assigned, the three scouts went up to the rivulet where the tracks

showed a previous crossing. They were passed over by canoes, their horses swimming at the stern. Lynx Eye finding the trail now plain, they all mounted and struck off briskly in a southeasterly direction.

Whilst they are thus pressing unremittingly forward, with all their skill and caution in lively exercise, as well to keep the track and avoid surprise or misadventure, as to rescue those unfortunate damsels from a horrible fate, we will seize the opportunity for the formal introduction to our readers of other personages figuring more or less in our narrative, together with other quite necessary explanations.

Arthur Wingate and Robert Archer were neighbors of long standing in the western part of Pennsylvania. Many years previous to the date of which we write, they had together embarked in active life. They had married, purchased farms and entered energetically upon the task of clearing up and improving their homesteads, and suitably rearing and providing for their children. Having reached the noon of life, with their oldest born fast approaching their majority in years, those fathers were seized by a sudden mania for selling out and immigrating farther west.

Their farms were sold mainly on a credit for years, resting on mortgage securities. Drifting to Michigan with their families, they ascended the Huron river by canoe. Arriving at a point now within the lower town, or that portion of the city of Ann Arbor under the hill, they landed on the northern side. Here they made their claims of Government land by the process of "squattng," as then understood and practiced in border life. They had thus pushed inland of the then line of white occupation. This was in 1805, and two years prior to the opening of our narrative.

Their eldest born were both sons of nearly equal age. At the period of their removal west, these sons were severally of about the age of nineteen years. The second child of each was a daughter, and at the same period they were respectively of the age of seventeen years. The sons were named James Wingate and William Archer. The daughters were christened Alice Wingate and Effie Archer. There were junior children in each family, both sons and daughters.

During the two years of their family sojourn in that locality, they had each made handsome improvements with substantial log houses and barns. There was an appearance of thrift and home comfort rarely witnessed in the incipient stages of border life. They had teams, horses, and oxen. There were also cows, swine, and all the varieties of barnyard poultry.

The heavy log fence was confined to the interior sides of their enclosures. At the same time a smart Virginia fence of split rails fronted their actual occupation in line, designed as the boundary of a future highway. Small hand-made gates in front of the dwellings broke the monotony of the worm fence, adding also to the convenience of passage. The yards between gate and dwelling were cleanly raked and already ornamented with growing plants and flowering shrubs.

Vines previously trained, were blossoming on the door porches and climbing the casings of the windows. Inside, those dwellings were models of neatness, and specimens of both orderly and tidy housekeeping. The floors made of split puncheons, hewn with the narrow axe, were yet firmly laid and kept clear of dirt or stain. Everything indicated the presence of a woman's handy touch, and tasty arrangements.

Those mothers cheerfully and lovingly filled their

positions, adorning them with all those endearing qualities which lend a witching charm to the hearthstone of common domestic life. The fathers, industrious and frugal, exercised a ceaseless vigilance and a prudent forecast. With courage they met the duties of the hour, whilst indulging in the cheerful anticipations for the future of their promising families.

Of the oldest of these men we have already spoken in general terms. The eldest daughters of each family being the victims of an infamous kidnapping raid, bore in complexion and features, each a marked resemblance to her elder brother. Having severally reached the age of nineteen, as our story opens, they demand at our hands a more special notice, than we have as yet accorded to them.

### CHAPTER III.

Alice Wingate was, in stature, slightly above the medium height of her sex. She was of a slender, willowy form. In step, gait and movement she was easy and graceful. Her attitudes were rather retiring and yielding. Her normal state and temperament were of the soft, dreamy and poetic mould. Her external personal attributes added strikingly to the effect of this intellectual frame.

Her head was admirable in shape, being also well set on a neck of faultless model. Her brow, high, polished and intellectual, was crowned by an abundant growth of long, wavy hair, fine and flossy in texture, but of lustrous black in color. Her eyebrows were arching, well extended and plainly defined. Her eyelashes were long and drooping, but when raised disclosed eyes, black, large, moist and generally beaming with emotional feeling.

Her nose was delicately formed, slightly inclined to the aquiline type, but in exquisite harmony with her other features. Her cheeks were round and generally wore a faint but warm roseate hue. The mouth was fine cut, with lips arched and mobile, but expressive of far more hidden fire and spirit than usually appeared on the surface. The chin was small but clearly cut, forming an admirably fitting finish to the oval contour of the face.

In her general outline of figure, form and limbs, there was roundness, harmony and symmetry. Her skin was of creamy softness, but leaving the complexion of



decided brunette type. Such was this our rustic maiden, pleasant and companionable; artless in manner and guileless in thought; at the same time wholly unconscious of the hidden powers of will, self-reliance and personal resource, with which she was most richly endowed.

Her associate and twin sister in affection and companionship was Effie Archer. She too was tall, and whilst of ripe and round proportions, was still unburthened with any extra flesh. She was of an active, sanguine temperament, and sunny disposition when the current of her surroundings ran smoothly. But she was possessed of a fiery temper, and when roused by a sense of wrong or insult, she developed a most determined belligerent spirit.

Lithe and active in step and movement, always erect, yet without the least angular stiffness in motion or outline, Effie Archer was mirth-loving and playful as a kitten, yet in her wildest freaks she was always graceful as a fawn. In real intelligence and mental endowment she was the peer of Alice Wingate, but widely different in their ordinary manifestations.

Her shapely head was as faultlessly set, but could readily assume the haughty poise of an Empress. Her forehead likewise was polished, being broad but rather low. Her eyebrows were not highly arched, having more breadth between, but yet equally well defined with those of Alice. Her hair was also profuse in volume and long, curling naturally, thus giving her more trouble to straighten and smooth than most young ladies have in getting up an artificial curve. It was fine, glossy, and of a warm golden color.

Her eyelashes, of the same rich hue, were long but beautifully curved upward at the ends. When suddenly

raised, there flashed out from beneath, eyes of dazzling brightness. They were large, of deep azure blue, generally liquid, but having a varied expression suited to the mood. They could be mirthful, earnest, or scintillating, with a cold steel-glitter, according to the emotional feeling they reflected. Her nose was delicately Grecian, with thin tremulous nostrils most easily inflated. Her cheeks were round, in color rivalling the warm inner tints of the blush rose. Her mouth was small, but expressive—for the lips were arched and pouting, with a smile lurking in ambush at the corners. Those lips always moist and red, opened upon rows of pearl behind. Her chin was in breadth to the extreme limit usually assigned for female beauty; but it was relieved by a deep-set ruby of a dimple nestling in its center.

If then we add to the other adornments a complexion, clear and white as alabaster, except where tinged by the warm blood beneath, we shall have presented a young lady of the blonde type of her sex. This our other rustic maiden was without art, finesse, or concealment. She was affectionate, impulsive, quick tempered, and sometimes a trifle wayward. She was resolute, but never rough. She was outspoken, but never coarse.

These two maidens had no secrets from each other. Each had been long avowedly and devotedly loved by the brother of the other, and each had in turn surrendered the full treasure of her heart to the keeping of her betrothed. They were both passionately fond of fields and flowers, with the thousand charms of forest scenery. Hand in hand they often roamed a field, or to the skirting forest shadow on moonlight evenings, in the absence of the young men, without any thought of wrong, or dream that harm might thus befall them.

Thus had they sauntered forth, on that bright warm

evening in June, to the edge of the forest shade. They were standing where vagrant moonbeams came glinting through the leafy canopy above, and went shimmering in bright, fantastic forms upon the earth around them. There they yet stood conversing about the absent ones, and conjuring up a rosy-tinted future out of their great love and trusting faith,—when they were both seized, each by a burly, bearded ruffian. A gag was thrust into their mouths; their arms were pinioned behind their backs, and they were foisted up on horse-back in front of a man in the saddle, who flung one hand around the waist, whilst guiding the horse with the other.

They thus galloped a mile away, with three mounted natives closely following. Here pausing in their flight they removed the gags from the mouths of the captives, warning them, however, that on the least outcry they would be replaced. The young women fully recovered from their momentary fright, finding their own arms pinioned firmly behind, with their waists tightly circled by a ruffian clasp, knew how utterly vain any resistance on their part would surely prove.

By a brief glance in that short stoppage, each read in the eyes of the other the thought then uppermost. With Alice, that thought was of unshaken fortitude, and for a watch word, "I bide my time." With Effie the belligerent spirit was fearfully aroused, but in the cold steel-glitter of her eye, Alice read that sign that prudence had conquered; in fact, that resistance would be postponed until it could be effectual.

To each there was infinite relief in that glance. Effie saw in Alice a new and wonderful development, where she had feared a dead faint, abject terror, or utter despair, she beheld heroic fortitude. Alice perceived in Effie a new phase of character, also.





CAPTURE OF ALICE AND EFFIE.

Where she had looked for rebellion outright, with resistance to the death, she found a reserve force of prudential resolve, with the promise of personal resources equal to any emergency.

The journey was promptly resumed by the band of desperadoes. Using a broad, well-beaten trail, with the bright light of a full moon to guide their steps, and with the cool night breeze to invigorate both man and beast, that journey was successfully prosecuted hour after hour, bringing them to Battle Creek at early dawn. But prior to their arrival the moon had sunk from view. The darkness was thus so far increased as to shroud their movements in a safe obscurity.

The two white leaders were either possessed of heart enough to realize how uncomfortable the position and seat of their captives really were; or what is more probable, tired of their own cramped and overburdened attitude in the saddle, resolved upon a change. They resorted to the ready expedient of stealing a pair of native ponies from the Ottawas. Openly they had made their trail thus far. Covertly they designed to leave. It was an ingenious artifice to throw any pursuers off their track. Thus also they hoped to throw the quarrel of the abduction upon the denizens of that locality.

To their native followers the task of taking the two animals from the corral enclosure was easy. Then groping their way in a scattered manner up to the rivulet, they next prepared for crossing the river. The maidens were now first placed upon the backs of the stolen animals. Then the passage of the river was safely effected by swimming all the horses.

Striking off boldly then on their course, they pursued it for a time. Becoming emboldened by the success of their scheme, at sunrise they topped out among the

hills for food and rest. Hoppling out the animals for feeding, the natives next produced a supply of prepared food. The two white men were attentive to the wants and comfort of their captives.

For them they arranged easy positions to rest, by sitting or reclining. They removed the ligatures from their arms, finally offering them food. The weary, overtaken, and heart stricken ones had no appetite for the eatables. But as Effie was on the point of scornfully rejecting the offer with bitter words, Alice whispered, "Keep quiet and silent, but eat for the strength it will impart, and which we may yet sorely need."

Effie gave her a furtive but beaming glance of acknowledgment for the hint. Both then bravely made the effort, actually forcing the palate at first, but finally eating with some relish, for they were really faint from hunger. As the renegades, now in the full morning light found the maidens to be both young and handsome, their purpose in that abduction was suddenly most radically changed.

## CHAPTER IV.

That pair of desperadoes had been for some time previous to the opening of our narrative, idle vagabonds, consorting with the Mingos on the west side of the Maumee river and swamp. Having attached to themselves three natives, as unscrupulous and unquestioning tools, they had embarked in a roving crusade of thieving depredations. They were equally ready for any paying scheme of atrocious violence and bloodshed. With this view they followed in the wake of the Mingo delegation to Chessaning on the Shiawassee river.

Failing in their design for want of victims on the way, and being deterred from the perpetration of any outrage within the jurisdiction of the ever vigilant Chessaning, they took their homeward track as far as the Huron. Whilst on their way north they had there learned of the white settlers, who had so boldly pushed up the Huron to within a short distance of the trail they were then traversing. On their return they had resolved to make them a clandestine visit for the purpose of plunder.

They had accordingly taken the eastern trail at the crossing, and after reaching the clearings of those settlers, had spent hours in prowling about their outskirts in the edge of the timber. They had seen four stalwart white men busy near the two dwellings. But they shrank from a hand-to-hand "scrimmage" with them. They were disinclined to hazard an assault upon those strong log structures. Disheartened by the general out-



look they were about abandoning their expedition, when chance brought those unsuspecting maidens within their power.

A mad scheme took possession of their teeming brains. They would capture and carry off the females to the Maumee region, and at a future time exact a handsome ransom for their liberation. Cold-hearted and fiendish as was the plot, their reckless depravity was equal to the undertaking. They promptly entered upon its execution, and successfully prosecuted their scheme up to the point of the first encampment southeast of Battle Creek.

There, as we have intimated, a change came over their plans and ultimate purposes. Looking with admiration upon the many charms of their blooming captives, they resolved to convert their lawless abduction into a permanent investment. Out of this sudden desire for exclusive appropriation no jealous rivalry was likely to arise. Their tastes proved to be dissimilar. For whilst the one was captivated by the blonde, the other was equally ready to kneel at the shrine of the brunette.

The maidens meanwhile after partaking of their rude repast, were permitted to recline and refresh themselves with sleep for a couple of hours. Awaking from their slumbers so imperiously demanded by overtaken nature and acute suffering, they rose up to meet their captors, with the horses in readiness to resume their wild forest ride.

There was in the deportment of those two rough, bearded outlaws, a kindly change from the previous heartless brutality. There was a fair approach to gallantry in their demeanor, as they stepped forward, and each placed his favorite in the saddle. There was even tenderness in the tone and looks of both, as they en-

quired of the maidens, "If they would take no advantage of the liberty, if permitted to ride with their arms unbound."

Buoyed up by that wonderful reserve force they both so eminently possessed, the maidens answered in calm even tones, using language almost identically the same: "The freedom would relieve us of much discomfort and pain, but we will make no terms with those who have wantonly outraged both humanity and law in our captivity."

"Well," replied one of the desperadoes, "I like the tone and spirit of that frank avowal, bating the undertow of bitter feeling." "And I," added the other outlaw, "am willing to give the freedom, guarding against its abuse, and trusting to time for soothing the irritation, and softening the present asperity of feeling."

Thus they started forward, the captives unbound, and wondering much at this novel change in the demeanor of those two men. They little dreamed of the sad havoc the rosy god had been making in their behalf, or of the actual conquest the charms of each had achieved. They marvelled much, also, that men with such traces of good breeding and cultivated intellect, as their bearing and language imported, should have fallen into such an abyss of crime and infamy.

All that day they journeyed forward till evening twilight, only stopping an hour at noon to lunch and bait their horses. Crafty even in their seeming security, they passed no stream large or small, without taking the precaution of riding up or down the current for several rods, before leaving it on the opposite side. This stratagem so easy of execution, actually cost the acute and skillful scouts on their trail, hours of vexatious search to find and take up the broken thread.

At their twilight camp the renegades rested for three hours, waiting for the full moon to be brightly shining aloft again. Shortly after they were encamped, one of the native followers, who had made a slight detour during the last half hour's ride, came in with the hind quarters of a deer that he had succeeded in approaching within arrow shot. The savory smell of the broiled steaks aroused the appetites of even those tired and disconsolate captives.

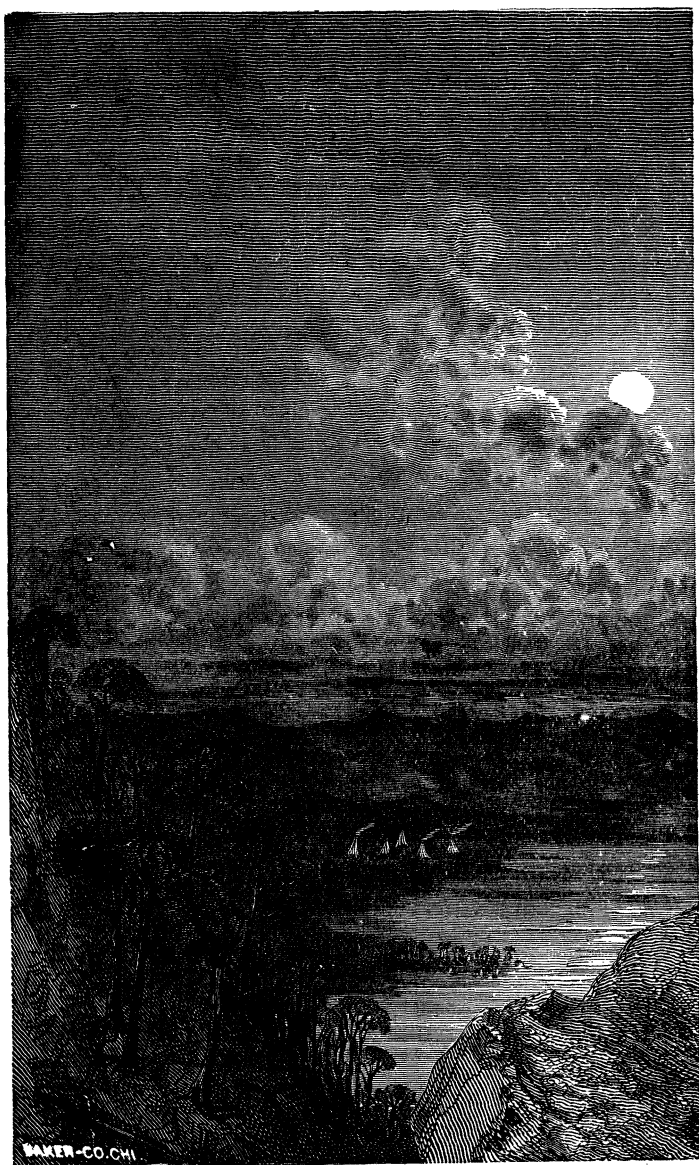
They were able to make of it a fair repast, when it was politely presented by the outlaws. Reclining next for repose, when nestled down side by side, Alice whispered her companion. "Courage Effie! I feel that men are stirring in our behalf. I have mentally seen Jim and Will riding fast and far, in the saddle. God will send them in the right path for our deliverance." In the same whispered tone Effie responded:

"You were born for a heroine, Alice. I have had none of your poetic visions, but I am not losing heart. If help comes not from other sources, we will free ourselves. I am watching our course. It is southeast for Maumee. Before we reach our destination we shall strike the Saginaw trail, of which Jim once informed us. When there we will give them the slip." Sleep here closed the colloquy.

When the allotted period had elapsed, and all was ready for a start, the outlaws awoke the maidens, placing them again in the saddle. The country was more or less uneven, but the timber was small, sparse, or gathered in groups. The moonbeams bathed the landscape and lighted up the dense forest gloom. Their headway was at an ambling pace, and nearly equal to that of the preceding day.

At dawn they again encamped, broke their fast with





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*ENCAMPMENT OF THE RENEGADES.*

a fresh broil, rested, baited their horses and at sunrise were ready for the saddle again. Just then there came to their ears a ringing whoop from the east. Next a half score of native braves came hurriedly into view, and then paused to reconnoiter. They were a small raiding party of Miamis on the war path against the Lenawees seated further north on the grand trail.

Having turned the big Maumee swamps at the south, they had descended the river to the principal landing of the Saginaw trail, which there made several miles west, and then turned sharply north. The Miamis had just rounded this angle, when they discovered the smoke of the renegade camp-fire. The latter when encamping there in the early dawn, had not the remotest idea of their close proximity to the trail.

Between the two parties thus confronting each other, there was an instant mutual recognition as enemies of long standing. The renegades having formerly resided among the Miamis, east of the swamp, were for their crimes finally outlawed and hunted from the territory, barely saving their lives by flight.

Hurriedly the renegades placed the maidens in the saddle, and then as they with their native followers also mounted, one of the two white men, pointing their captives to the right of the Miamis, urged them to ride for life, promising soon to overtake them after charging the enemy. The order was obeyed with alacrity, the maidens pressing their animals to a swift gallop, with one absorbing thought alone occupying their minds. The trail; the trail was surely there! Oh! could they but reach it, and then turn north for home.

With tomahawk in hand the charge was made by the mounted renegade band. Hitting out right and left they dashed through the line. But the Miamis nimbly

taking to cover escaped unharmed. Their bows were unstrung for travelling, and they were otherwise unprepared for that sudden assault. They sent, however, after the passing horsemen the startling news, that they would find plenty more Miamis down at the landing. The renegades heard but pressed right on after the flying maidens, already almost lost to their view.

Alas ! for all the hopes of the forlorn captives. They were not only headed too far south to hit the trail, but quickly discovered that their animals were no match for the swifter steeds of their pale-face captors. Perceiving that they were about being overhauled Alice remarked : "It is of no use Effie. Let us quietly submit. We shall be rescued, but we must bide our time." Effie, upon looking back reluctantly yielding, replied :

"You are right again. We will now voluntarily draw rein. They will not then suspect our intended flight." Thus saying they halted, wheeling their horses about so as to stand facing their pursuers.

## CHAPTER V.

As the renegades speedily rode up beside the maidens one of them remarked: "You've given us a right smart chase." To this salutation Effie promptly rejoined. "You directed us to ride for life, and with us for life it was." The other outlaw replied: "'Twas bravely done. But we have simply escaped one peril to fall into another." Their native followers joining them at this juncture, the conversation ceased.

A hasty aside consultation of the band succeeded. At its termination the outlaws turning to their captives again, informed them that enemies lay in their track, at least the one they had intended to pursue. They were thus compelled to resort to a new, rough, hilly route, where the horses must soon be abandoned.

It was then further stated that at the last encampment one of their band had taken their back track, and as they were making ready to start, he came in hurriedly with the report that persons had been seen by him in the far distance, evidently pursuing their trail. Secret glances of hope and trust passed between the captives at this intelligence. Those telegrams of thought were however unobserved by their preoccupied captors.

The party was next hurriedly arranged in a cavalcade headed due south, and in a line nearly parallel with that particular section of the Maumee river. The ground surface rose rapidly, though unevenly, so that they were shortly in the midst of uplifted hills, with precipitous slopes and narrow valleys between. Halt-



ing in one of the valleys with greater width of bottom than usual, the renegades informed their captives that their horses were to be left there whilst they advanced on foot.

Alarmed by the presence of the Miamis in that vicinity, and also by the report of a party on their trail in pursuit, they resolved to seek for present concealment, at the same time hoping by their movements to bewilder and mislead the foe upon their track. They despatched a native with the horses, instructed to take them by a detour to the right around the hills. Then with their captives the remainder of the band ascended a deep slope to what appeared to be a high plateau of wide extent.

Meanwhile the half score of Miamis after the charge of the renegades, and seeing in their headlong career no intention of returning, advanced to the camp fire of the latter, to secure any valuables that the outlaws might have left behind in the hurry of their uncereemonious departure. But ere they had fairly encircled the fire, their attention was challenged by a single whoop from the northwest. Glancing off between the bodies of the standing timber they discovered three mounted persons rapidly approaching.

That whoop was really an inadvertant yell of exultation by the foremost rider. He was laboring under the mistaken idea that the knidnappers and their victims were in sight. A closer view dispelled the illusion, by showing him distinctly the tribal insignia of the group by the fire. Holding up his open palm in token of amity, the incoming party were permitted to ride up without any hostile demonstrations. Upon the arrival of Lynx Eye, the foremost rider, he sententiously spoke :

"You are Miamis; we are Ottawas. There is peace between us." The leader of the standing group, advancing a step, responded:

"The Ottawas are welcome, but what brings them so far away from their own hunting grounds?"

Dead Shot, dismounting and stepping forward, explained by saying that they were scouts of their tribe, on the trail of some thieving outlaws, who had abducted and carried off two white young women from the Huron river, and had also stolen horses from the Ottawas at Battle Creek. He further detailed the steps they had taken for the recapture of the maidens, stating that four more pursuers would join them on the trail a few hours later.

Mishawaha here added to what her husband had said: "We come willingly to rescue and to punish. We think it a great crime to mistreat women so. We intend to have the victims out of their hands, and to teach the kidnappers the lesson of a severe handling." To her remarks the Miami leader rejoined:

"Me hear much of grand squaw scout of the Kalamazoo. Me see her now sure. Me like her brave words, and will help make 'em true. My people much want revenge on them same thieving sneaks. Hunt for 'em long time. Me see them here sudden. Not ready for fight. Then ride away swift with their Mingos and two white squaws."

"Me tell 'em more Miami braves at the landing. So me think they go to the hills to hide away. You take 'em trail and hunt 'em close. Mingos will come to help them. We go back to river for thirty more warriors. Meet you 'fore long in the hills here away south."

As he closed, Lynx Eye abruptly asked: "Can you

show me tracks where 'em pale face squaws rode away ? 'Cause where them go others sure to follow." "The Miami stepped a few rods southeast and pointed to tracks of galloping horses, saying : "There go 'em white squaws." The dwarf glanced at the deep imprint of the springing leaps, himself starting forward then without further word or sign.

Dead Shot and Mishawaha both bowing their adieus to the Miamis, who were already moving east, now rode briskly after their comrade. The three made good time to where the maidens were again overtaken by their captors. Here they saw by the irregular stepping of the horses in various directions, that a pause for consultation had occurred. Mishawaha, whose eyes had been roaming about, now spoke :

"The Miami chief told the truth, and judged correctly. Yonder goes the trail of the outlaw band to the south.

On trail or war path, Lynx Eye paid little heed to the others. He now dismounted and deliberately struck a large circle around the spot where the stoppage had occurred, critically scanning every foot of ground as he went, he completed the circuit. This done, he vaulted into his saddle again, remarking : "Me see all right so far. Not one has turned aside." With the word he led the pursuit again, the others closely following, but keenly examining both sides of the trail marks as they progressed.

Diligently and patiently pursuing this, they at length reached the valley among the hills, whence the band had separated, the horses making their western detour, whilst the outlaws and maidens departed on foot. The scouts fearing some artifice might have been practiced, dismounted, and the two men critically examined all the foot prints both animal and human that they could detect or trace

Mishawaha first looking keenly at the surrounding objects, and then at the sun about on his meridian, suddenly stepped lightly in that direction, up the ascent a few rods. Kneeling there she commenced a minute search laterally, both right and left. Finally rising she smilingly lopped the branch of a small shrub as a mark, returning then to the other scouts.

Dead Shot and Lynx Eye had ascertained that all the horses had gone westward, but had discovered no trace of the departure of a single person on foot. As Mishawaha approached she remarked to them. "Two white men, two natives and two women have gone on foot up the hill." Dead Shot laughingly replied: "That is being too precise by half. To gain implicit credence you had better drop out of your report two or three foot prints."

Lynx Eye promptly took up the gloves in her defence, remarking: "Me don't know 'bout that. Me 'spect 'em true. Her's very apt to be right. Me now look to horse tracks out there." He then walked away west some distance, shortly after returning he now said: "Her is right, any how. Me 'spose all the horses 'cept one went off without 'em rider. Steps mighty uneven like, and overlap too much for bitt and weight."

Dead Shot still in merry mood, rejoined: "Well, I may without censure be pardoned for yielding to such accumulated weight of authority. After all, seeing is believing. I must request to be shown the footprints on the hillside." "I will show them most willingly," answered Mishawaha, while with secret exultation she led the way up the ascent to the lopped twig she had left as a token. Upon a horizontal line just above, there was an evident outcrop of the top surface of a lime rock ledge.

This served as the substratum for a heavy body of top soil. The moisture accumulated by the latter, settling by percolation upon the ledge, had oozed out and trickled down so as to make the belt of earth below moist, spongy, and yielding to any pressure. Persons in walking up the ascent would naturally make two or three steps in that moist belt.

There Mishawaha had discovered, and now pointed out to the others the moccasin tracks of four, two large and two small ones, with two of a woman's shoe having heels. "I yield the point," Dead Shot now remarked: "Only one native has gone with the horses. But can we possibly follow those footprints upon the dry table land?" "Me can nose out fresh footprint ever made by white man," was the confident reply of Lynx Eye.

"Well then," added Dead Shot; "We will first hopple out our horses in this valley; stow away their rig, with our superfluous luggage safely; eat our lunch; look to all our weapons; and then we will follow your steady, if not rapid lead."

The duties of the hour announced were all punctually performed. Thus, within an hour's time the scouts were all astir again. Lynx Eye now on foot was staunch on the track. He kept the others at a fair walk. The scenery became for a time wild and rugged as they advanced. At length whilst traversing an upper plateau, they came suddenly to the brink of a broad, deep chasm, of irregular angling course.

The walls were of lime-stone, perpendicular and oft times belting over the dark abyss. In fact, the entire plateau bore the appearance of having been riven asunder by some awful convulsion of nature. In the gloomy abyss below, a rapid foaming stream went roaring by,

now tumbling in cascades, or tossing in boiling whirls and eddies. There were intervening long stretches of smooth current with deep soundings.

The foot prints, so unerringly traced by the scouts, came to an abrupt halt, within a short distance from that chasm brink. There they were found to separate. The smaller moccasin foot steps turned up the gorge, but the larger moccasin tracks and shoe prints traversed the margin down stream. Opposite their then stand point, and as if to mark that peculiar elbow in the chasm, stood a venerable tree.

It was a large cotton wood trunk, close on the verge of the cliff, with high-reaching, but dead top limbs. Towards this land mark their course had been for some time tending. Dead Shot, in looking at their back track, the land mark and the yawning chasm, remarked to the others: "This is doubtless their hiding place. The four tracks probably lead to some gorge or defile, down into the chasm, where there is sure to be some grotto, or cavern in this rocky formation. This one would naturally infer from the character of the rock, and the evidence furnished by this extensive chasm, itself."

## CHAPTER VI.

“Mishawaha,” remarked Dead Shot, “may as well stay here, and both rest and watch. We must first look after these up-stream tracks. I think the two have also separated and are now outlying spies. If so, they are dangerous and must first be disposed of.” Thus saying the two males took those two tracks up stream to where they parted. There each took one, but both now found it tedious and difficult to follow a track thus singly made.

Meantime Mishawaha seating herself by the roots of a large tree, kept for a time a sharp outlook up and down the line of the chasm and out northward in her front. Quite a period having thus elapsed she left her seat, and, with bow and arrow in hand, crawled to the chasm brink and peered down into those fearful depths veiled in obscurity. As her eye became familiarized with the gloom, she saw above the angle a heavy fall of the stream, having a boiling eddy crested with foam at its base.

She also discerned that the current in her front ran smooth and with deep water for many rods below. Next she discovered in the opposite angle and just above the water a projecting shelf or rock, with a yawning cavern above and in its rear. Looking intently at that dark aperture in the face of the wall, she caught a wavering reflection, a faint light, as if coming from a torch far within the recess, flickering in fitful gusts of air.

Mishawaha had found the hiding place of the renegades, and the gloomy prison of the captive maiden. She crept back to her seat by the tree ~~again~~ with bow

and arrow still in her hand. But before the chance was given to run her eye over her old field of view, her acute ear detected a sudden rustling of dry leaves. Quick as thought she dropped prone upon the ground, as an arrow from out in her front, struck the tree slightly above her recumbent form.

Then with the spring of a forest pard, she was on her feet as her assailant, sure of his previous aim, stepped out from his tree cover. In a single breath her bow came up with arrow notch on string. The bow was drawn and the lethal missile striking the throat passed half its length through the neck of the unsuspecting brave. But as Mishawaha thus summarily disposed of one enemy out there in front, her own arms were pinioned to her sides in the vise-like grasp of another burly Mingo warrior.

Darting from behind the tree at her back, as he uttered a triumphant whoop the foe had thus pounced upon his victim. During her absence at the chasm brink, he had crept in the herbage and shrubs to the vicinity of the spot, and the rustling of leaves which came to her ears a few moments previously had arisen from some motion of his. Upon the discharge of her arrow she had instantly placed another in the hand beside the bow.

These she retained in her grasp when thus seized from the rear. Without the slightest pause, the stalwart savage, raising her clear of the ground, sped swiftly down the margin of the chasm for the distance of twenty rods. There by a deep fissure in the rock he descended to the waters edge. Here he found a canoe afloat, but held in place by two thongs fastened to the gunwale near the bow and stern. The fastenings were looped over a strong thong line stretching above the



water away up to the cavern landing on the opposite side of that chasm stream.

Throwing his captive prostrate in the bottom of the canoe, the Mingo applied himself to hauling on the line, hand over hand, with one foot braced in the bow of the canoe. Steady progress was thus made towards the up stream landing. His female captive had been neither bound nor disarmed. She had remained entirely passive whilst in his arms, and with consummate tact lay quiet in the canoe where she had been thrown, until the brave had acquired headway up stream. Then she furtively got in position to spring to her feet, with her weapons in shape for use.

In the meantime Dead Shot and Lynx Eye, each slowly tracing up the track of his intended victim, were both relatively within forty rods of the position of Mishawaha by the tree, but having their view intercepted by intervening bushes. When the startling whoop of the Mingo fell upon their ears they knew it boded instant peril to Dead Shot's wife. Both the scouts bounded frantically forward for the spot. Lynx Eye nearly stumbling over the writhing body of the man whose track he had been so skilfully tracing up.

Reaching the spot at the same moment, they found Mishawaha had disappeared. The track which Dead Shot had pursued, was finally headed for that tree. Lynx Eye pointed to his man lying prostrate out in front. They easily fathomed the secret of her absence. They saw the arrow sticking in that tree body. She had slain the brave who sent it, but had been surprised and captured by the other. Glancing to the earth they discovered the deep foot-prints of the native flying with his burthen down the chasm verge.

Lynx Eye hurriedly exclaimed, "Me go, chase 'em

up. Dead Shot stay here. Look sharp over bank down the gorge. Mebbe see 'em. They'll be there 'fore much long." With those words, he bounded swiftly away on the track. The pale-face, uttering a groan of anguish, stood like one paralyzed by the shock. A few moments later, Lynx Eye, standing at the verge of the fissure leading down to the water, shouted back, and motioned with his hand that they were moving up the chasm stream.

Dead Shot now roused to action from his stupor, rushed to the extreme brink and lying at full length on his chest, peered anxiously down into the gloomy abyss. At first he could distinguish nothing by sight, but he heard the noise made by the loops as they rendered on the thong line. Soon his eye, accommodating itself to the obscurity, pierced farther below. He now caught the dim outline of some moving object. Soon he discerned the canoe distinctly with the method of its advance.

Maintaining that steady gaze fixed on his object, he next raised himself to his knees, gathering up his rifle for use. As the canoe grazed the side of the flat table rock, it became stationary, whilst the Mingo leaped on the solid platform to make fast. Mishawaha sprang suddenly erect in the canoe and notched her arrow on the string. Her further purpose was unexpectedly frustrated. With a shriek the brave threw up his arms and fell backwards further within the mouth of the cave.

As his arms were thus frantically raised, there came echoing through that chasm the crack of a rifle from the upper and opposite bank. Dead Shot had sighted and slain the abductor of his wife. As the latter thus stood robbed of her arrow shot, and about unfastening the canoe again, a gleam of light darted out from the cavern, quickly vanishing again, as if an inner door had

been transiently opened, or a dark curtain lifted. Then the body of the victim was suddenly snatched inward from view.

There came another gleam of light closely followed by darkness. Then a heart rending shriek in female voice and tone rung out from the inner depths of the cave. That dauntless woman in the canoe, forgetful of all else, with that agonized cry yet ringing in her ears, leaped, with bow and arrows in hand, upon the rocky platform where the Mingo had stood.

This was done on sharp impulse, just as she had unfastened the canoe. The buoyant craft was borne by the strong current swiftly beyond her reach. Guided by the loops on the thong line it was soon anchored at the lower landing. Lynx Eye had previously arrived at the same point by descending the fissure declivity.

Startled by the sudden rifle report, with no suspicion of that unlooked for return of the canoe, he hurriedly ascended the gorge, and flew up the margin of the bank to the side of Dead Shot. But previous to his arrival there another thrillingly tragic event had occurred at the mouth of the grotto below. The springing bound of Mishawaha upon the table rock, and the drift of the canoe instantly down-stream were events so startling to Dead Shot, that with eye glued to the scene, he had neglected to reload his rifle.

Before Mishawaha had time to shift her first footing on that flat stone surface, another gleam of light shot out from those inner depths, to be as suddenly extinguished. In the lapse of a few seconds more, one of the outlaws, rifle in hand, came stealthily out on the ledge. He was in plain sight of Dead Shot, and within ten feet of Mishawaha, but so absorb in his one single fell purpose, as not to notice her.

He came gliding forward, with rifle grasped in both hands, holding the muzzle slightly elevated. His eye was directed searchingly upward, as if seeking his object for a return fire to the previous shot. Our scout could not minutely discern those minor movements. But he keenly realized his own fatal mistake in failing to reload his rifle. He saw his wife, as he supposed unarmed, now thrown helplessly within the ruffian's power, whilst he could neither aid or shield her. In that wild moment he forgot his own deadly peril.

He heeded not the motion by which the renegade now brought his rifle to the shoulder with the muzzle in range of his own person. But there was another who saw clearly how imminent his danger was. There was another, whom no emergency ever took unawares, and no calamity ever disarmed of the power to act. Quick as a heart throb, the arrow was on the string—the bow was bent, and the arrow of Mishawaha sought the brain of the outlaw through the inlet of the ear.

The renegade was not only prostrate, but his pulse had ceased to flutter, ere Dead Shot realized the fact of his own hair breadth escape. At this juncture Lynx Eye reached his side. Then the shrill whoop of Tekonsha rang out near at hand, and on the instant the Chief with Jim and Will and White Ferrett all came striding up.

On the fall of her victim down on the platform ledge, Mishawaha had disappeared in the darkness of the inner cavern. As this fact was revealed to him, Dead Shot, now assured that his wife was armed, became composed. By him the new comers were succinctly placed in possession of all the facts of the trail pursuit. They also learned the incidents of the present position of the scouts, and gained a knowledge of the site of the prison house of the captive maidens.

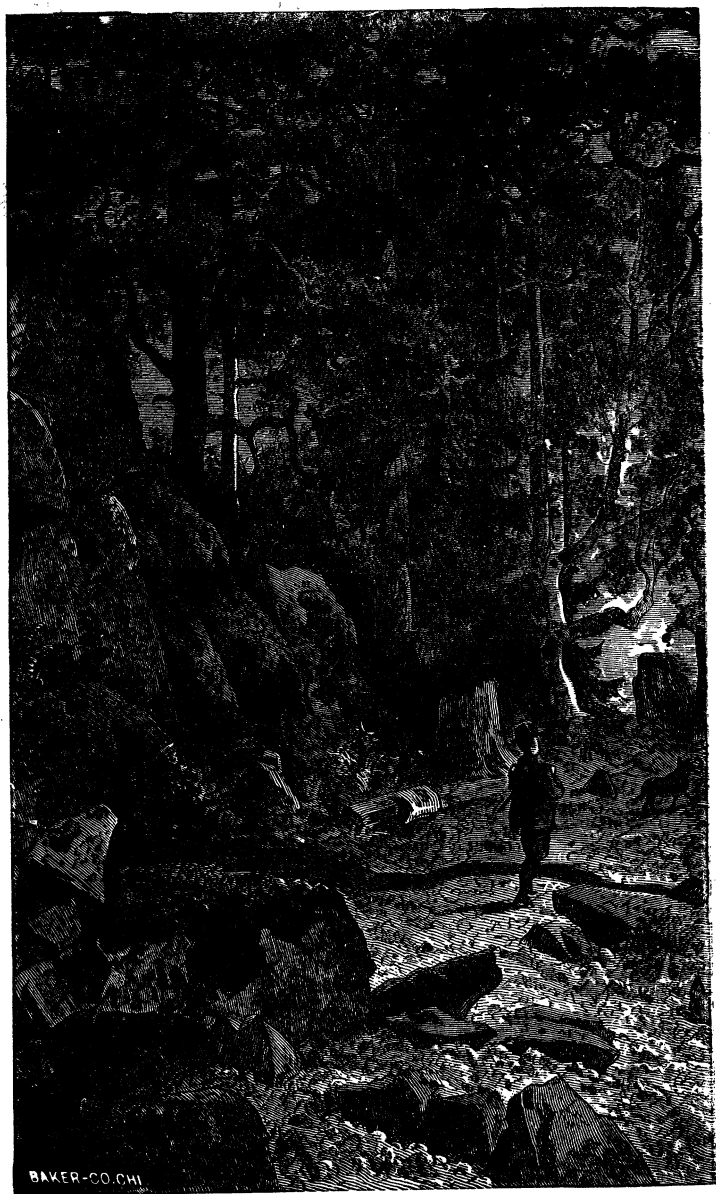
## CHAPTER VII.

Tekonsha whilst regretting the separation and apparent peril of Mishawaha, still regarded the present posture of affairs as quite hopeful. He was on the point of suggesting a plan of action, when Jim shouted the alarm, "To cover all! The opposite bank is lined with Mingos!" To this Will responded, "Then God have mercy on Alice and Effie! We can't git across to fight the red skins!" "And me 'spect them can't git down to harm the pale face squaws," Lynx Eye rejoined. "So we've all got plenty time to make plan, and lay 'em big trap."

Dead Shot now cool headed and self-possessed again, but warming up as the situation was becoming more complicated, now interposed by curtly issuing his orders. "Get to cover near the brink from here to where the canoe lies lodged. They are hovering over there for a discharge. Let Jim with his rifle stay hereaway. I go to guard the canoe. Will comes in half way between. Those with bows and arrows fill the intervals." Tekonsha added his approval in his own laconic phrase, "It is well."

Dropping suddenly among the shrubs, they all crept hastily to their stations. Upon their sudden disappearance, the Mingos fathoming their strategy, let fly across the chasm, a volley of arrows in such numbers as to indicate a force of at least fifty there present. In fact it may as well be stated here, that when the outlaws despatched the native with the horses from that more northerly valley, they sent by him for fifty sturdy braves to come to their relief at the grotto in the chasm.





*'JIM,' THE BROTHER OF 'ALICE.'*

There succeeded a short lull in the warfare. Then Jim drew forth the death shriek of a Mingo, by an accurate rifle-shot. The echo up and down the chasm had barely subsided when Will duplicated the shot and the shriek, by an equally skillful aim. Next Lynx Eye toppled over a red skin with a lethal arrow.

The order of things was now reversed, for Dead Shot sighted and dropped his man. White Ferret followed with a lucky arrow shot. Then Tekonsha closed the first round by sending his arrow into the side of a dusky imp hovering so near the brink, that in his convulsive spasms he rolled over the precipice plunging sheer down to the bottom of the chasm.

The Mingos disrelishing this species of one-sided entertainment, and disheartened by this fatal decimation of their numbers, rose up with a yell of rage, retreating back from view. Whilst in the act of thus retiring, the rifle of Jim put in its second appearance by dropping a seventh. For a full half hour nothing further was seen or heard of the Mingos. Most of the scouting party had grouped themselves up at the angle again.

Whilst busily discussing the next phase of the well-known Mingo subtility, the crack of Dead Shot's rifle broke the stillness, Will ran fleetly down to his stand, learning that he had seen a canoe far below in the stream, crawling up against the current. He had waited to outline the native handling it, and had then sent the canoe adrift, bearing a lifeless carcass down stream.

This intelligence Will brought to the others. It suggested a thought on which Lynx Eye acted. He crept out to the chasm brink in that angular point, bending his eye searchingly upon the water above the falls. He there discerned what bore the semblance of a compact heap of green boughs evidently floating on



the current. Beckoning Jim to his side, he pointed out the object, telling him there was a Mingo underneath that moving mass.

Jim ran hastily up the bank above the falls, for a good outline view. With deliberate aim he now fired at the center of that leafy canopy. The ball severed the thong binding the boughs together underneath. Thus loosened, they fell off in fragments on all sides, thus disclosing a disabled warrior clutching with one hand a single stem. Lynx Eye on the lookout quietly spoke, "Him useless now, may as well drift. Me see 'em past falls, ef him keep afloat." The scout did watch but saw nothing of him below the cataract.

The main body of the Mingo band, had crept deftly back to their old station on the brow of the chasm, to watch up and down, the result of their strategems for reaching the cavern. They saw the effect of the rifle shot upon the Mingo in the canoe. They next witnessed the untimely fate of their comrade under the brush. They had heard nothing from the occupants of the grotto, and knew not how many were there concealed.

They were in a quandary as to what relief it was possible for them to render their beleagured friends. Their inactivity was most unceremoniously terminated at this juncture, by a pealing war-whoop in their rear. Starting to their feet, they found that landward they were environed by a picked corps of Miamis. Thus startled into a full exposure of their persons, the Mingos were instantly saluted by a galling discharge of arrows decimating their number a second time.

A weak, irresolute fire was hurriedly returned. The Mingos in a body then dashed madly down along that chasm verge, breaking through the single line of Miamis

at that extremity. The latter in turn wheeling swiftly eastward in open column, went leaping after them in hot pursuit. At intervals they continued to send forth their pealing war-cry, until from far away, it but faintly reached the scouting party at their station on the opposite bank of the chasm.

To keep the various personages of our story properly up with its progress, we will at present direct our attention to the inmates of that gloomy cave, down in that deep abyss. It but little recked them that the setting sun was already allowing the first twilight shadows to creep into the glens and nestle in the leafy nooks of the forest world outside.

For them there was no bright sunshine at noon-day, and no gloaming at eventide. The darkness of the chill damp vaults in which they were all for the time immured, was but partially dispelled by a pitch pine torch kept steadily burning. This being one of the places of rendezvous for the renegade band, they kept there a liberal supply of blankets and robes of large furred animals.

Rough and depraved as those two white desperados had often proved themselves, they had yet endeavored to soften, for Alice and Effie, the rigors of their harsh confinement. They had used them kindly, even tenderly, within the scope of their limited means. Both captors and captives had been now for hours in a state of fearful agitation. The maidens had been alternately hopeful and depressed. They knew that friends, from some source, were near. They also believed that a fierce conflict was at times raging above them.

They felt that the issue of that conflict might be doubtful, possibly fatal to those whom they dearly loved. They realized how utterly impossible it was for those

friends to find or reach them, except by the canoe in which they had been transported thither. They even dwelt upon the fact, that if that slender guiding line were cut in twain, or that canoe wrecked, or set adrift, even if their friends should be slain, or fail to reach them, they could never escape from that gloomy prison, but must stay to pine and starve. "O! They were lost! Irretrievably lost!"

The renegades were equally exercised by alternations of hope and fear. One of them had been listening for some little time on the outer platform ledge, when the first whoop of their follower announced some triumph above. He at once realized that they must have been tracked, to their lair, and that the crisis had come. Next he saw the brave appear with a captive at the lower landing, evidently about to come up to the cavern.

Hastily stepping within he thoughtlessly and rather exultingly stated the facts to his comrade, in the hearing of the maidens. He abruptly turned back to lift and pass the curtain again. But before it was done they all heard a fall without and a rifle report above. It was then that the outlaw raised and quickly fastened the curtain.

In gliding along that dark passage he came near stumbling over the body of the dead Mingo. His mood was in a twinkling of the eye changed to one of desperate, despairing frenzy. Seizing the stark warrior by the arm, he dragged him within, and fiercely flung the body almost at the feet of the three sitting on the piled up robes near the rear wall.

It was this rough, uncouth act of the half demented outlaw, that drew from the captives those heart-rending shrieks, which being heard by her, brought Mishawaha from the canoe to the platform ledge. A few moments

previously, the maidens had been told of a captive taken and on the way to the cave. They had thought chiefly of their two brothers, Jim and Will, as the most likely to come to the rescue, and to be foremost in pursuit.

They had feared that those young men might recklessly plunge into personal risks in their behalf. Thus in their keen anxiety and gloomy forebodings, they had assumed the fact that the captive now being brought to the cave was either Jim or Will. But whichever it was they expected to see him alive. When therefore a stark and bloody corpse was thus flung rudely at their feet, without a glance at form or feature, race or color, or even costume they gave voice to their great agony in that wild scream.

The impulsive Effie after the first paroxysm, flung herself down upon her knees to caress the prostrate form, whether brother or lover. She then first gave to the person and features a scrutinizing glance. The revulsion was instantaneous and the reaction was violent. A look of disgust and loathing flitted across her speaking features. Then a beaming joyous gleam suffused her countenance, dancing in her liquid eye, and smiling in her parted lips.

## CHAPTER VIII.

With a single bound she was on her seat again. Throwing her arms around the neck of Alice she whispered in her ear the comforting assurance: "O! Alice! It is not one we love. It is one of those odious followers of the outlaws." Alice came bravely through the ordeal from grief to joy. She neither subsided into a dead faint, nor a hysteric spasm. But with crystal drops of joy trickling down her cheeks and a look of serene happiness lighting up eye and countenance she replied: "I am grateful that we were so utterly mistaken. God's mercy is ever beyond our deserts."

Both were again silent as the most active outlaw abruptly spoke. "If the Mingos fail us we are now lost. Both our native followers are doubtless slain. I go now to avenge them." Thus saying and snatching up his rifle, he looked to the priming and left for the front platform ledge.

Mishawaha after slaying him there as we have heretofore related, resolved upon going at once to the rescue of the hapless maidens from imminent violence and possible butchery. Drawing another arrow and placing it beside the bow in her left hand, she essayed to grope her way to the interior of the cave. She caught the direction of the previous gleams of light she had seen. She felt reasonably certain that but one man was now with the captives. She could hold him in check, and if need be send an arrow to his heart.

She groped her way to the drop curtain, and there listened with bated breath. All within was still as the grave. Believing the curtain to be simply suspended upon a horizontal line above, she passed her hand lightly along its surface, searching for the edge at one side. Without a tremor of heart or nerve, she drew that curtain aside and stepped briskly into the lighted grotto.

Standing there as the curtain dropped back to its place, her attitude, aspect and whole demeanor were eminently imposing. Fastening that falcon eye, now scintillating with a steel glitter, full upon the renegade sitting on the opposite side of the apartment, she advanced her left foot slightly, and elevated her bow with arrow notch on string. She next addressed the miscreant in tones not loud, but having a clear metallic ring.

"Stir not! Vile woman stealer! Or I will send an arrow to your false heart! Your native followers are dead. I have just slain your confederate, and stand ready to seal your doom also. I have friends outside, and so have these maidens. We came to rescue them out of your hands, and take them home. We shall do it. What say you? Shall it be life or death for you?"

Terror stricken and ghastly was the visage of that craven man. Trembling in every limb, and with a cold sweat oozing out and standing in beaded drops on his pale brow, he gaspingly replied: "I surrender and beg for my life." "'Tis well," she answered. "But I make no pledge for others. I will not kill you, if you submit to be disarmed and bound. Draw your weapons and toss them half way to me on this rocky floor."

The outlaw promptly complied, drawing and tossing both tomahawk and knife as directed. Again Mishawaha spoke, this time to the maidens, seated a few feet distant from their captor.

"One of you poor sufferers take the knife from the floor, and cut a piece twice the length of your arm, from that thong hanging on the wall at your right."

Effie stepped forward, raised the knife and severed the required piece. "That is well," resumed the forest queen. "Now bind his arms securely above the elbows and behind his back." Effie made eager efforts to comply, but her trembling fingers were powerless for the performance. Seeing this, Alice went to her assistance. Taking the thong, she firmly and even artistically pinioned the passive renegade.

Mishawaha next advanced, lowering her weapon, and satisfied herself by inspection that the bonds were secure. Then stooping over the body of the dead Mingo, she drew a knife from the waist belt. Picking up the other knife which Effie had dropped after cutting the thong, she presented one to each of the maidens, with the injunction, "wear them. To us, when thus environed with perils, both life and honor may depend on being armed.

"But now I cannot longer defer the inquiry and you must answer. Have these base woman stealers dared to use violence to you on the trail, or here in this gloomy cavern?" Both looked her calmly in the face, whilst Alice frankly replied:

"Beyond the personal violence of our forcible abduction, with the inevitable hardships of our journey, and the loss of freedom since, we have suffered from no rudeness, or brutality on the part of our captors, or their native followers."

The forest queen, with kindling but humid eye, and features all agleam with radiant smiles, impulsively clasped the damsels each in a warm embrace, murmuring, whilst thus engaged, in cooing flute-like tones, as though com-

muning with herself, and unconsciously giving voice to inner thoughts, "I knew it must be so, as my eye first fell on these lovely faces, I felt that the Great Spirit had shielded their innocence and purity. I traced the deep lines of mental anguish and bodily suffering; but I saw no stain of dishonoring outrage imprinted there."

Addressing them now in cheerful tones, she added, "Now all can soon be made right with brothers and lovers again. For that you are each dearly loved by the brother of the other, I clearly perceived in my half hour's interview with them back at Battle Creek. You can trust me, for I am the wife of Dead Shot the Ottawa scout of the Kalamazoo, although he is like yourselves of the pale-face lineage."

"I know by the rifle shots above, which we occasionally hear, that my husband with your brothers are now united in fighting for us up in the open air. In his own time and way, the Great Spirit over all, will send them here for our deliverance. We will seat ourselves, for we have now only to watch and wait."

Reassured by the loving and hopeful words of their wonderful visitor, and protectress, Alice and Effie seated themselves one on either side of her, listening with wrapt attention to her winning words. She informed them how the scouts were called in to aid in the pursuit; of the incidents occurring on the trail up to the period of her capture; and then of the events on the platform ledge before she found her way within.

We leave them thus communing, to revisit the upper and outer world, and to look after the fortunes of other actors there. We last spoke of the flight of the Min-gos down the southern margin of the chasm, and of their close pursuit by the Miamis. That extended rift of the rocky formation by some natural convulsive throe,



so singularly opened, had its eastern terminus one mile below the cave.

Like as it often occurs in the shore line of lake or river, that elevated table range had an abrupt and sheer descent of many feet, meeting at its base the margin of a flat marshy region. Into this the water of the gorge stream was discharged. Thence it found its way by a devious and obstructed channel to the sluggish Maumee river.

At the immediate mouth of the chasm the debris of sand and disintegrated ledge stone, borne down by the current and there deposited, had formed a compact and firm bottom somewhat elevated. Over this the volume of the stream took a lateral spread, becoming shallow, and only knee deep to a person fording it. Here then by descending, crossing over, and then ascending the steep, a transfer from one side of the chasm to the other was easily effected.

A passage thus made and the summit regained, an admirable stand could be made against a pursuing foe. This was the point aimed at by the Mingos in their flight down the chasm verge. The Miamis being familiar with the region, fathomed clearly the attempted stratagem of their enemies.

One of their number wounded in the leg and disabled for that exciting race, remaining near the angle, crawled to the brink and hailed the scouting party on the opposite side. He informed them of the distance to the fording place; of the admirable stand the Mingos could make against the Miamis, and of the probable defeat of the latter there. In that event the Mingos would soon be upon them at the angle.

The scouts grasped the situation at a glance. They saw their peril and the only means for avoiding it.

Never did six men make better time than they did down their own side of the gorge. They had a well defined trail making a short cut of two ox-bow bends, thus materially shortening their route as compared with that of the Mingos over opposite. The latter also stood twice at bay, during their flight, spending several minutes each time, in arrow discharge, seeking to check the hot pursuit of the Miamis. These efforts proved futile beyond wounding some on both sides.

With their attention thus absorbed during their second halt, the Mingos failed to discover through the fringe of bushes, that the scouts were passing them in the last quarter of a mile heat. The fact was nevertheless one of which they were painfully aware a few minutes later. For about thirty rods short of the abrupt descent, when the Mingos were running compactly near the chasm brink, they received three rifle and three bow shots from the scouts in ambush over opposite, all of which told fatally.

The scouting party flew onward again to the summit of that sheer descent. There their rifles were reloaded and fresh arrows fitted to the bow strings. With these a half dozen more Mingos were laid low, just as they were about plunging down that descent to the fording place.

## CHAPTER IX.

The effect of those two discharges was decisive. The Mingos wheeled suddenly south, and dashed away in headlong career on the top of the table range, with the exultant Miamis close on their heels, and sending forth most demoniac yells. The surviving Mingos, now barely a score, bent their energies solely upon an escape with life. The Miamis forgot their long cherished revenge against the outlaws. Wildly excited by a triumph over hereditary foes all their efforts were now for additional scalps.

The scouting party thus left sole occupants of that coveted summit, being satisfied that the rout and dispersion of the Mingos was now complete, turned back with rapid strides for the angle and the cave again.

The three pale-faces with feelings keyed up to the highest pitch not only vied with each other in speed, but actually left the three natives ingloriously beaten.

Dead Shot, Jim and Will, controlled by a common impulse, as they arrived at the fissure in the bank, descended to the water's edge. There they found the canoe in proper position. Will now addressed the others. "All aboard! You two had better watch, I will pull on the line." When all had stepped into the canoe, Jim responded to Will's suggestion saying, "Let Dead Shot watch from the bow whilst we both pull on the line."

The vigorous outlay of strength by those excited and impatient young men, carried the bark steadily and

swiftly up to the platform ledge, in the waning twilight of that eventful day. They ceased to pull seasonably, allowing the craft to come safely to its mooring. In their eagerness the three leaped upon the flat rock, neglecting to fasten the canoe. Heedless of its instant departure, the three men were now intently peering into the thick darkness of that yawning cavern.

Eyesight was wholly unavailing in their present extremity. Quivering with emotion they stood, with bated breath, listening for the slightest sound. All was quietly rayless and silent as the grave. The strain on the nerve and spirits of the young men was fearful. Dead Shot, whose faith in the forecast and resources of his wife, was almost boundless, gathered both hope and courage from that very stillness. He resorted to one of their usual signals.

He gave the natural and nicely modulated notes of the cuckoo. The slight echoes had barely ceased, when the three heard them distinctly answered from the interior. Mishawaha had waited long, and latterly with sore misgivings, for some token of their presence at the landing. When those notes fell upon her waiting ear, she instantly responded, her imitation being so true to nature that Alice and Effie both started and gazed about for the living bird.

The forest queen next rising up tripped lightly to the curtain, drew it on one side and trilled forth the spirited notes of the whipporwill. Now Lynx Eye with the other two natives pursuing the steps of the white men, had reached the bottom of the fissure, just as the canoe was by the current returned to its regular station. Imagining it to have been purposely sent back for their use, the three stepped aboard and pulling up, landed on the platform where the others were yet

standing. Tekonsha however carefully fastened before he relinquished the canoe.

At the very moment Lynx Eye gained a firm footing on the rock, Mishawaha was in the act of trilling those bird notes. By thus brushing the curtain aside, the light gleamed steadily outward. She was too shrewd to stand exposed, but sheltered her person behind the screen until she made sure of the friendly character of those approaching. Our dwarf needed no additional evidence of her identity. The notes he knew, with the one who gave them as well. He answered promptly and so perfectly that it seemed like a responsive echo.

As he closed the strain he spoke out audibly. "As true as me lives, 'tis our queen of scouts. Her have good news. Me know it by 'em lively notes." Short as his speech had been, the pale-faces were gone before he had ceased to speak. The three were already half way to the curtain entrance. Dead Shot next sped around its hanging folds to embrace his wife, whilst Jim and Will fairly flew across that inner apartment to wildly clasp, each a maiden to his bosom. To those four beating hearts that moment of blissful reunion was like a paradise regained.

Yet singular as the fact we record may seem to our readers, the pairs who thus met in that first loving embrace, and so passionately and then lingeringly tasted that intoxicating lip dew, were not brothers and sisters. Afterwards, indeed, there was a short change of partners, when the ties of affectionate kindred were duly acknowledged. But pleasant and ecstatic as those several reunions were, they were necessarily abbreviated, for other claims and duties were then too urgent to be disregarded.

The various individuals who were yet strangers were duly introduced and all the scouts received the fervent, tearful thanks of Alice and Effie, for all their generous efforts and sacrifices in their behalf. Mishawaha then narrated briefly what had occurred to her out on the platform and within the apartment. She detailed the method of her capture up at the angle tree. She also related what she had said and done to the captive outlaw then present, as well as what the maidens had said touching the kind treatment they had experienced during their captivity.

Alice and Effie then succinctly gave their relation of the time and manner of their captivity and the leading incidents of their journeying. They reiterated their statement to Mishawaha, that beyond the holding them in captivity, the renegades had treated them as kindly and considerately as circumstances seemed to allow. At this point, and upon the suggestion of Dead Shot further discussion was postponed to some future time, when they stood again fairly on the upper bank, in the outer world.

Lynx Eye and White Ferret proposed that they would handle the canoe, alternately back and forth till all were transferred to the other side. The offer was accepted and they now went in pairs. Tekonsha and the bound captive being the last pair ferried over. So soon as they were landed each pair had ascended by the fissure to the upper table.

When all were there grouped, except the two native scouts, they together walked up to the angle, and seated themselves. The two scouts left behind, returning to the cave, collected and rolled up in convenient packages, the blankets and skin robes that had been used or kept there by the desperadoes. In a couple of trips these

were passed over and then taken up by the scouts and deposited at the fissure summit.

Whilst they were thus employed, Tekonsha took the bound captive out upon the point of the angular projection. He there examined and added to his present bonds by lashing his ankles firmly and his hands across his chest. Then leaving him there, helplessly bound, and incapable of rising, he returned to the tree at whose roots Mishawaha had been captured, and around which the others were now grouped.

Shortly after the two native scouts also came up each with a blanket and furred robe compactly rolled for carrying. Dead Shot enquired of Lynx Eye for what purpose they were intended. The only answer he received from the dwarf was, "Me 'spose 'em needed by somebody 'fore much long." As his remark was finished they were all startled by sundry whoops half a mile down their side of the chasm.

Dead Shot's first order was, "Let every one look to his weapons, especially knife and tomahawk. Lynx Eye will start a fire ten rods down the trail. White Ferret will gather and pile on dry sticks and limbs. Then both come back to us." These orders were promptly executed. Even Alice and Effie felt for the knives Mishawaha had given them, and which they had since carefully worn. The fire was ablaze, whilst the scouting party now prone upon the ground were keenly watching the shadowy forms which had just reached the fissure.

Seeing the fire but no figures flitting about it, the chief heading the approaching band, knew that it indicated preparation and boded fight. Just then observing the heaps lying there in the shadow at the fissure mouth, he made of them a hasty examination. His

conclusion was that the scouting party had visited and thoroughly cleaned the cave of its contents. If so then none but friends were there before him. Acting upon the thought he shouted aloud: "The Miamis welcome the Ottawas. We much glad you get back pale-face squaws. Hope you'll get horses too."

Tekonsha recognized that voice, and further identifying the speaker as the leader of the Miami band, rendering them such efficient aid in the Mingo fight, springing to his feet exclaimed: "It is all right. We much alarm for no cause. They are Miamis, much our friends." Therefore, stepping briskly to the fire, he in turn shouted aloud:

"The Miamis are welcome to our camp-fire. Them made big fight with Mingos. Make 'em run like dogs. Take many scalps, too."

As he closed his speech the scouting party grouped themselves on the west side of the fire, whilst the Miamis advanced to the opposite one, bringing with them the packages of robes and blankets. Dead Shot now thanked them for their assistance in rescuing the pale-face maidens, and punishing the woman stealers. The Miami leader next enquired after the fate of the outlaws. Tekonsha replied: "Two Mingos dead. One renegade pale-face dead. One alive. Him lay out there bound," pointing in the direction of the chasm angle.



## CHAPTER X.

There was an instant and vehement outcry by the Miamis. "He must be ours to punish. We have the best, the oldest claim. We take him back to our people. Then burn him at stake, and have big pow-wow." The desperado from where he lay could distinctly see and hear his doom thus pronounced. When, therefore, the Miamis rushed towards him in a body, he gave a piercing shriek, writhing in his helpless agony.

Then, before they could reach him, seized by a sudden inspiration, he rolled over and over to the brink of the fearful precipice. The Miamis redoubled their leaps and strained every nerve to frustrate his evident purpose. But they were too late to arrest the last frenzied effort of his strength. For raising himself almost to a sitting posture he dashed both body and limb head foremost over the chasm verge, plunging sheer out from the wall into the dark abyss.

"Ugh!" Exclaimed the Miami Chief, turning away in open disgust. "Miamis no burn him now. Him seem to like water best. Him go to bottom like one big stone." They all returned to the fire. Tekonsha explained to them standing there, that the scouting party were in haste to return. That when the rising moon made it light, it was their intention to leave for the valley where their horses had been left.

He further stated that as a recompense for their assistance, they would bestow upon them the blankets and robes of the renegades, except the small packages held

by Lynx Eye and White Ferret. The Miamis, delighted by this unexpected liberality, testified their thankful acceptance by a clamor of voices, wild gesticulations and uncouth antics.

In the midst of these friendly demonstrations, the scouting party making their ceremonious adieus, set forth on their back trail for the valley. Lynx Eye and White Ferret, with shouldered packages, took the lead. Then came by twos, Jim and Effie, Will and Alice, Dead Shot and Mishawaha with Tekonsha in the rear.

In due time and without incident, they arrived at the southern verge of the valley, in which their horses had been successively hopped out to feed. There they halted, as the thought first occurred to a majority of them, that there were not horses enough, even if they found their own, to supply the wants of the present party. Lynx Eye perceiving the drift of their perplexed ideas, met the emergency, speaking in his peculiar style.

"Me think of this over at chasm. When Mingos come there, then me think outlaws sent for 'em. Ef so, them surely mean to kill us there. Then them come back here. Again me think. Meb'be all horses come here too, so them ride 'em away. Now you all stay here much still. Me an White Ferret go see. Ef we find horses, we fetch 'em so you see 'em plain. Then you come too."

The project was approved, and the scouts started warily down the slope, each carrying his package. They veered obliquely to the right so as to strike the valley higher up, where their animals had been hopped out to feed. They soon discovered a drove of horses compactly clustered but grazing. Their own seven were there, but with them were seven others. Of the latter number

White Ferret recognized the two that had been stolen at Battle Creek.

Lynx Eye remarked: "Me spect to find it so. Mingo keep 'em together close." The scouts laying aside their bundles, looked to their weapons, sank to the ground and crept to within a dozen rods of the herded animals. There were, dotting over that valley, scattering trees and clumps of bushes. They separated right and left to make the circuit. When Lynx Eye had crept one-half his distance, he espied a brave seated by a tree evidently watching the horses while feeding. The scout made a detour so as to approach that tree at the back of the brave.

This maneuver was speedily accomplished and he thus reached the spot without being discovered. With up-raised tomahawk, darting around the tree he drove the weapon deep into the brain of his unconscious victim. Next facing towards the horses he gave a whoop. It was answered from beyond the animals. The dwarf then passed his knife to the heart, and lifted the scalp of the Mingo.

The scouts met beside the horses. White Ferret addressed himself to the task of putting them in traveling trim, whilst Lynx Eye went for their packages. On his return all was ready for a start. Believing the maidens had ridden the native animals stolen at Battle Creek, those packages were lashed to the saddle of each of those ponies.

Down the valley bottom they then headed. After making some eighty rods they were met by the main scouting party. Great was the joy of all to find that each was now provided with a serviceable horse. Lynx Eye pointing to the packages on the backs of the recaptured ponies, remarked in patronizing tone: "Me

'spose sure pale-face squaws like 'em much on long trail."

Jim and Will, although with a vivid blush, warmly thanked the native scouts for their thoughtful care, where they had themselves been so remiss. Dead Shot and Tekonsha also commended the two scouts for their sagacity about the outlaw horses, and their shrewd manner of overreaching and slaying the Mingo.

All being now comfortably mounted they started forward in the order they had first assumed, with the young people in cheerful chat. The five riderless horses readily fell into the line of march on the trail. At early dawn they arrived at the outlaw camp, near the elbow of the grand Saginaw route. Halting there Dead Shot at once disappeared with his rifle, whilst Lynx Eye kindling a fire quietly awaited his return.

Twenty minutes had barely elapsed when the crack of that rifle was heard. The dwarf spoke out in seeming response, "That's the talk. Now me git venison for broil. Me 'spose so when me make 'em fire. All soon welcome to big eat." Dead Shot shortly put in his appearance with the hind quarters of a deer. A plentiful repast followed. At its close the venison was all consumed. Jim laughingly remarked to Dead Shot: "It will be my turn next, if I can spare the time from more pleasant employment."

As the hour for starting arrived, and after a conference with his wife apart, Dead Shot came forward with a proposal for the entire party to change its homeward route. "Mishawaha," he said, "was anxious to see Alice and Effie safely housed under their parental roof again." He then added, "It is desirable to shorten their travel, and our own distance will not be largely increased. I am, therefore, for taking the Saginaw trail;

thence down the Huron to where four of us now seek their homes."

The proposal was greeted with universal acclamation. Striking that beaten track easily, they pressed steadily northward, until an hour past midday. Then finding good ground for a wayside rest, with a running brook and luxuriant grass for the animals, they dismounted. The men were quickly busy; some placing out the horses; others kindling a fire; and others still, spread blankets and robes for Mishawaha and the maidens. None but Effie had noticed the absence of Jim from trail or camp until he suddenly appeared with a venison saddle duplicating the first contribution by Dead Shot.

After the repast and a rest for a couple of hours, their journey was resumed and diligently prosecuted until only a half hour's sun remained. Then Lynx Eye in the van, shouted back that he and White Ferret would rejoin them in camp. Thus saying the two hauled off the trail at their left. As the cavalcade swept on Dead Shot, with a merry twinkle of his eye, said to the others: "He scents game. The two will win. We shall doubtless have a change in our flesh diet."

Sure enough, when in the gloaming they had settled down in the camp for rest, till the moon should rise, the two native scouts came in, each bearing a brace of fine fat turkies. They were greeted with a shout of applause. Under its stimulus the two speedily dressed and nicely cooked the birds. As their feast was finished, Will seeing only a pile of bird bones remaining, felt that in a few hours his own skill as a purveyor would be tested.

Onward again was the word. For the moonbeams glinting over hill and dale now lighted their way, bath-

ing the broad landscape with her silvery radiance. At early dawn Will dropped away from the trail, leaving the others to pass on their way. Advancing, but in the direction of their route, for half an hour, his search for game was fruitless. Then arriving at the base of a low ridge traversing his course, he dismounted and crept up to its summit.

Down the opposite slope, not more than ten rods distant, a fat large sized doe was standing with a full side exposure. His aim was quick, the trigger was pulled and the bullet lodged in the vitals of his game. The hide was soon removed and the saddle dressed. Hastily remounting with his prize, he carried it into camp, a trifle late but equally acceptable to all, with the contributions that had preceded it.

Again they journeyed forward, this day reaching and traversing the bank of the Huron down to the clearings and in view of the dwellings of the Senior Wingate and Archer. For several days those families had been bowed down with grief, and for as many nights the elder inmates had tossed upon their beds in sleepless anguish.

The united heads of the two households had mourned each a darling eldest daughter, not only ruthlessly torn away from the fond endearments of home, but possibly subjected to a fate far more appalling than death itself.

## CHAPTER XI.

Those days had rolled wearily past with no intelligence of the lost ones, or of those who had gone in swift pursuit. A fearful foreboding was fast settling into a conviction with those stricken parents that the first born son of each had also come to a bloody, untimely end. The younger brothers and sisters of the absent ones, alternated more frequently between the extremes of grief and the hope of their return.

As our scouting party with the rescued maidens came within view of those dwellings, Mishawaha, with true womanly intuitions and wise forecast, drew rein and turning addressed the others :

"It is not prudent for these sons and daughters to rush suddenly into the presence of their grieving parents, sisters and brothers. The news of their safety must precede them. We must let hope and trust first shine into and steady their anguished hearts. Dead Shot and I will ride forward and pave the way for a meeting. You will all keep out of view till we give the signal for your approach."

The wisdom of the suggestion commended itself to all, and notwithstanding the eagerness of the young people to make a headlong rush, they cheerfully submitted to the delay. The two experienced scouts rode leisurely along outside the fence till they reached the front of the nearest dwelling. Dismounting they hitched their horses and stepped within the gate. The front door was open and they saw the members of both households there assembled.

Approaching the door, Dead Shot saluted the inmates courteously at the same time enquiring for the houses of the Wingate and Archer families. The eyes of the entire group were wistfully turned upon the strangers now stepping within the door. The elder Wingate sadly replied: "Their homes are both within these clearings, and this is one of them. But why do you thus inquire?"

"We have heard of the disappearance of your daughters," Mishawaha rejoined, "and also of the absence of your sons, making strenuous efforts for their recovery."

"But whence came you? How did you learn these facts?" abruptly enquired the senior Archer, at the same time taking a hasty step forward, with eager look and his face aglow with a wild hope of news.

"We belong away west on the Kalamazoo, but we came now from the Mingo country far south of this," calmly rejoined Mishawaha, and then added, "we first heard the rumors out west, and then among the Mingos."

Wingate and both those mothers now sprang to their feet with intense anxiety depicted on every feature, and with eyes seemingly devouring face and form of both the strangers. Archer impulsively broke in again, "How could you hear it so soon and in places so widely asunder? unless you are! oh God! It must be so! you are the famous Ottawa scouts? You have been on our children's trail."

"Friends!" said Dead Shot, "listen calmly to our words. We are those scouts. We have been far, very far on that trail, as you have wisely conjectured." Ceasing to speak for a moment, Mishawaha shrewdly interposed, saying: "We have seen your four children all alive."

Parents and children united in a chorus of shouts,



"Alive! alive! Alice and Effie! Jim and Will all alive!"

Next those mothers, with tear-bedewed cheeks, sprang together forward, each clutching an arm of the forest queen, and each with a piercing look fastened on her features, they ejaculated, rather than uttered the words. They are safe! Oh! tell us so! You have rescued our daughters! You have shielded our sons! Blessed woman! Blessed scouts! Tell us you have plainly! We can all bear the news now. Your faces have let in the light of hope and trust. You two have been to us and ours angels of deliverance."

Mishawaha wept in sympathy with those mothers as she folded each in a warm embrace. Dead Shot stirred to his inmost soul by that touching scene spoke hurriedly, "Yes, you can all bear the news we bring. Your children free and safe will soon be here." Thus saying he stepped to the door giving the signal to those in waiting.

For that token those sons and daughters had impatiently watched. Spurring forward now in a wild gallop, Jim and Will leaped from the saddle at the gate, aiding Alice and Effie to alight. Their parents and the children were already in the front yard. The young men opening the gate, passed the maidens through, but staid themselves outside to witness those loving, blissful reunions. Soon after, with heaving breasts, tear-stained cheeks, but radiant countenances, they too were welcomed with like embraces and loving tokens.

At the time Dead Shot with his wife first started forward, Tekonsha and the two native scouts rode away from the clearings deep into the forest. Now as those family greetings were fully ended, the three natives rode up to the gate with the carcasses of two freshly-taken deer. Will as master of ceremonies, now gave

formal introductions all round. Wingate and Archer, seniors, tendered to the scouts one and all their heartfelt thanks, for their priceless services to both families in rescuing and safely returning their lost darlings.

Tekonsha replied briefly, saying: "We all much glad we could help. But the Good Spirit of the pale faces, him help more than all. He must not be forgotten in our much joy. It is good time for a feast, out in that grove near by. Here is plenty meat we brought for such purpose. These pale-face squaws and mothers can add what them like. Lynx Eye and White Ferret will make fire, roast 'em meat. Tekonsha wants all to eat and be much happy together."

The proposition of the chief was warmly seconded by all. Men and matrons were busily engaged preparing for the entertainment, whilst Alice and Effie grouped the children around them listening to the wonderful incidents of their wild forest ride. The older men took the horses of the cavalcade to a fine field of grass within their enclosure. Jim, Will and Dead Shot, arranged rustic seats by a long table in the grove.

Within an hour's time, and with still an hour's sun, that table was spread with nicely browned meat, a variety of vegetables, dishes of boiled eggs, white bread sliced on plates, with milk and golden rolls of butter. Around that table were now gathered the five scouts with every member of both the households. To them all, it was a season of pleasant festivity, and an hour of unclouded happiness.

In the early twilight the two families retired to their separate dwellings. The scouts preferring to spread their blankets by the fire in the grove, with true native politeness bade the two families a kindly adieu. Mishawaha and the maidens separated after a fond, lingering

embrace. Some hours later, taking advantage of another cloudless night, with its glorious moon, those tireless scouts gathered from the enclosure their own, with five of the horses captured from the outlaws; but leaving in the pasture lot, the two stolen from Tekonsha, and ridden by the maidens in their devious journey from Battle Creek to their homes again.

At the request of the chief, Dead Shot with a quenched coal wrote on the inside of a strip of bark the words: "For Alice and Effie, the horse that each rode on the trail." The bark with the writing was placed on the table. Thereupon mounting they all rode westward on the trail, the five riderless horses following. By noon of the succeeding day they arrived at Battle Creek.

Remaining there over night, Dead Shot with his wife and Lynx Eye, pressing upon Tekonsha the outlaw horses, bade him and White Ferret adieu. They took the trail over Gull Prairie direct for the big Horse Shoe Bend at Allegan, having learned at Battle Creek that Wakazoo had returned thither from Kalamazoo. They reached their own wigwam by the middle of the afternoon. During that evening they reported to the old chief the incidents of their long scouting tour.

Wakazoo listened at first attentively, but kindling up in feeling and interest as the narrative progressed, he finally, at its conclusion, expressed his delight at the happy termination of the grave affair. In the warmth of his excitement he even expressed his regret that he could not have been present at the condign punishment meted out to the kidnapping outlaws with their thieving Mingo accomplices.

Having in the outset simply designed in this narrative sketch, to relate the incidents of the capture,

recapture, and restoration of the maidens, we here bid adieu to the scouts, until their reappearance in our recitals of other stirring events in which they actually participated. We might as well perhaps terminate our entire narrative with this dismissal of our scouts. But unless we misjudge, our lady readers would like to know how it fared afterwards with those frontier families, and especially whether those loving couples were ever duly united in matrimonial bonds.

On these topics, then, we are inclined to add a few paragraphs by way of a more formal conclusion. To the Wingate and Archer families, the fiery trial through which they had passed, brought no further serious detriment or permanent injury. Alice and Effie in their home circles again, rapidly recovered from the effects of both bodily hardships and mental anguish.

In fact they learned to dwell with a species of dreamy fondness over the excitements and even sharp perils of their forcible abduction and wild forest ride. It constituted an episode, a romantic adventure, in which they had figured as heroines. It was an epoch to be cherished, and an event to be remembered, in the otherwise even tenor of their prosaic and uneventful lives.

To Jim and Will the adventure had proved, in many ways, highly beneficial. It brought to the surface personal traits and mental resources of which they had been theretofore profoundly ignorant. The trying ordeal had suddenly rounded and ripened them up into a well developed manhood.

In the fall months of that same year, after due preparation, a double wedding occurred. The two young couples between whom an ardent and reciprocal attachment had long existed, with their parents took two large canoes, and dropping down to the mouth of the

Huron, coasted up to Detroit. There the marriage ceremony between the pairs was duly solemnized by a Protestant clergyman.

Upon their return the young couples commenced housekeeping by themselves, in new log houses, that fall erected on "squatter claims," which the young men had made adjacent to the homesteads of their parents. There they dwelt for many years, in the enjoyment of a full average share of wedded bliss. They saw those parents peacefully descending into the vale of years. Their younger brothers and sisters arriving at maturity successively entered upon the cares and responsibilities of life. Alice and Effie in becoming mothers developed into fine specimens of the genuine American matron.

Their husbands kept an even pace with them in ripening development. They became pillars of social order, and towers of strength in the "great *cordon sanitaire*" of advancing western civilization. At home or abroad, in the domestic circle, or on committees of safety in their enlarging community, they met the responsibilities of life, with broad shoulders and manly hearts.





*PIERRE.*

**STAR LIGHT AND RED HAND;**  
**OR,**  
**THE DISCARDED OJIBWAY WIFE AND SON.**





## INTRODUCTION.

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To persons blest with an artistic eye for picturesque and lovely landscape views, the southern shore of Lake Superior presents many attractions. As matter of fact it is unquestionably true, that the grandeur of lofty mountains; the abrupt and sheer descent of yawning chasms; the beetling cliffs with storm-stained masses of overhanging rocks, are absent from the scene. But to the artistic eye attuned to the natural outline beauties of ever shifting vistas, a full compensation for that absence, is furnished by the novel groupings constantly crowding upon the vision with their exquisite coloring of light and shadow.

Thus for instance, whilst sailing up the lake at the proper distance, with the sunlight falling upon the "Pictured Rocks," at the requisite angle, the panorama of opening and dissolving views is actually bewildering. To one possessed of a lively imagination, those strange fantastic figures, robed in their brilliant coloring of shifting hues, conjures up scenes of weird enchantment.

Next in order come those massive deposits of iron, in hill and mound, and stratified horizontal drift rock, oftentimes enwrapping huge masses of pure mineral in bulk. In the purity and fineness of their wonderful iron deposit; in its working properties and serviceable qualities; in the vastness of its range, with an almost limitless aggregated quantity, the world, as yet, has developed no available parallel.

Drifting westward still, whilst leaving Iron Bay far to the south, the eye of the tourist, at length, fastens upon Kewenaw point. There the more valuable mineral bearing range of uplifted igneous rock, first outcrops above the ordinary land and water level. This amygdaloid trappe range is crossed transversely at intervals with narrow veins richly stored with silver and copper.

Those veins are usually indicated by a surface exhibit of chrystalized quartz. They are generally wrought by sinking shafts deep in the bed rock, and then drifting horizontally in the direction of the vein. To the practiced eye of the geologist, however, the region has a peculiar interest. In the conglomerate formation of outlying masses; in the general appearance of the igneous rock; in the chrystalized globules found in its air cells; and in the location and character of the mineral veins, most conclusive evidence is furnished of their volcanic origin.

In other words, the proof is quite satisfactory, that in some remote period of the past, the present marginal region of Lake Superior was subjected to intense heat, and in that condition uplifted by volcanic throes. The radiating center of that igneous action was doubtless to be found under the bed of that grand body of water. If so, its natural and only vent must have been a lateral outburst around the lake margin. We accordingly find this low-browed, densely timbered trappe range to be of narrow breadth, whilst trending off westwardly for a long distance parallel with the shore or water line. On the southerly side of that narrow range the country gradually falls off into rich glades of hardwood timber, traversed by streams of pure water. The latter ordinarily have a fair current flow towards the more southern waters. The region might prove well adapted for agricultural purposes,

were it not for the short seasons, the severity of the winters, and the burthen of snow, falling too deep for man or beast.

Whilst gliding along on the bosom of the lake towards La Point, we pass many points, on either hand, worthy of our attention. First in order beyond Kewenaw Point, we reach Copper Harbor, formed by inundation of the coast, and having a small island like a bridge projecting half way across the front of the diminutive Bay. Its chief importance is at the present time, derived from active mineral transactions in its vicinity.

In the northern board, over against the Harbor, the dim outlines of Isle Royale may be discovered. This island is separated from the northern shore by a narrow sheet of water. It is of fair dimensions, but of rough exterior, being in fact a rocky uplift, with numberless fissures, gorges and chasms. Evidently of igneous origin, it owes its present statue to a violent upheaval from the bed of the lake.

Among the numberless creeks and water courses having their sources in the trappe range, there are two, between Copper Harbor and the Porcupine Mountains, fairly entitled to the name of river. The eastern and larger of these, the Ontonagon, traverses quite an extensive region, whilst the Iron river sweeps the eastern base of the mountains last named.

Inland from the mouths of the Ontonagon and Iron rivers the trappe range becomes a more decided elevation, finally culminating in a northerly spur termed the Porcupine Mountains. The latter have a bold shore line thrust in trenchant form into the main lake. Inshore those mountains are broken and rugged, being traversed by fissures and chasms, thus presenting frequent exposures of amygdaloid and serpentine rock in places.

From the most prominent peaks, the outlook over the lake is grand, whilst inland within the compass of vision, many landscape views of exquisite loveliness are both scattered and grouped. West of these mountains the shore-line view is less attractive. The sameness of its ever green skirting become monotonous, whilst the sinuosities of bay and point prove both tedious and irksome in canoe coasting.

Passing the Apostle Islands and making a direct traverse of the adjacent Bay we at length reach La Point, the site of the present city of Duluth. Standing at that long known western terminus of Lake Superior, the tourist of a century ago, must have felt isolated and far removed from all traces of our Caucasian civilization.

At the eastern extremity of this noble inland sea there are many objects of interest. The scenery around the Saut de Ste Marie (or Soo St. Mary) is in various aspects singularly wild and picturesque. For the entire distance occupied by the falls, or more properly speaking, the rapids, the outlet waters are darting and dashing, seething and foaming in wild career down their rocky bed, whirling to the right hand and then to the left, amidst rough boulders and craggy projecting points. Below, the entire volume is finally gathered in its quiet flow, seeking its destination in Lake Huron through the devious channels and past the numerous islands of the St. Mary's river.

As the scene of our present legend is laid in the region whose salient points we have thus hastily sketched, the reader may have occasion as the narrative progresses to glance back at our introductory description. With these preparatory remarks we will address ourselves to our work in hand.

# STAR LIGHT AND RED HAND:

OR,

THE DISCARDED OJIBWAY WIFE AND SON.

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## CHAPTER I.

About two hundred years ago the entire region of the Lake Superior was traversed and sparsely occupied by aboriginal denizens. They were apparently descendants of pioneer emigrants advancing in a direct route from the frozen regions of the northwest. Their progressive occupation had been slow, even from the western to the eastern extremity of that noble inland sea. Yet from sure data we may ascertain the fact that a little over two centuries ago the lodge fires and settlements of the Red Hurons dotted, at intervals, the southern shore of Lake Superior from La Point to our modern "Soo St. Mary's."

That occupation however was confined to a narrow shore belt, chiefly grouped at the mouths of the rivers, for the region by no means abounded in game. The different varieties of fish from water course and lake constituted their staple for subsistence. This sparse tribal occupation being by a people of common origin and line of descent, had been generally peaceful, with a dearth of thrilling incidents or startling epochs.

We have already stated that the fact of this Red Huron occupation was definitely settled. Our authority for this is to be found in authentic history. In the year 1668 we are informed that Pere Marquette, a French Catholic Missionary traversed both lakes and rivers by canoe from Canada East to the island of Mackinaw and the Soo St. Mary's. During that same year he founded Catholic Missions at each of those places, among the Hurons, and in the following year he established a similar mission among the Hurons at La Point.

It is doubtless true that this last experiment shortly afterwards proved to be a disastrous failure, for the Hurons with their missionary were forced to flee away eastward to the Soo St. Mary's, having been vanquished by a more westerly horde. These dates and facts are unquestionably reliable. We are therefore warranted in building upon them the opening incidents of our legend.

Previous to that visit of Pere Marquette, a wild war-like horde of Ojibways, probably following the migratory trail of their Huron predecessors, had reached and seated themselves in the Walhalla valley, in the middle section of the Red River of the north. For quite a lapse of time there had remained a wide belt of vacant neutral ground between those Ojibways and the Hurons at La Point. That Walhalla valley answers to our modern name of Pembina. There our Ishmaelitic branch of American aborigines flourished for a time but were not content to remain.

Of migratory habits and plundering proclivities, they not only enjoyed the excitements of the chase, but fairly revelled in scenes of war and human slaughter. Regarded as the progenitors of our more modern Chipewas, this picture will not be considered as too highly wrought. Whilst seated at Walhalla, separate bands

were pressing their researches in all directions, in quest of adventures. One of those Ojibway bands, whilst thus employed, finally penetrated the country southeastward to the confines of the Huron settlement at La Point.

This event occurred in the infancy of the mission school there established by Pere Marquette. Shrewd and subtile by nature; secretive and cautious in their temperament, and skilled in all the devices of scouts upon track or trail, that Ojibway band devoted many nights to their furtive espials upon that settlement, both by land and water.

Ultimately returning to Walhalla, their glowing report was submitted to a full council of chiefs. The news being soon after publicly divulged, produced a wonderful excitement in clan and tribe. Their native migratory longing returned. Their warlike ardor was aroused. A passionate craving for blood fairly throbbed through every artery and vein of moiety of the Ojibway braves.

An expedition of chosen warriors was planned and duly organized by the chiefs with their accustomed astuteness and caution. Its object was the conquest of the Huron territory at La Point. With the full opening of spring, an adequate force of braves fully armed and hideous in their war paint, filed out of Walhalla upon that lengthy campaign trail.

The denizens of that doomed Huron settlement dreamed not of danger until, with a terrific warwhoop from that beleaguering band, the deadly assault commenced at early dawn. The settlement being but a few rods inshore from the water, the attack was made from the land side only. But a few moments elapsed before the women, children, and non-combatants made a desperate rush for their fleet of canoes, fortunately moored close at hand.



The Huron braves half clad as they were, but with trusty tomahawk and knife in hand, formed a hasty line in the rear of their friends, but face to face with the enemy. The fight was terrific. On either side heads were cloven and limbs were lopped with the whirling tomahawk, whilst heart thrusts were given with knives dripping with gore. The contest was too unequal to be long enduring. The Hurons made that desperate but temporary stand for the escape of their families and friends.

Step by step they were forced backward towards their canoes; whilst thus disputing the ground inch by inch they reached the open space between the lodges and canoes. Then in perfect unison they wheeled, and with a few flying bounds they stood beside the canoes. Shoving off and vaulting aboard, they were soon *en masse*, safe from their assailants. For that night attack the Ojibways had left their bows behind, and they were destitute of any craft for pursuit.

Coasting down the Southern lake shore, but occasionally stopping at small settlements for supplies, those exile dwellers at La Point, ultimately reached and colonized with their friends at the Soo St. Mary's. Alarmed by the news of that western bloody tragedy, the denizens of that south shore as far eastward as Kewenaw point, hastily collecting their effects, followed in the wake of those fleeing exiles.

Back at La Point the surviving Ojibways were far from being jubilant over their dear-bought victory. Several gallant chiefs and many a stalwart warrior had been slain. Taken by count, they had lost man for man with the Hurons. Of plunder they had secured nothing valuable. They now lacked both the disposition and means to either pursue the retreating host, or

to provoke further hostilities. They had been painfully and most thoroughly taught the lesson, that the weapons of their enemies were superior to their own, and could be both bravely and skilfully wielded.

Collecting and burying the dead, and taking formal possession of the vacated tenements, swift runners were despatched to Walhalla, with news of their conquest. As promptly as time and distance would allow, a numerous colony of Ojibways arriving, seated themselves at La Point, claiming possession of all the adjacent region. The advance of their detached settlements, on either shore of the lake, was cautious and dilatory. After the lapse of fifteen years they had failed to reach Copper Harbor on the Southern or Isle Royale near the northern shore.

The proper exposition of our legend requires us here to revert again to some special incidents of that night assault at La Point. A youthful Frenchman, familiarly called "Pierre," had accompanied Pere Marquette from Canada East to the Soo St. Mary's, and afterwards to La Point. He was of medium size, of a well-knit sinewy frame, graceful in attitude and movement, having a clear dark complexion and comely features. He was in demeanor calm and self-possessed, but of retiring habit and usually reticent. He had tact in the woodcraft of the savage, readily becoming an adept in the use of all their weapons and implements for fishing, hunting and trapping.

Pierre found leisure to spend many hours in the settlement. Becoming a proficient in the Huron dialect, he was able to converse fluently with the natives. In the freedom of their lives, largely spent in the open air, Pierre daily met, and thus formed an acquaintance with the youthful daughters of both chiefs and noted warriors. With one of those maidens he speedily man-

aged to fall desperately in love. The attachment proved to be mutual and equally ardent on the part of the maiden.

The latter was the daughter of a local Huron chief. She was young, sprightly, of graceful form and lovely features. Lithe and agile in step and movement, she was gifted with the fleetness of the forest fawn. Her dark full eyes were possessed of magnetic power and brilliancy. Even Pere Marquette, impressed by her genial disposition and flashing glances, called her, "Star Light." By that pet name she afterwards became widely known.

At the date of that midnight assault by the invading Ojibways, those lovers were betrothed, and the time set for their union was near at hand. As the multitudes, startled by the pealing war-whoop, rushed from their lodges, and went surging in wild confusion for the fleet of canoes, "Star Light" was at first in the crowd. Glancing fearfully around, her eye fell upon her father engaged in fierce encounter with the foe. As she thus gazed spell-bound, she saw that father's tomahawk go crashing through the skull of his adversary.

But in another breath, she beheld two braves bounding towards him from the enemy's line. The blow of the one he parried, but fell fatally pierced by the knife of the other. Brave and spirited, but bereft of her wonted prudence, the hapless maiden, turning back, sprang to that scene of butchery, and knelt heart-stricken beside her dying parent.

The chief who dealt the blow, gave a glance of admiration at the lovely kneeling maiden, then stooping, he gathered her up in his stalwart arms and fled swiftly to the rear of that fighting line. Finding his captive overborne by strong emotion, and powerless for any struggle, he placed her in a sitting posture, and deftly binding her to a staddle, flew back to mingle in the affray.

## CHAPTER II.

Notwithstanding the celerity of his retreating and returning footsteps, that Ojibway chief was barely able to get in a single blow, before the Hurons, now clear of the lodges, wheeled and sped for the fleet. Then the chief turned also, and retracing his steps, unbound his captive and placed her in a vacant lodge in charge of a brace of his followers.

But when in an after consultation, and whilst smarting and furious in view of their heavy losses, the body of surviving Ojibways demanded the captive for a victim at the stake, her captor Ne-on-ta-no-mah, stood bravely up in her defense. He was young, and had thus far been only the leader of a band subject to his elder brother, who was chief of a powerful clan. That elder brother had just fallen in the bloody, night assault, and Ne-on-ta-no-mah was sure of succeeding to the vacant chieftaincy.

In a second interview with his comely captive, he was fascinated by her charms, and was sorely wounded by one of Cupid's stray arrows. When, therefore, the discussion by the Ojibways, as to the final disposition of the captive became vehement, her captor shewed himself to be shrewed as well as brave. Rising in his place and glancing around the circle with a lowering frown, he remarked, "The spirit must be abject indeed that craves the blood of a maiden to atone for the loss of men who had fallen whilst bravely fighting." But whilst he had vainly contended against the unmanly

clamor, he was resolved by means befitting his manhood to thwart the base scheme.

Then standing proudly erect he added, "Ne-on-ta-no-mah is now the head of his family, but death has recently created a vacant seat in his wigwam. That seat I now fill by adopting the captive into my household. This I do by force of unquestioned tribal law." Thus saying, he stepped proudly forward and taking the captive by the hand led her forth from the assemblage.

As the pair reached the vacant lodge again, the chief, bestowing upon Star Light a look of undisguised admiration, informed her that she was to be his wife. Although his language was unintelligible to her, yet the look and gesture unmistakably disclosed to her his meaning. With a heart filled with anguish, and a repellant look she replied, "O, no! Me no be your wife! Me wife of Pierre. Me be your slave, do much work, but me no be your wife!"

Her language was unknown to Ne-on-ta-no-mah, but her look was eloquent of both dissent and disgust. He was angered that she thus spurned the alliance he had condescended to proffer. His answer was curtly given. "Squaw no choose for herself. Chief choose for her, Ne-on-ta-no-mah has spoken it." Such was in truth the barbarous native code, touching woman's rights. Star Light again understood his meaning and knew that she was doomed.

The lodge assigned to Pierre and solely occupied by him prior to that midnight assault was at the extreme southern verge of the Huron settlement. It was near the waters edge, whilst some thirty rods still further southward, a little cove jutted into the shore line. The cove was closely embowered by the dense foliage of trees skirting its margin. There and under full cover

Pierre kept his canoe with all utensils. There also he secreted his trapping implements, his fishing tackle, with a spare knife, tomahawk, bow and arrows. He had rigged his staunch birchen canoe, with a slender mast and "leg of mutton" sail.

On the night of that Ojibway onslaught Pierre had reached his lodge late, and wearied by a tiresome hunting tramp. After a frugal meal of cold broiled steak, and simply divesting himself of his weapons and his waist-belt, he threw himself upon a bed of skin robes, and was soon soundly sleeping. From that slumber, in common with the other dwellers, he was aroused by that pealing war-whoop of the foe. Springing to his feet and mechanically replacing his waist-belt with its weapons, he rushed outside of his lodge.

The first thought of Pierre was of his beloved Star Light. His first effort was in behalf of her rescue. Northward he sped with flying leaps, a weapon in either hand. An Ojibway was crossing his track. The hatchet of Pierre cleft his skull. A second savage came with a bound to his side. With a left-handed sweeping blow of the knife, the intruder was laid beside his comrade.

But in the act of withdrawing the weapon, he was pitched head foremost by a terrible blow upon the left shoulder blade. For the time being that huge war-club performed its work effectually. Breathless and senseless, Pierre lay prone upon his face stunned and motionless. In that fierce melee the grim warriors were whirled past him, and nearer the lake. His consciousness was soon restored, and with it a measure of strength returned. In the dim light, having the lake surface for a back ground, he discerned the fleeing host of the Hurons.

Rising slowly to his knees, he saw them entering

their canoes, and realized that flight and escape in that manner were entirely feasible. He hoped that Star Light was in that throng of fugitives. But for him to join them in that direction was impossible. His courage returned as another thought flashed upon him like an inspiration. The way was open to his own canoe, with that he could rejoin them, if his strength would but serve him to reach it. He was able to arise erect and stagger southward. But as the numbness produced by the blow subsided, and physical reaction set in, the excruciating pain he suffered was seemingly past endurance.

His head was in a dizzy whirl. Gasping with faintness, reeling and stumbling, he still struggled onward to the margin of the cove. There he managed to stow his effects on board, but in striving to dislodge his canoe in his faint and weak condition, he lost his balance and toppled over into the water. Luckily it was there shoal, and his footing was readily regained. His involuntary bath proved both refreshing and invigorating.

Standing beside the canoe, he raised and adjusted his slender mast with the sail idly flapping about it. Then shoving the bark afloat he crawled within it, and headed with his paddle outward for open water. All this had been accomplished by the use of the right arm alone, for his left arm hung useless and motionless by his side. Paddling with one hand he finally managed to gain an offing of forty rods from the shore.

The fleet of Huron canoes in the full morning light, was fast vanishing from his view. Feeling the breeze fanning his cheek from off shore, the paddle was now abandoned. Seating himself in the stern and hauling upon the line attached to the sail, he was overjoyed to behold it gradually but steadily filling. In a few mo-







*STAR LIGHT.*

ments more he had sufficient headway to shape his course. The breeze continued to freshen until he found his craft dancing over the mimic waves.

By noon he had the Huron fleet broadly in view, and was content to follow in its wake. At the mouth of the Montreal they all beached their canoes and landed at the Huron settlement for food and supplies. Pierre was too much disabled from the effects of the blow to move about. A friendly Huron brought him food. Of this he partook with some relish, carefully storing what remained. Hearing of their purpose to at once resume their eastward flight, the wind still favoring, and fearing still greater disability from his bruises, Pierre set sail again, resolved to precede them.

Invigorated by the food he had taken, and rendered hopeful by the favoring breeze, he held on his way for many hours. Finally having passed the Porcupine Mountains and the mouth of Iron river, the Ontonagon seemed to invite his entrance. Rounding in and running up for half a mile, he landed on the eastern shore at a thriving Huron settlement. Exhausted and feverish he was too ill to stand or walk. One of the residents kindly helped him to a lodge, and laid him upon a bed of skin robes. Next furnishing him with nourishing food, he at length applied healing leaves to his bruises.

In due time the Huron fleet arrived with its migrating host. Then Pierre caused a general inquiry and search to be made for Star Light. She certainly was not in the crowd, and no one had seen her since the bloody assault at La Point. This intelligence came near unsettling the reason of Pierre. After the first paroxysms of his grief and utter despair subsided, his lips became bloodless, his countenance assumed a deathlike

palor, and his eye the fixed expression of hopeless mental agony. He became moody and taciturn. When the time arrived for the host to move forward again he utterly refused to accompany them.

As that colony departed also with the multitude, being panic stricken with fear of the Ojibways, Pierre, in his obstinacy, was left sole tenant of that deserted settlement. His gloomy depression and morbid melancholy remained, although his bodily health improved. The healing properties of those medicinal herbs removed the soreness and discoloration of the bruises, and restored to him the free use of his limbs. Thus physically speaking, "Pierre was himself again."

He never questioned the grounds of his belief that Star Light had actually perished in that midnight massacre. The idea of her possible captivity never entered his brain. Regarding her as forever lost, life henceforth to him would be both aimless and worthless. Shunning human society his should be a hermit's life. His lone hut and fire, for the period of a twelvemonth, were the only evidence of a human residence in the Ontonagon valley.

By chance, after the lapse of that period, a roving Ojibway was driven by a storm to the mouth of that river, where his craft being capsized he was nearly drowned. Pierre came promptly to the rescue, conducting him to his own hut, and there caring for and feeding him. The native was from La Point. Before taking his leave he chanced to mention Ne-on-ta-no-mah, the resident chief, and his wife, Star Light.

Striding hastily up and grasping the arm of the Ojibway, Pierre fiercely enquired, "What mean you by speaking that name of Star Light?" Startled by the rasping tone and wild manner of his questioner, the

native promptly responded, "Me mean chief's wife. She one young Huron squaw once. Him seize her that night when her people flee away in canoes. Him shortly marry her. She look big sorry."

In the very acme of frenzied rage, and with the aspect of a veritable demon, Pierre shrieked forth the words, "Out of my sight! Ojibway dog! I have fed and sheltered you. Else I would slay you outright." Frightened by what he saw and heard, the native fled to his canoe, whilst Pierre with scintillating eye and lips foam flecked with wrath, strode back to his lone hut.

### CHAPTER III.

This revolting Ojibway wifehood for Star Light, was most abhorrent to the mind of Pierre. It upset in a breath all his cherished notions of the purity of the lovely maiden, or of her undying devotion to her virgin betrothal. He could easily imagine how Ne-on-ta-no-mah might capture and hold her with the strong hand. He could also readily believe the chief capable of using brute force towards his unwilling victim. But the very idea that Star Light could submit to his dishonoring embraces, and still consent to live, was to him a monstrous fraud upon the personal rights of her betrothed.

In that hour of stern reality, the idol of his cherished heart worship, was rudely hurled from its pedestal, never to be replaced. The darling image of her beautiful form and features—the remembrance of her witching graces and genial disposition—with his abiding faith in her vestal purity and undying devotion; all these, so long enshrined in thought and memory, were rudely torn away and flung to the winds.

Thrown into a transition state, the mind of Pierre wildly oscillated between the wide extremes of lasting love and passionate hate. As those vibrations ceased, the mind, by a natural law, assumed the midway position, of calm indifference. The thought of Star Light ceased to awaken a single emotion of joy or grief—love or hatred—even of pity or contempt. For love thus ignobly crucified, there can be, seemingly, no resurrection.

But whilst all the sensibilities of his soul became

completely ossified towards his former darling, the mind of Pierre was actively surveying the opposite grounds of retaliation and revenge. Towards Ne-on-ta-no-mah, as the author of his woe, Pierre instinctively indulged in feelings of immeasurable hatred. To his disordered fancy the conduct of the chief towards Star Light assumed the shape of a monstrous personal wrong to himself. It was such an outrage as blood alone could atone for.

The prospect of visiting his vengeance upon the person of the chief being extremely dubious, Pierre would content himself by wreaking it on his Ojibway adherents and retainers. Within the time already elapsed since the seizure of La Point, a second colony had arrived from Walhalla valley, and had been seated by Ne-on-ta-no-mah in the valley of the Montreal river.

With his present leading object of Ojibway blood in view, Pierre shifted his quarters to a secluded fastness near the summit of the Porcupine mountains. His canoe was lodged in safe cover well up stream from the mouth of Iron river. At intervals his stealthy excursions were extended to the hunting grounds in the vicinity of the Montreal river, as well as to the Ojibway settlements on its borders. With all the craft and subtility of a native scout, and with the patience of the latter in watching and waiting, as the years rolled by, Pierre was gradually swelling the number of his victims.

The loss of their friends at first alarmed the natives as unusual casualties. But when year after year those deaths were multiplied, and all their efforts to discover and punish the assassin proved futile, a superstitious dread of this invisible avenger began to pervade the public mind. In the gloom of night and forest, native hunters had caught occasional glimpses of a human form silently flitting from cover to cover.

The arrows found in the bodies of the slain, were all of similar pattern. They were not of Ojibway make or model. They differed from those of the native Hurons. By the few slight traces discovered and the course of travel they indicated, the settlers became convinced that the abiding place of their mysterious visitant was in the Porcupine mountains. From the fashion and manner of planting those imprints they were sure they were never made by native feet.

During all these years Pierre had chronicled the number of his victims by a novel death record. At the commencement of his raids he prepared a stick in shape resembling a two-edged dagger blade. Upon this a notch was cut for each of his victims as they successively fell. But when they numbered a score he wearied of those deeds of blood. Removing his effects to his canoe, he coasted by the latter down eastward to Copper Harbor. There he erected his hut and settled into the peaceful routine of hunting and fishing.

There the fifteenth year from the loss of his betrothed, found Pierre still active and vigorous, but wearing the marks of deep-seated grief. Those years had been sorrowful but uneventful ones to Star Light. Ne-on-ta-no-mah had wedded her shortly after the conquest of La Point. There they had continued to reside, the chief being the principal ruler of the region. For as new settlements were formed on either coast of the lake, his authority was increased and his jurisdiction extended until he became the acknowledged head chief of all the Ojibways east of Walhalla valley.

One only son had been born to him and Star Light. He was now fourteen years of age, but both mentally and physically developed. At that early age he was an adept in all their athletic sports and pastimes, and could

skillfully use their hunting implements and weapons of warfare. Yet he was by no means a favorite with the Ojibway nation, and for that reason was under a cloud with his father. The mother, on account of her nationality, was displeasing to the people, and that had occasioned a coldness, now of a dozen years standing, between her and the ambitious Ne-on-ta-no-mah.

The women of Ojibway descent were jealous of Star Light as the wife of their popular and rising chief. Her comeliness in form and feature; in fact that peerless beauty which had so suddenly captivated their chief, was to them a standing source of annoyance. They flouted her on every occasion as having been foisted into a position which of right belonged to one of their own nationality.

At the same time among the petty chiefs and braves of those settlements, the son of Star Light was the object of a jealous hatred. They were resolved to defeat his succession to the chieftaincy. As if in aid of their rancorous hatred of both Star Light and her son, Howling Wolf, the old Ojibway chief at Walhalla, made most flattering overtures to Ne-on-ta-no-mah. He tendered to him the hand of his daughter in marriage, with the version of the post of Grand Chief of the Nation.

These specious offers were eagerly accepted. Ne-on-ta-no-mah sent a special message back that he would present himself at an early day for the espousals. No inkling of this base purpose was allowed to reach the ear of either Star Light or her son, until after the departure of the chief. Then in the very wantonness of malignant scandal-mongers, two old crones visited the lodge of the chief, and with hypocritical professions of condolence and sympathy, reported to Star Light the projected marriage, and her consequent downfall and repudiation.



The blow struck home and with a far deeper wound than those meddling crones were at the moment allowed to discover. For Star Light had managed to listen to that intelligence with outward composure, but with no word of reply. Disconcerted by her silence and queenly bearing, those birds of ill omen hastened their departure, pondering as they went over the callousness of their victim.

At the same period the son of Star Light was taunted publicly with his fallen fortunes and loss of caste. With heightened circulation and excited manner he sought his mother for an explanation. Calmly she rehearsed to him the news of the projected marriage and their consequent downfall. That message of doom was outwardly received as quietly as it was delivered. But when their colloquy ended, and as they, rising up stood face to face, their eyes met in a searching gaze. The understanding between mother and son was perfect. The denouement of that second marriage would exhibit its appropriate victim.

Meanwhile upon the arrival of Ne-on-ta-no-mah, that ill-assorted marriage was solemnized, with all befitting native ceremonials, at Walhalla. The chief with his bride made the journey without misadventure, arriving at La Point amidst a general rejoicing. They soon retired to the principal wigwam of the chief. That same evening a special council of the minor chiefs was called, at which the principal chief was invited to be present.

As the newly married pair entered the wigwam they found it tenanted by Star Light and her son. The new made bride had been informed of that family history and at sight she recognized the inmates. Indicating their presence by a slight waive of the hand and forearm, and with a haughty toss of the head she said to

the chief: "If I remain, these two interlopers must leave!"

Bowing courteously to this new fledged mistress of his household, the chief next turned with frowning brow to his elder wife and son. His words were few and heartless.

"The wigwam of Ne-on-ta-no-mah can no longer be your home. Star Light and her boy are by me henceforth discarded. You both must leave at once, and never cross my path again."

As he ceased speaking, that scorned and repudiated wife confronted him, fixing and holding his gaze with a glance of her own eye, now luminous with a cold steel glitter. She spoke deliberately in full clear tones:

"And this is what Ne-on-ta-no-mah calls justice towards his wife and child! The Great Manitou shall judge between us! By your mandate we become vagrants without food or shelter! You forbid us to cross your path! I now say woe betide the one who shall provoke a future meeting."

Thus saying, the discarded pair gathered up their personal effects. Then leisurely advancing to the entrance, and brushing aside the curtain, they disappeared in the now fast vanishing evening twilight.

## CHAPTER IV.

That mother and son were not taken unawares. Ever since the interview between Star Light and those two old Ojibway crones, they had quietly made their arrangements for that expulsion. They had secured a serviceable birchen canoe of sufficient capacity to transport them with all their effects. They had secreted that canoe in the cove at the south formerly used for that purpose by Pierre.

Knowing the time set for the arrival of the wedded pair, they had, on the preceding night, stowed in their canoe a supply of food for a lengthy trip, together with their fur robes and extra clothing. When they were unceremoniously sent adrift by the chief at the beck of his equally heartless bride, they made directly for the cove. There when everything was prepared for flight, with the canoe afloat and Star Light seated therein, the boy again sought the wigwam of the chief, but by an unfrequented pathway.

Soon after his expulsion of the twain Ne-on-ta-nomah had also departed to meet the chiefs in council. His new pledged bride, fatigued by travel and the various ceremonies of the day, when thus left alone, reclined upon a skin robe couch at the rear wall of the wigwam. The central fire had been purposely reduced to a feeble glimmer, so that she might enjoy a comfortable hour's sleep. The multitude were attracted by evening sports then in progress by the light of a bonfire at some distance away.

Cautiously the corner of the entrance curtain to the wigwam of the chief was lifted. The disowned lad, now prone upon the ground, was scanning everything within that apartment with falcon glance. He saw the outline form of the recumbent woman. Then his acute ear was employed to detect the slightest sound. In the hush and stillness of the room the regular breathing of the sleeper was heard.

Confident in the evidence obtained by eye and ear, the lad crawled noiseless within, and making the half circuit of the wall he crept to the side of the sleeper. The flicker of that light was fitful and exceeding faint, but it served his purpose. Rising like a silent spectre to his knees he saw that the long lashes covering those brilliant eyes were fully closed. Then rising erect his eye ran searchingly for a spot on that lightly-robed bosom.

Slowly, but steadily the right arm of the avenger was raised aloft. For an instant balanced there, the hand might have been seen clutching a lethal blade. One moment more and with a downward plunge that blade stood trembling in the heart of the hapless sleeper. As it was withdrawn the hand of the lad was bathed by a jet of life blood. In the passing of a breath the entrance was gained and passed, and the boy avenger, with knife still in hand, was speeding his way to the waiting Star Light.

As he stood by the canoe for answer to the enquiring look of his mother, he showed his gory hand and knife. Then leaping aboard, with a quick dip into the water outside, his hand and knife were cleansed, and the latter went into its sheath. Their paddles were next seized and the canoe was shot out into the lake on its eastward bound trip.

An hour later the local council closed its session and Ne-on-ta-no-mah hastened to his wigwam. Stirring up and replenishing the fire with a few dry faggots, the apartment was quickly illuminated. Then stepping lightly to the couch of his wife he found her stark and rigid in death, but weltering in her blood. Wildly on the night air rung out the cry of mortal agony from the lips of Ne-on-ta-no-mah. Speedy was the gathering of chiefs and braves to witness that harrowing spectacle.

Well did the chief know that by that fell blow all his ambitious schemes were wrecked for life. Deeply did he feel that it was retribution, swift and terrible, for his flagrant outrage upon his wife and child. Instinctively he recognized the authors of that cruel tragedy, for he held the clue to an ample motive for such dire revenge. With the dead he had but slight acquaintance, and for her no lasting attachment. But as by that felon blow all his own gilded hopes and lofty ambitions for a life time had been cloven down, he then and there, forgetful of the foul wrongs prompting to the deed, resolved upon exacting a fearful expiation.

The chief well knew how difficult it would be to pacify Howling Wolf, the father of the dead woman lying there. The grim old chief away back at Walhalla, would be prone to charge him with neglect or treachery. Losing his friendship and powerful support, the elevation of Ne-on-ta-no-mah to the highest national dignity was simply impossible.

But the emergency required action, and the chief promptly met the demand. By a word he despatched several detached bands, to scour the settlement, and if necessary the entire vicinity. His order was curtly issued: "Find and bring hither Star Light and her

boy!" Next he sent a chief with two attendants on the trail to Walhalla valley, to convey to Howling Wolf the sad intelligence of his daughter's death by assassination. Finally his arrangements were announced for the funeral obsequies, fixed for the day succeeding the morrow.

The search so promptly instituted was for many hours vainly prosecuted. From the entrance of that wigwam no trace of the absent ones could be found. But when the clear light of dawn had fully come, two old scouts starting at the northern extremity of the settlement took the beach of the lake, and traversing it slowly south, minutely examined every track or visible imprint. Their labors were unremittingly prosecuted until their arrival at the cove we have previously mentioned.

There they fell upon the tracks of two persons, recently made in the moist sand. There also they found the place where a canoe had been secreted and finally set afloat. From that point the fugitives had gone by canoe hours prior to their search. Such was the general verdict when their report was made to the chief. But where had they fled for refuge? And how were they to be reclaimed? These questions were briefly answered by Ne-on-ta-no-mah.

"Star Light once accompanied me to the mouth of the Montreal river. She knows the course. There they will be found. Let ten braves make quick trip, and fetch 'em back. No find 'em there, then go further. No come back without them."

The ten were soon afloat, with food for several days and having their fishing-tackle on board. At the Montreal settlement they found no trace of the fugitives. But from a fisherman, who on the previous afternoon

had been a distance out on the lake, they learned that a canoe headed east had passed far north of where his craft was lying.

Those staunch pursuers again pressed eastward, successively passing mountains, rivers, bays and headlands, until they finally rounded into Copper Harbor. Landing there for food and a two hours rest, but discovering no traces of the fugitives they sought, they were punctually off again, and duly turning southward around Kewenaw point, they meandered the coast contiguous to those wonderful iron deposits. Thence they skirted along the Pictured Rocks, and ultimately reached White Fish point. Nearer the main settlement of the Hurons at the Soo St. Mary's they dared not to approach.

Those Ojibways firmly believed that the fugitives had not escaped by the southern shore. The thought occurred that they might have taken the northern route behind Isle Royale. Returning by that shore they might intercept their flight. Crossing over from White Fish point they patiently but fruitlessly meandered that northern shore back to La Point.

During their protracted absence on that wide circuit, the messenger despatched to Walhalla valley had returned. He reported that Howling Wolf, astounded by the tragical fate of his daughter, became perfectly furious on learning the fact of her being left to die alone, by the hand of some obscure assassin. He insisted that the failure to provide in any manner for the safety of her person, furnished conclusive evidence of indifference or criminal neglect.

With great asperity the old chief had announced that all ties of either friendship or common interest between him and Ne-on-ta-no-mah were forever severed. His only assurance of peace even, was that he would

abstain from open hostilities until ample time had elapsed for full investigation and the capture and torture of the assassin.

Upon the heel of this grave return message from Howling Wolf came the report of the detachment sent in pursuit, to the effect that they had utterly failed to discover or capture the fugitives. To Ne-on-ta-no-mah the outlook was every way disheartening. He had already mentally doomed the fugitives to death by fire torture. Under the soothing influence of that condign punishment he had hoped to make his peace with the old chief at Walhalla.

But with his wife ignobly slain and unavenged—with the assassins escaping from all pursuit scot free—and with Howling Wolf, the most powerful chief of the nation, regarding him with an evil eye, and menacing him with war, there was apparently no resource left to avert the impending danger, or to shield him from utter ruin.



## CHAPTER V.

We have previously stated that Star Light and her son, now hunted fugitives, commenced their canoe flight eastward from the old cove of Pierre at La Point. The evening was somewhat advanced, but the night was cloudless. Among the millions of glittering orbs in the azure vault, the "dipper" cluster and the polar star were prominent. By them our voyagers now shaped and held their course.

Star Light knew they must steer somewhat north of east to pass the point around which the Apostle Islands were thickly grouped. In their aim they were most fortunate, for they entered and safely emerged from one of the countless sinuous channels of those clustered islets.

The pair keenly felt the ostracism from position, caste, and human society which must follow their brutal repudiation by the chief. They also realized that after their bloody revenge of that evening there could be no safety for them wherever an Ojibway dwelt. In their oft communings of late, they had accordingly planned to reach if possible the Hurons at the Soo St. Mary's.

Star Light remembered the number of hours required for a canoe passage from the Isles to the mouth of the Montreal river. Taking, then, an easterly course, and with a keen outlook in the full light of mid-day, they managed, by running well out on the bosom of the lake, to give the Montreal river settlement a wide berth. Bearing thence more to the south they sped

onward still, with steady paddle stroke, until the dim outline of the Porcupine Mountains attracted their gaze.

With these, and in fact with most of the prominent points of that whole shore line, Star Light had previously been made familiar by her intercourse with Pierre. But ere they had passed the rock-bound coast of those rugged up lifts, they had both become exhausted by their incessant use of the paddle and the unwonted strain upon chest and arms. Star Light remembered that a river wound around the eastern margin of those mountains. Perceiving a depression in the shore, they turned south and soon entered the mouth of Iron river, for both food and temporary rest.

The first they despatched with good appetite and a keen relish. Then Star Light reclining fell off into a deep refreshing sleep. The safety of his mother kept that boy both wakeful and watchful. Sitting with his back to a boulder, from the mouth of that river his gaze was only momentarily withdrawn. But as the time elapsed his thoughts were busy with other scenes. The dying look of that woman back at La Point haunted him. Hers was the first human life he had taken. He had done it to avenge the outrage upon his mother. He remembered every incident. He recalled his firm will, his iron nerve and even pulse. He was utterly unconscious of crime. He gloried in the deed.

Two hours were thus spent in musing and watching. Star Light then awoke, and springing to her feet, looked anxiously and fearfully around her. That boy quietly laid his hand upon her arm saying, "'Tis time to move." Reassured by his tone and manner, and recalled to the perils by which they were beset, she aided in restoring their luggage and stepped aboard.

He then shoved off and springing in, they were soon in lake water and speeding eastward again.

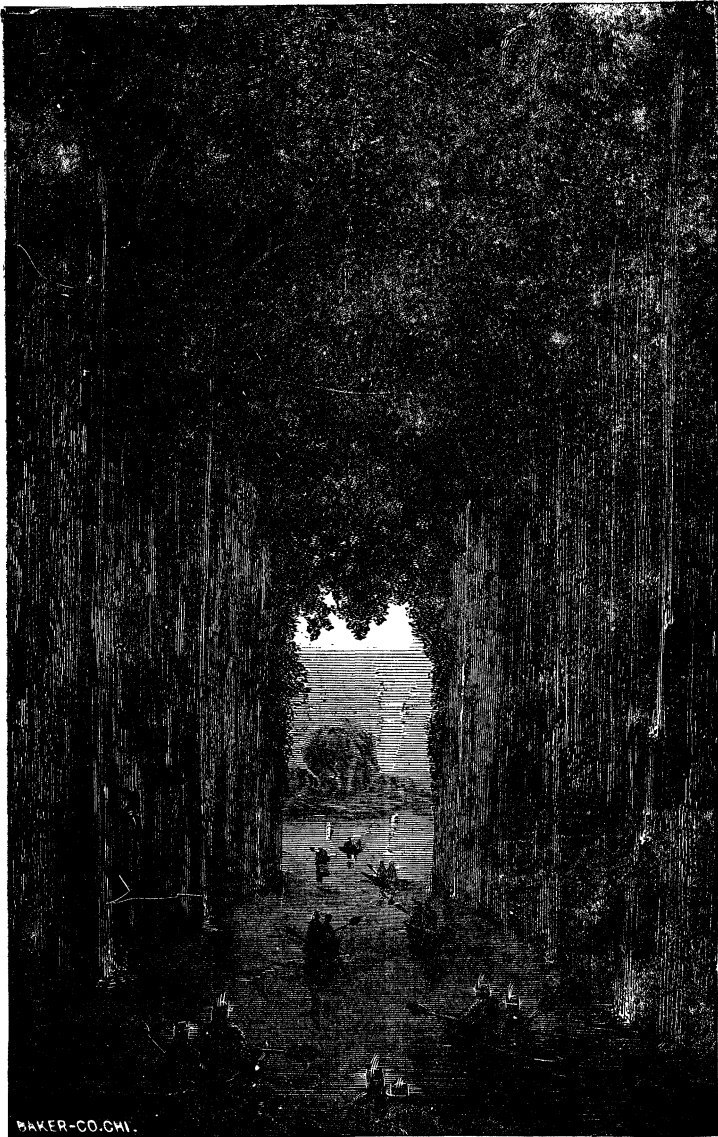
Passing the Ontonagon, and making a direct traverse of the Flint Steel Bay, they left point after point behind. But when they were fast nearing Copper Harbor, the lad turning with a keen backward glance, surveyed the long stretch of water they had traversed. He saw a bare speck at the utmost verge of vision. Dropping into the use of his paddle again, he remarked: "Mother, the Ojibways are after us! They are in sight!"

Star Light knew that far-sighted eagle eye was always true. It was no time for words. She bent to her paddle with all her skill and strength. The answering strokes of the lad proved the vigor with which they were given. A point soon intervened closing out the backward view. Over the last one hundred rods the chase fairly flew. Passing the little island outlying a portion of the small Bay, they rounded sharply in and drove for the shore. In their hot haste, thinking only of the danger behind, they had failed to look before them, until their canoe shoaled and beached bow on.

Then as they straightened up to spring from their craft, a rough clad, bearded pale-face, was seen standing a few paces away, and intently eyeing them. To him Star Light at once made her appeal, unconsciously using the Huron dialect: "Hide us away! We are pursued by Ojibway foes!" A dark frown swept over the features of the stranger, as he exclaimed, "Ha! Sacre! Ojibways near! Then it is time for us all to seek cover."

That inner beach was thickly strewn with detached parcels of conglomerate rock. Swiftly, but cautiously springing forward from stone, to stone he seized and shoved their canoe afloat again. Wheeling the bow to





*PURSUIT OF STAR LIGHT AND RED HAND.*

the west, he strode forward in shoal water saying, "We had best hide in crooked channel! Follow me!" A few moments later they were all in the narrow frith separating that frontal island from the main land.

Then the stranger again addressed them in low tones. "Step out and lighten the burden of the canoe. Now shove her forward past the sharp elbow." The order was at once duly executed. They were now screened from observation either from lake or bay. From the former, however, the distance was but a few feet of wall. For a few moments the stranger seemed intently listening. Then leaning towards the others he whispered, "They are now passing us and will soon be in the bay. We left no traces on the beach. If they land for a thorough search, then we will push through to the lake and scud back beyond the nearest point, Pierre will now watch 'em close."

As that closing phrase fell from his lips he bent a keen glance upon the face of Star Light. Her features were deathly pale. Her eyes were wildly rolling and her limbs were shrinking and shivering. Abruptly turning away, the hunter swung himself by a trailing vine into a cluster of bushes on the main land. From that covert the view of the interior bay was unobstructed. Soon after, the Ojibways traversed the bay and landing one of their number who forthwith walked to the right, another to the left for several rods, closely eyeing the beach for footprints. Discovering nothing to indicate a landing, they leisurely returned, glancing meanwhile over the entire inner shore line.

Apparently satisfied that the place was untenanted, the natives started a fire, and squatting around it, prepared for a broil of fish, and an after meal smoke, with a two hour's rest. Pierre was thoroughly uneasy. Their

stay might be prolonged for a thorough search with a sentinel posted on that island. It was best to avoid any chance of exposure. Descending again, he aided them in shoving their canoe into the next bend of that tortuous channel. There his own craft was kept secreted.

The depth of the channel thence outward was ample to float their vessel. The refugees entered theirs and started out. Pierre followed closely in his own. Well inshore with silent dip, but strong pull, those canoes flew up the shore for the nearest headland. Around it they whirled into a small cove on its western side, and there beached their canoes. Leaping to the ground Pierre spoke out in a tone of freedom and full assurance.

"We are safe! The blind Ojibways are, by our shrewd dodge, fairly overmatched and foiled." Then with flashing eye and head proudly erect the lad replied, "Me much glad she is safe. Me know white man do it all, and me thank him too. But if pale-face brave as me 'spose, then we run no more. If Ojibway come we fight 'em much strong."

To this warlike little speech Pierre responded with a laugh. "Ha! ha! The words are brave, the spirit must be right royal. But the idea is absurd. We cannot afford to fight only in the last extremity. They are ten, whilst we are only three, and a man, woman and boy at that. But" and here he turned to the mother of that lad—"What says Star Light?"

Self-possessed, with quiet manner and even tones, she replied, "Why should Pierre listen to the opinion of a worthless outcast? For long years Star Light has been dead to Pierre. She was the dishonored wife of Ne-on-ta-no-mah, but has been repudiated for a more favored bride. Star Light never consented to be the bride of the Ojibway. But she was a captive and a slave. She

broke not her troth with Pierre. She was made to believe that the pale-face was dead, killed in that wild fight. Star Light is weary of life and longs to hide her shame among the Hurons. But my boy is guiltless, and ought not to be degraded. He avenged his mother by slaying that usurping young wife, after we were discarded and cast forth like pauper vagrants. For that we are now to be hunted down by the Ojibways."

As her speech was ended, Pierre burst forth with the passionate utterance, "Never! Whilst I have skill to elude their search, or strength to use my weapons in your defence!" Then falling into a quieter vein and tone he continued:

"Now listen to me. I was indeed stricken down senseless in that fight. But becoming conscious again after the tempest had driven past me, I escaped by canoe from the little cove where you and I had often chatted. The Hurons had fled. I followed to the Ontonagon. There I learned that you must have perished in that midnight assault. At the Ontonagon I tarried, a lone hermit, for a year, mourning for my dead Star Light.

"Then I learned that you were the living wife of Ne-on-ta-no-mah, principal chief at La Point. Lost! Lost! was then my despairing cry. Oh! It was infinitely worse than the idea of your dying whilst stainless and true to your betrothal. Forsworn, dishonored and courting the embraces of the revolting Ojibway! Your very image was torn from my heart and flung to the winds. But the Ojibways! Sorely have they suffered from my vengeance. During ten years I slew them in scores, in forest and lodge, wherever I could steal singly upon them. For the last four years I have dwelt in peace where you found me."



## CHAPTER VI.

A dead silence succeeded the concluding utterances of Pierre, as related in our last chapter. The parties had kept no note of time. Suddenly the lad, abruptly rising, glided to the extremity of the headland, and swept with keen glances the eastern board. Then with eager gestures he beckoned the others to his side. All three soon stood gazing at the five Ojibway canoes now out upon the lake, and with measured paddle strokes making for Kewenaw Point.

Pierre was now in a most pleasant mood. His ruse had succeeded admirably, and the three were left in safety behind. Turning to Star Light he explained the situation by remarking.

"Two routes to the Soo St. Mary's are now open for our choice. The one lies north to Isle Royale, which you can dimly see from our present standpoint. In this settled weather and over these smooth waters a few hours would land us there. Thence our way to the settlement would be by the north shore.

"The other route would be after two days of rest, to follow in the wake of the Ojibways down this southern coast. Nay, start not! There is little fear of any possible rencounter. My theory is this. The Ojibways dare not make a near approach to the Hurons. They will stop short, and as I imagine at White Fish Point. When there, believing their search on this shore to have been thorough, they will be apt to cross over and make their home traverse by the north shore."

Star Light closed the colloquy by quietly remarking, "I have confidence in your wisdom and will be guided by you in all things." Thus saying they resumed their canoes, and returning to Copper Harbor, secreted them again in that blind channel, Pierre finally conducted them to his hut in the interior forest.

After a quiet rest of eight and forty hours, they took the water again. Arriving at Kewenaw Point, with a clear sky and smooth water they ventured upon a southeasterly traverse thus shortening their route by many miles. Thence onward past the Pictured Rocks and many a league of uninviting shore were passed until in early twilight White Fish Point was dimly descried. Then Pierre beckoned the others to land and await his return.

Cautiously the experienced hunter crept forward, taking advantage of the deeper shadow afforded by bluff bank or branching forest tree. Ultimately his eye detected the twinkle of a camp-fire in a grove inshore of the Point, for which he had been steadily aiming. Beach-ing and hauling out his craft, he took to the bush. A circuit was next made so as to approach that fire from the interior side. His object was to identify the loungers clustered around that central light. His last doubt was quickly removed. He recognized them by dress, features and jargon of language. The Ojibway band scouting for Star Light and son were now before him.

His withdrawal was as cautious as his approach had been. Seeking his canoe he hastened back to the silent watchers. After listening to the report of his discoveries the lad eagerly enquired, "What shall we do now?" The answer was laconic: "Watch and wait." At sunrise the next morning the youth was intently gazing down the coast. Suddenly he shouted: "There

they go!" Sure enough they all beheld the five canoes out from the shore and making a clear traverse for the north side.

After the lapse of half an hour our voyagers, with light hearts and smiling faces, resumed their trip and arrived in safety at the mission station on the east shore and midway of the rapids in the St. Mary's river. Star Light shrank from the notoriety occasioned by the recital of her adventures. Pierre wearied also of the throngs of idlers attracted by the story of his chequered fortunes. A growing fondness for each other was rapidly springing up in the hearts of Pierre and Star Light. Whether it was a vigorous scion from the old passion of their youth, or the product of a fresh missile from Cupid's bow, they cared not to investigate.

Star Light had matured into an exceedingly comely woman of five and thirty years; whilst Pierre, with hair and beard cropped and trimmed, and with clean well-fitting apparel, would at that era, and in that latitude, pass for a man of note in any crowd. The time had now arrived when that boy, intelligent, active, and full of promise, should be christened and gathered into the fold of that mission school.

Mother and son besought Pierre to furnish them a suitable name for the lad. In view of his war-like traits, and of his early bloody exploit, Pierre announced his choice to be Red Hand. The delighted mother and son adopted it at once. No one, however, of all that settlement except those three ever knew how peculiarly appropriate it really was. Enrolling themselves as within the pale of that mission, Red Hand became a pupil in the school, whilst Pierre and Star Light were publicly united in marriage by the worthy Catholic successor of Pere Marquette. Shortly thereafter they





*RED HAND.*

selected their abiding place and erected their lodge upon a small island in the St. Mary's, some little distance below the rapids.

Leaving the wedded pair to the peaceful routine of their daily avocations, with Red Hand acquiring the rudiments of useful knowledge, at the same time rapidly developing into manhood, we will invite the attention of our readers to some startling incidents and events occurring away west at La Point and Walhalla. We left Ne-on-ta-no-mah beset with troubles and environed with perils.

As the failure of his scouting band to capture the fugitive assassins became known at Walhalla, Howling Wolf proved himself more obstinate and imperious in his demand for their capture and punishment as the first step towards a reconciliation. To increase the public indignation at Walhalla, it chanced that late in that season some outlying Huron hunters, strolling far north and west of Lake Superior, became bewildered, and finally lost. After suffering almost incredible hardships from hunger, frost and snow, two survivors of the party fell upon an Ojibway settlement upon the Red River of the north. After being hospitably fed and cured, they accompanied a party down to Walhalla valley. There, in their ignorance of any misunderstanding between the chiefs of Walhalla and La Point, they disclosed the fact that Star Light and son, the former wife and child of Ne-on-ta-no-mah were living comfortably at the Soo St. Mary's.

This news speedily found its way to Howling Wolf. An envoy from La Point happened to be then at the valley. He was abruptly cited to appear, was questioned and then dismissed with an angry message to his chief. The latter was charged with duplicity, with in-

difference towards his young bride when living, and with feeble, heartless efforts to avenge her death.

Ne-on-ta-no-mah was astounded by this intelligence of the safety and comfortable condition of Star Light and Red Hand. He felt that he had been derelict in duty. He must now redouble his diligence, or be overwhelmed by the threatened northern avalanche. He hastily despatched an embassy of half a dozen chiefs and braves to the Soo St. Mary's, to demand of Running Water the surrender of the assassins of his wife.

The embassy was courteously received and calmly listened to by the Huron chief. In answering their message and their demand, the reply of Running Water was firm and dignified.

"The persons you name are doubtless here. I have openly recognized them as being under my protection. I have no faith in your accusation. I think a chief who could thus heartlessly discard his wife and child, would not scruple to falsely attempt their crimination. Tell Ne-on-ta-no-mah from me, that Running Water must have convincing proof of their guilt before he surrenders up the refugees for death by torture."

Those envoys had no word of reply. Awed by the words and the mein of Running Water, they retired silently from his presence, and returned to La Point with his message. Ne-on-ta-no-mah was fearfully enraged by the tenor of that return message. War was instantly proclaimed by him against the Hurons of the Lake Superior region. His runners were despatched to all the Ojibway settlements of his jurisdiction, requiring them, on a set day, to furnish each its quota of braves equipped for the war-path.

But ere they were fully assembled, a swift scout, from far towards Walhalla valley, brought the news

that "Howling Wolf was mustering a host to wage a vengeful war upon the chief at La Point, with his Ojibway adherents." All thought of a Huron conquest was summarily banished from the mind of Ne-on-ta-no-mah, by this imminent home peril. Fertile in expedient and of rare executive ability, his plans were soon arranged for using his fine array of braves in a vigorous defence of his own threatened territory.

Ne-on-ta-no-mah had a pleasing address. He was plausible and fluent in speech, and ingenious in argument. Possessed of these rare qualities for swaying the multitude, his people were readily moulded to his purpose, whilst his braves were persuaded to resent the threatened invasion by Howling Wolf, as a lawless aggression upon their rights. They thus became zealous supporters of their own resident chief and eager for the conflict.

In his critical survey of the situation, Ne-on-ta-no-mah resolved to advance his force to the confines of his jurisdiction, and there to precipitate a decisive engagement. He well knew that the host of Howling Wolf would largely outnumber his own. He must therefore anticipate their hostile meeting, by selecting his own ground for the stricken field. That choice required his personal supervision. With two veteran war chiefs and a half score of followers, he hastily left La Point, on the public route for Walhalla valley.



## CHAPTER VII.

Whilst Ne-on-ta-no-mah was thus diligently searching for an advantageous position to plant an ambush, or to make a resolute stand, Howling Wolf, with a numerous host marshalled on the trail, was steadily advancing by daily marches. By using a southeastern affluent of the Red River first, and then a northwestern branch of the Mississippi, the burden of his luggage and the tedium of the long march were relieved by lengthy stretches of canoe transit, with portages between. The point of divergence from the Mississippi being reached, the route became more easterly and aiming directly for La Point.

Finally, and within some four days march of their destination, they entered upon a broken region, interspersed with ridge and valley, steep uplifts and dismal chasms. Nestled down in their midst were a number of irregular lakes of crystal water. One of these, lying in the direction of the route, was long and narrow. Skirting that body of water on its southern side, was a high ridge of lime rock, with a rough but nearly vertical exposure fronting the lake.

Between this continuous ledge and that silvery sheet ran a thread-like pebbly beach. Along that beach a few days before Ne-on-ta-no-mah had trodden with wary appreciative eye, for along that narrow strip lay the route of the approaching host of Howling Wolf. The latter, on his arrival, deeming his host as yet too far away to be subjected to any danger, neglected the precaution of sending out scouts in advance, or posting sentinels around his camp fires.

Upon that narrow pebbly pathway, the war-like array from Walhalla, finally entered two abreast, and with accelerated step. The rear rank had closed in upon that level stretch, sometime before the front had reached its eastern end. They were precisely upon the ground previously selected by the La Point chief for ambush and assault.

For that purpose three bands were now watching and waiting. One, at the eastern terminus of that beach and where the trail wound up a gorge to the upper table lands. A second corps were hidden away around the western end of the ridge, but ready to close in and cut off retreat from the beach. The third division seeking a more easy ascent on its southern side, had occupied the top level of the elevation, at intervals, throughout the entire extent of the beach.

Howling Wolf, although advanced in years, was still rigorous, and gallantly led his force. Of large stature and commanding presence, he inspired his followers with courage and his enemies with dread. At the eastern end of the beach, and in the jaws of the ascending gorge, the adherents of the old chief were startled and their footsteps arrested by the wild war-whoop of enemies apparently springing out of the earth and massing in their front. Ere the echo died away that war-cry was duplicated along the summit of that ridge and prolonged by a serried phalanx closing and barring all egress from the western end of the beach.

That terrific war-cry was succeeded by a murderous flight of arrows from either extremity of the ridge, and a plunging discharge from its summit. Taken at this fearful disadvantage, and seeing his men falling like autumn leaves, Howling Wolf made a desperate effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Passing an order

for the rear section of his column to face about, and force a passage for retreat, he led a fierce onslaught upon his foes in front.

The fight was now hand to hand and face to face, with tomahawks and knives. The slaughter in that eastern descending gorge was fearful to behold. Gouts, and splashes and pools of blood saturated the ground and trickled in rivulets down the bottom of the gorge. Still that fight was prolonged. Howling Wolf wildly excited and raging in the center of the melee, was suddenly confronted by Ne-on-ta-no-mah, also made furious by the havoc among his braves.

In that wild moment there was no thought of either mercy or surrender. With both those chiefs the thirst for revenge was consuming. On the instant, while yet a few paces asunder, each hurled his tomahawk at his adversary. With wary eye and supple limbs, both weapons were eluded, and passed harmlessly by. Then with a bounding leap and fierce cry in unison, their keen blades were crossed in a deadly duello.

For a few moments the play of wrist was lively, with cut and foil, and thrust and parry. With intent to grapple with his adversary, Howling Wolf made a forward dash. Ne-on-ta-no-mah, by an agile spring to the left evaded a clunch. With a lightning thrust straight from the shoulder, his knife then found a passage and pierced the heart of Howling Wolf. With a quivering spasm the arms of the old chief were thrown aloft, and then with a headlong plunge to the ground, his life was ended.

An instant wailing cry uprose from the lips of his immediate adherents, rapidly rolling backward to the rear of his line. The burden of that cry was ever the same: "Our chief is slain! our chief is slain." The

battle ceased. The chief next in authority to Howling Wolf, proposed a truce and an informal conference of chiefs from the ranks of both belligerents. At that council terms of peace were easily adjusted. Ne-on-ta-no-mah insisted upon but one condition. The braves of that invading host were to be left free to return, or to join their fortunes with his adherents.

A full moiety of the Walhalla host then and there transferred their allegiance. This accession to his ranks far exceeded his losses in the battle. Returning in triumph, the La Point chief was busy for the balance of that season in distributing his new adherents, and overseeing the proper establishment of their respective lodges. But never for an hour did he abandon his projected campaign to the Soo St. Mary's, for the reclamation and condign punishment of Star Light and Red Hand.

Being thus liberated from the fear of any future trouble from the Ojibway clans of Walhalla, he devoted his attention to rearranging his plans for the deferred Huron war. The time was definitely set for the full opening of the coming spring. His chosen route was by a fleet of canoes down the northern shore of Lake Superior to a landing point in the vicinity of the head of the rapids. Thence he could readily traverse the north shore to convenient camping ground opposite the chief Huron settlement.

With his supplies all collected, his fleet of canoes in readiness, and his braves all assembled, and when the ice had disappeared from the lake, on a balmy spring morning, Ne-on-ta-no-mah embarked an imposing array of warriors. With five braves to each war canoe, and running two abreast, that lengthened line swept gallantly on their way. Safely arriving at the designated point, their water craft was hauled ashore and safely deposited inland.

The order of march being arranged, a band was detailed to take the supervision of all their campaign supplies and following in the wake of their war-like march to lodge the supplies in the place selected for their general rendezvous. The site of their camp when located and occupied, proved to be upwards of a half mile inland and opposite to the foot of the river rapids.

But whilst the Ojibway force was thus being concentrated for active hostilities, in their immediate vicinity, the Hurons were neither ignorant of their movements, nor indifferent to the probable results. They were early made aware of the first attempt at invasion, and of the causes which subverted that first campaign. They had learned the result of the Ojibway battle away west of La Point, and of the accession to his strength, which the result of that bloody contest had brought to Ne-on-ta-no-mah.

With the usual amount of native sagacity in lively exercise, it needed no prophetic eye to discern, in the nearing future, a renewal of his hostile demonstrations against their settlements by the Ojibway chief. When the astute Running Water formerly refused to surrender the refugees, he felt that it would probably be made the occasion of a war. Whilst, therefore, in a quiet manner, preparing for the onset, he kept his spies and scouts unceasingly on the alert, for the earliest intelligence of any hostile Ojibway movement.

Running Water entered upon precautionary measures in other directions. He caused the usual complement of arms to be doubled. He assiduously gathered in store abundant supplies of cured food in case of any beleaguering emergency. Next he instituted periodical practice drills of all his braves, to render them more efficient on the war-path, and in desperate personal encounter.

Even the Huron youths were fired by a war-like ardor, and by frequent practice became adepts in the use of all the native weapons of warfare. In the spring of the year when the invasion actually occurred Red Hand became a general favorite. In size and power of muscle, his physical manhood was quite matured. Intellectually he was likewise in advance of all his comrades. The youth was merged in the man, exhibiting the forethought of matured years.

He was endowed with all the requisite gifts of a leader. Over one hundred youths had voluntarily chosen him for their war chief, and cheerfully submitted to his rigid discipline in matters pertaining to war-like strategy and the handling of the weapons. The proficiency of that youthful corps was something wonderful in the eyes of veteran warriors, whilst the skill in the use of the bow and arrow, the tomahawk and knife, elicited vociferous applause from large assemblages.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Grateful for the quiet and shelter of their island home, and for the refusal of Running Water to surrender Star Light and Red hand to the Ojibways, Pierre became the most unwearied and efficient of all the Huron scouts. Silent, secretive and on the alert, he penetrated to the heart of the various settlements of Ne-on-ta-nomah; hung around the conclaves of his chiefs and braves by night, and fathomed the most secret plans of the chief. His methods of travel were mysterious, and no traces of espionage upon their lodges were detected by the usually keen-eyed natives.

By his frequent reports Running Water was kept advised of all the plans and operations of Ne-on-ta-nomah. When the time was set for the latter to start with his band for the Soo St Mary's, Pierre preceeded them, and placed the chief and settlement on their guard. Promptly then the whole war force of the Hurons of all that region were called in and allotted their stations for defence. Then, too, Red Hand, supported by his youthful band, craved the privilege of defending the island where his mother, Star Light, dwelt. The chief well versed in the sterling qualities of the youth confided to him that trust.

With a change of his scouting ground Pierre redoubled his vigilance. Guided by a mysterious premonition his eye now dwelt oftenest upon his island home. His untiring footsteps and furtive visits to the enemy's camp were chiefly with the view of learning when a

descent upon the island would be made for the capture of the refugees. He fully believed that Ne-on-ta-no-mah would never relinquish that darling-object. At La Pointe Pierre had learned that the chief knew of their dwelling place.

The first effort of the Ojibway chief was to carry the main Huron settlement by direct assault. To accomplish this he first sought to cross over at the head of the rapids in smooth lake water. With a strong section of his command, canoes were again launched and manned at his first landing place. Their passage around the point and across to the eastern shore was effected after midnight. The canoes were run bow on, and the braves leaping out and seizing them by the gunwales, surged them clear of the water upon the sandy beach.

Then without affording them time to straighten their bent bodies erect, the Huron war-whoop smote upon their ears. Next they were assailed by a perfect tempest of arrows at short range. Then close at hand, came the ringing voice of Running Water, "Smite with knife and tomahawk!" In a breath came the counter order of Ne-on-ta-no-mah in sonorous tones, "Launch the canoes! Away!"

Rapid as were the rushing footsteps of the Hurons, their final leap to the water's edge, found the Ojibways, in the main, afloat again. More than a dozen laggards however, were added to the scores who had fallen by the previous arrow discharge. The survivors of that ill-starred expedition, escaping by a hasty flight, returned to their camp. Appraised by Pierre of that intended crossing, Running Water had massed his men in ambush.

Rendered furious by his ignoble failure, and the slaughter of his braves, Ne-on-ta-no-mah ordered the



portage of the canoes to his main camp. As the darkness of the succeeding night had fully come, they were directed to be transported to the thicket skirting the river below the rapids. His purpose was to assail the settlement upon that opposite quarter at early dawn. The crossing was effected, but the expedition proved disastrous. For again was the Huron force lying in ambush, and again was the enemy decimated ere a safe retreat could be effected.

Sorely disheartened the Ojibway chief now directed his attention to the capture of Star Light and Red Hand, in their island home. With them fully in his power he felt, at the moment, willing to abandon the war, and forego his revenge upon the Hurons. As this new scheme was being matured, his scouts reported some covert movements on the part of Running Water indicating a purpose of crossing over in turn for an assault upon the Ojibway camp.

After waiting for eight and forty hours, Ne-on-ta-nomah resolved to send a picked band of fifty warriors to make a descent by night upon the island and seize the wished for captives. As that band was being selected for the expedition, the watchful Pierre, having furtively gleaned the details was already on the wing to a point on the north shore, whence he could signal Red Hand of the impending danger.

Then making for the river bank above the island to avoid even a chance glimpse by an Ojibway eye, he slid into the stream and swam to the south shore. He next sped up to the Huron settlement to notify Running Water, and to solicit a re-enforcement to the youthful corps of Red Hand. The chief, thanking him for the warning, promised to keep an eye upon that raiding party.

At early evening Red Hand, quietly transferred Star Light from the lower end of the island to the southern shore. There the fearless woman, impelled by her maternal anxiety, kept up her vigilant watch upon the island, until the arrival of a re-enforcing Huron band from the settlement. These had their orders from the chief not to cross over until after the first onset, nor then even, unless Red Hand should be in peril.

In the small hours of the morning the Ojibway band of fifty launched their canoes some distance below the rapids, and dropped silently down the current to the head of the island. They quietly landed, beaching their canoes, and then started inland in search of the refugee wigwam. But the watchful eye of Red Hand had been upon all their movements. His youthful band had been shrewdly secreted near the head of the island. When the enemy left their canoes for the interior, the followers of Red Hand creeping from their cover noiselessly sent the canoes adrift down stream. Then resuming their hiding places, they awaited the return of the foe.

The wigwam being but a score of rods away, was quickly reached by the Ojibway band. But they found it stripped of all its valuables and utterly deserted. They found the evidence of its recent occupation in some live coals among the embers. Chagrined at their bootless trip, and enraged at being thus foiled of their prey, they set the tenement on fire and hastened back to their place of landing. But as they struck the beach, the corps of Red Hand, with a shrill war cry, poured upon them a destructive flight of missiles. A half score fell with fatal wounds.

The survivors dismayed by the loss of their canoes and fallen braves, and perceiving the presence of numerous foes, fled away with what speed they could use in

the glimmer of early dawn. Instantly that youthful band were in keen pursuit. Once that island beach was fully circled in an exciting race. Then in the clearer light of morning the Ojibways discovering the youthful character of their pursuers, made a resolute stand facing the foe.

Red Hand promptly halting his corps ordered an arrow discharge. Then at a sign his followers sought the cover of rocks and bodies of trees. The Ojibways were soon compelled to shield their persons by similar means. A desultory warfare for half an hour was thus initiated, resulting in but slight damage to either party.

An Ojibway scout stationed on the northern shore opposite the island, witnessed the arrival of the section of braves, and upon their disappearance, the drift of their canoes. Fearing trouble for them he sped away to their main camp bearing the news to the chief. Ne-on-ta-no-mah forthwith despatched a band of like number to relieve their comrades cooped up on the island. Dropping down by canoe to the head of the island they soon rallied beside the others and prepared for a vigorous charge upon the youths under Red Hand.

But the watchful band of Hurons on the southern shore, observing the approach of that second Ojibway band, now crossed over the channel to bear a hand in a fresh island engagement. Joining the corps of Red Hand, both old and young, united in an impetuous rush, closing with the enemy hand to hand. Overborne by the superior Huron force, the Ojibways broke and fled away, being swiftly pursued by their wildly whooping victors.

Again were those island belligerents reinforced by fresh detachments of one hundred on a side. Then the battle was furiously renewed, and waged with varying

fortunes. Each party alternately charged and retreated, until every nook and corner of that island area had been fought over and hotly contested. Finally the Ojibways sorely decimated, panting and bleeding, stood in line upon the northern shore.

Suddenly and unitedly facing about and plunging into the stream they swam across the narrow channel to the mainland. The Hurons surprised by that unlooked-for event, and having only tomahawks and knives in hand, were unable to molest the Ojibways in that water transit. The results of those repeated sanguinary conflicts upon the respective belligerents, up at settlement and camp were widely different. The Hurons were jubilant, whilst the Ojibways were not only disheartened, but in fact painfully demoralized.

We here crave permission to digress from the thread of our main narrative, to state an interesting fact, resting it may be, on a shadowy traditional basis, yet plausible enough to arrest the attention of the curious. Tradition has it, that the limited theater of the bloody contests we have described, undoubtedly owes to them its modern appellation of "Fighting Island."

## CHAPTER IX.

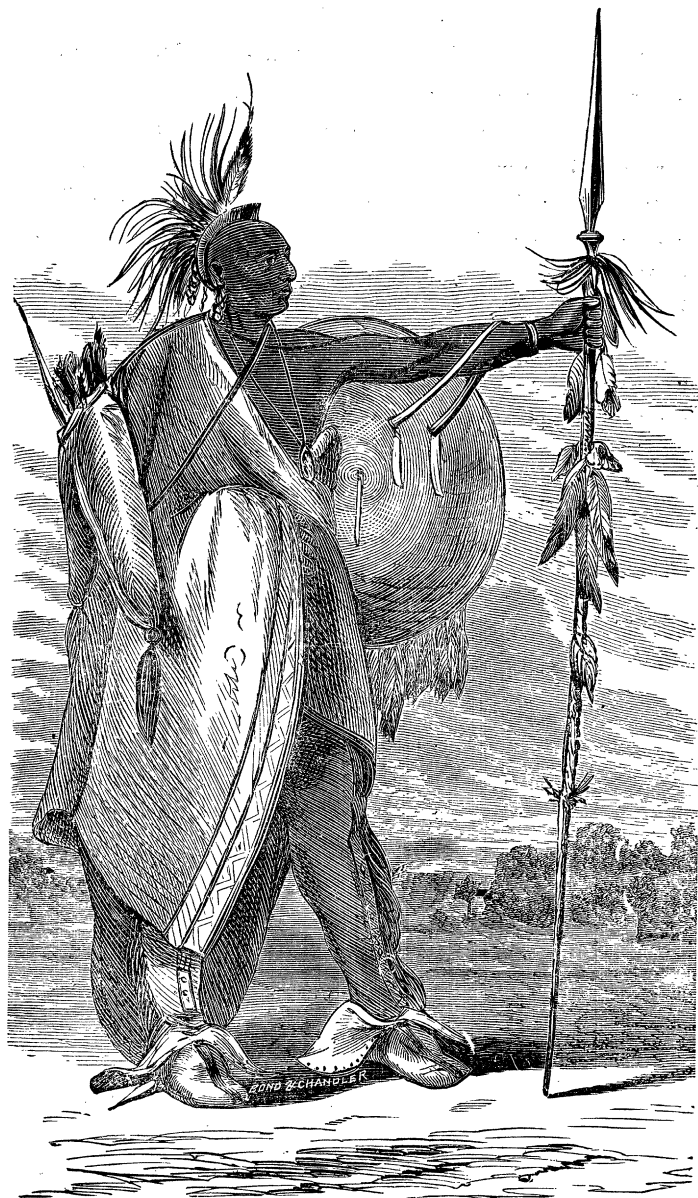
Whilst the Ojibways were thus depressed by the untoward posture of affairs, Ne-on-ta-no-mah remained outwardly unmoved, and inflexible in his purpose of yet gaining possession of the persons of Star Light and Red Hand. In casting industriously about for the means to accomplish that darling project, his active brain work finally evolved a novel expedient. It promised both to secure the prize and to terminate the war.

Upon the morning succeeding those terrible island engagements, much to the surprise of the Ojibway host, the chief despatched an envoy with a flag of truce across the river to Running Water. The purport of his message was a challenge to the latter to terminate all further general hostilities, by a double duello, thereby settling also the right of the victorious party to hold the persons of the two refugees.

If this proposal should be favorably received, then his envoy was further instructed to say to Running Water, that he, "Ne-on-ta-no-mah, with his war chief Oonto, would each meet a champion of the Hurons in single combat, to be fought on land or water, leaving weapons, time, and place to the option of the challenged, and that should close the war. If he should prove victorious in that ordeal, then Star Light and Red Hand should be surrendered up to him. But if he was vanquished, then they were to dwell in peace among the Hurons."

As the Ojibway envoy disclosed to Running Water the purport of his mission, the chief was at first in-





*NE-ON-TA-NO-MAH.*

credulous, and finally filled with wonder. That proposition was so grandly heroic, so full of manly daring, and so germane to the high-toned chivalric notions of the aborigines, that it could not fail to strike a responsive chord in the bosom of Running Water. He signified his individual approval of the general proposal, and his willingness to submit it in detail to a council of his chiefs.

The envoy then announced to him minutely those further instructions of his chief, and then courteously withdrew. A few hours later a council of Huron chiefs was convened, and the detailed proposal was laid before them by Running Water. Without discussion the council were in full accord and eager to accede to the proposal upon the terms so liberally offered. They next determined that the championship on the Huron side should be open to volunteers, from whose number Running Water should select the chosen two.

An order followed directing a herald to pass at once through the settlement, summoning all the braves to a general assembly. There the proposal and acceptance were publicly announced and volunteers, for champions, solicited. The announcement was barely completed when Pierre sprang to his feet eagerly offering himself as their champion to be matched against Ne-on-ta-nomah, whilst by his side stood Red Hand as earnestly proffering himself as second champion to meet Oconto. A half score of Huron chiefs and braves successively placed themselves on the list of volunteers.

Then Pierre asked leave to speak a few words in behalf of himself and Red Hand. He said: "To the Hurons, Star Light, Red Hand and himself were all indebted for their safety, and their lives even. When Running Water had refused to surrender them up, Ne-



on-ta-no-mah had waged this war for their capture. This was the golden opportunity for them to prove their gratitude. They would vindicate the honor of the Hurons and avenge on Ne-on-ta-no-mah their own foul wrongs. If they fell, no stain would attach to the Huron name and no victims would be taken to La Point.

"The time would be when the sun was in the south; the place in smooth water at the foot of the rapids and midway between the river banks—the weapons would be knives. He would venture the assertion without boasting, that among all the Ojibways the skill of himself and Red Hand with canoe and knife was unsurpassed."

At the close of his forcible speech there was a general murmur of applause. The chief commended the zeal and heroic spirit of all the volunteers. He was loath to deprive his chiefs and braves of this glorious opportunity for showing their devotion to the tribe. But he felt an abiding conviction that certain triumph and lasting tribal honor would be insured by entrusting that wager of battle with Pierre and Red Hand. He therefore announced that those two would be the chosen champions.

The selection by the chief was sanctioned by a general shout of applause. Running Water forthwith despatched an envoy to Ne-on-ta-no-mah with a full acceptance of the challenge, naming the Huron champions as matched against himself and Oconto; the time at the morrow's noon; the place in the first smooth water below the rapids and midway between the river shores; the fight to be with knives by the parties standing in open two paddle canoes, either at rest or in motion, as individual champions might prefer. Finally each of the belligerents was to be accompanied by one assistant to either steer or paddle.

To Ne-on-ta-no-mah, the selection of champions, the

time and place, with the weapons and other conditions all appeared strange and inexplicable. Pierre had long been suspected to be the solitary slayer of the Ojibways on the Montreal river, creeping forth from his secret hiding place in the Porcupine Mountains. By his espials the chief believed that all his own plans at the Soo St. Mary's had been thwarted.

But the appearance of Red Hand in that champion ring struck a chill to the heart of Ne-on-ta-no-mah. The premonition was instinctive and came with crushing force that the child was destined to avenge both his own and his mother's wrongs. To increase the perturbation of the chief, there was something so novel and weird like in the place, weapons, and surroundings proposed by the challenged party for that hostile meeting, that he shrank from the many unseen perils.

Yet the Ojibway chief entertained no thought of shunning the encounter. If for him there had been ample room for avoiding the contest, he would have scorned the subterfuge. Right onward in the track of fate his course was plainly marked. Influenced by his fatalistic creed, he was ready to meet the behests of fate with a manly step and an even pulse. He sent back to Running Water the laconic response: "The terms are accepted. We meet to-morrow noon."

Very intimate relations had for sometime existed between Red Hand and a promising young Huron who was slightly his senior in years. For a twelve month they had been inseparable in all their games and drill practice in the use of the native weapons. With canoe and paddle they were unrivalled in skill and dexterity. Between Red Hand and Fire Steel as he was named, no superiority in strength, agility or skill, was either claimed or acknowledged.

The descent of the rapids by canoe was a perilous feat, which but very few braves had the temerity to hazard. It required a quick eye, steady nerves, a supple wrist, with a thorough knowledge of the velocity and drifting force of adverse currents. The river bed is of rough, uneven, descending rock, for scores of rods. Over this bed-rock huge boulders are irregularly strewn, with numerous jagged projections still firmly attached to the strata below.

Among these the whole volume of water is whirled in devious ways, and tortuous channels, shooting hither and thither in wild career, and madly dashing against and overleaping the rocky, foam crested barriers. Overhanging all, at times, a thick veil of mist and spray is drawn, oftentimes in the glinting sunlight tinted with vivid rainbow hues.

Down those Rapids Pierre and Starlight had often safely descended, the latter with steering blade in the stern, whilst the former standing erect, with paddle in hand, keenly watched, ready for the guiding dip, to keep the shifting course of the deep, smooth channels. In like manner Red Hand and Fire Steel out of mere sport and wantonness had often run that gauntlet with perfect impunity. The Hurons thus familiarized with the feat, really enjoyed the exciting spectacle. The Ojibways had no suspicion that either canoe or inmate could ever in safety achieve that perilous descent.

The Huron champions had each his assistant ready at hand. Star light insisted upon accompanying Pierre, being firmly resolved not to survive his defeat. Fire Steel was equally determined to share the hazards of Red Hand in reaching the scene of that deadly double duello.

An hour prior to the appointed time of meeting, the

easterly bank of the river at and in the vicinity of the foot of the Rapids was densely crowded by the population of the Huron settlement. Running Water with his whole force of braves lined the beach near the water's edge. The opposite shore was also thronged by the host of Ojibway warriors.

A few minutes before the sun had reached his meridian altitude, Ne-on-ta-no-mah and Oconto, each with an attendant, entered their respective canoes, striking out for that theater of personal encounter. The aspect and general demeanor of the two chiefs were in keeping with their public character and war-like antecedents. Each was arrayed in costume befitting his rank. Upon his head Ne-on-ta-no-mah wore a tiara with a standing tuft of eagle quills, whilst Oconto wore a crimson fillet with a drooping raven's quill.

Standing proudly erect, each with his attendant seated in the stern of his canoe, they moved gracefully out and took their stations about twenty feet asunder, facing the Rapids and midway between the shores. In that same moment at the head of the Rapids the Huron champions, each with his assistant, shot their canoes from the shore to a central position facing their foes below, and balancing on that summit crest, ere they went flying down the shute.

## CHAPTER X.

Upon their own champions, the eyes of the vast Huron assemblage were now turned exulting, as they seemingly hung suspended in the sheen of that dazzling sunlight. The Ojibway host was filled simply with wonder at their appearance there, apparently separated from all participation in the impending contest, by an impassable barrier. The Ojibway champions looking by furtive glances up the ascent, blinded by the garish noonday glare, now first dreamed of their possible descent, and began to realize their own unfavorable position for a fight.

Glancing upward again they saw their antagonists in swift descent. They marked their route by separate channels, darting and shooting in sinuous currents, now in close proximity, and next sundered by a space of many feet. Still right onward was their advance with ever-increasing velocity. Standing proudly erect, paddle in hand, and maintaining their equilibrium by an easy graceful sway of body and limbs, they watched with intelligent glances, making swift paddle dips now right and then left as occasion required.

Finally the principal disturbing barriers being left behind, each was enabled to steer direct for his antagonist. When yet separated by the space of two hundred feet those four champions simultaneously shifted the paddle to the left hand, whilst grasping their knives with the right. Their method of holding the weapons, however, was different in a marked degree. With the Ojibways

the blade projected above the circling grip of the forefinger and thumb, whilst with the Huron champions the direction of point and blade was reversed.

When the above named space was lessened by half, the straight wake of the approaching canoes alarmed the Ojibway chiefs by the danger of a collision. Wild with the thought of that fearful onslaught, Ne-on-ta-nomah and Oconto, grasping their paddles with both hands again, made a frantic dip to veer their craft to the left. They fathomed not the crafty plan of their foemen. Star Light and Fire Steel guarded against colliding, using the rudder purchase of their blades at the stern, also deflecting their canoes to the left.

Right on they went with fearful velocity. Shooting to the left of their antagonists, but barely avoiding the grazing of their canoes. It was a crisis of fate. The Ojibway chiefs miscalculating the velocity of the coming craft, had made their paddle dips too late to right themselves again for a knife blow. Pierre and Red Hand, each at the critical moment in passing, gave a back-handed horizontal blow. Coming thus from behind, the Ojibways had no chance to parry those well-directed thrusts.

Taking effect on the left side of the spinal column, at the lower extremity of the shoulder-blade, each blow was instantly fatal. The two chiefs together fell, each face downward in the bow of the canoe. Onward with a wild whoop of triumph went the victors. But with skillful use of rudder and paddle, a sharp circuit was made by which they were returned to the place of that encounter. Observing that the bodies of the two chiefs were being rapidly conveyed to the northern shore, those victors, in turn, veered towards and landed upon the southern beach.

Then shout after shout upbursting from the excited multitude, went pealing forth, until the very welkin seemed rent and riven. As that noisy Huron demonstration subsided, there came across the waters from the Ojibway camp a mournful wail over their chiefs so mysteriously slain in that ill-starred double duello.

Pierre and Star Light, Red Hand and Fire Steel, were feated and feasted by the Hurons as star actors in that fearful tragedy, terminating so happily for their own safety, and so auspiciously for the peace and welfare of those Huron settlements. Running Water had long watched with observant eye and increasing attachment the noble qualities and manly developments of Red Hand. Having no son to him, he resolved to remove the bar sinister from the birth of the youth by his full adoption into his family.

On the morning succeeding that decisive trial by battle, the northern shore and the recent Ojibway camp were discovered to be utterly deserted. During the preceding afternoon and night their canoes and camp luggage had all been transported to the beach of the main lake, and the crest-fallen Ojibways had all departed for La Point.

Pierre and Star Light returning to their island home, rebuilt their wigwam where they dwelt for many years, the objects of esteem and veneration on the part of that entire Huron community. Running Water maintained his vigorous rule for several years, by a wholesome fear, holding in check the aggressive Ojibway hordes.

In the event of his demise he was succeeded by Red Hand in the chieftainship, who, with Fire Steel as his trusty war chief, for many years maintained his authoritative sway, preserving the Huron territory intact, and successfully repelling numerous Ojibway raids. To ac-

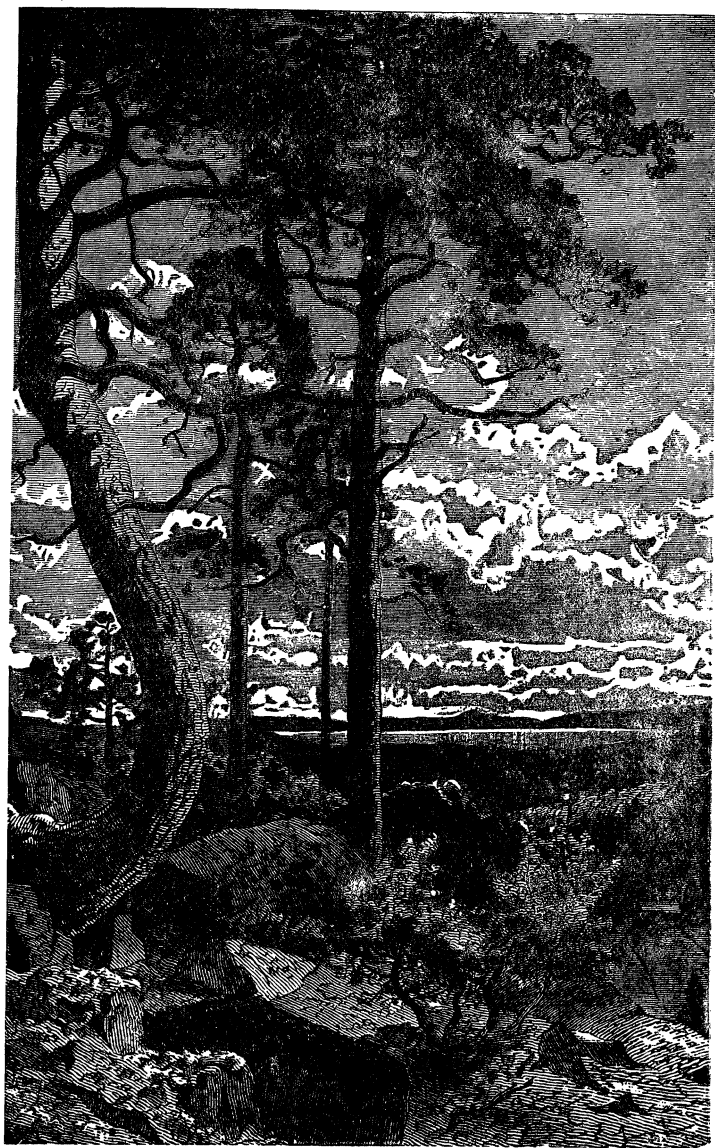
comply with this he was compelled to strike back westward, on either shore of the Great Lake, by vigorous invasions.

Thus by his wisdom in council, his strategy in campaign maneuvers and his personal prowess in battle, Red Hand achieved for himself greatness among his people, and extended renown among numerous native tribes. In the reflex glory of that high renown, the early adventures of himself and Star Light were cherished in remembrance, and perpetuated in native legendary lore.









*MENOMINEE RIVER SCENE.*

**THE CHIPPEWA RAID ON GREEN BAY ;**

**OR,**

**RED WING THE SAUK CHIEF.**



## INTRODUCTION.

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We have elsewhere in our legends attempted a detailed description of the Lake Superior region. We shall here content ourselves with a reference to certain points, giving their connections with the principal theater of the present story. But for a more perfect elucidation of the motives governing the actors in the tragic scenes we describe, we shall in this introduction, make mention of certain facts, which aside from their bearing upon the incidents narrated, might be deemed isolated, and misplaeed.

South by east then, from Kewenaw point and Iron Bay, on the southern shore of Lake Superior, but some fifty miles from the latter, Little Bay De Noquet is found, being a spur of Green Bay and near its northern extremity. Into that Little Bay, and coming from the northwest, the Escanawba river empties its fine volume. Passing the minor streams and traversing in a southwesterly direction some fifty miles down the westerly side of the main Bay, we reach the mouth of the Menominee, a magnificent stream, coming a long way from the northwest, it serves, with its numerous affluents, to drain a vast area of diversified and very pleasant country.

Upon that stream, and in all the region bordering, more especially on the western margin of Green Bay, dwelt, at the opening of the present century, the Sauk and Fox tribes under a system of confederate government rule. The climate was milder, the winter snows

less deep and lasting ; and the larger varieties of game were far more abundant than in the more northerly Lake Superior region, where the fierce Chippewas had long been roaming denizens.

But notwithstanding their more desirable location as compared with the Chippewas, the Sauks often turned their longing eyes to the lower peninsula of Michigan, where their ancestors had been once seated. By listening to their glowing and oft repeated descriptions, the Foxes had become restless and dissatisfied also. Added to these sources of disquiet was the knowledge that the Chippewas coveted their land and were seeking an occasion for wresting it from them.

The evidence is abundant to establish the fact, that a great climatic change has occurred in the marginal belt encircling Lake Superior as well as east and west of the same. By some mysterious law of nature, the isothermal line across the continent has been gradually but surely deflected southward by whole degrees from the region of the Red River of the north to the Atlantic ocean.

In corroboration of this theory we will mention the fact, that numerous skeleton remains have been exhumed, immediately south of the trappe range we have described, not only of different varieties of the deer family, including the spike-horn, the cariboo and the elk, but also showing that herds of buffalo were once habitues of the entire region. With the present rigor of the winters, and the depth of snow annually and for months covering the entire region, it would be impossible for them to move or survive.

Owing to the scarcity of game in that mineral region three-fourths of a century ago, it was designated in the vernacular of the natives as "accursed of the

Great Spirit." West of Green Bay and in the vallies of the Brule and Menominee rivers the winters were less severe, with annual snows of such moderate depth that game of larger varieties could not only survive but flourish.

The bands of Chippewas in their more inhospitable climate looked with envy upon the Sauks and Foxes, and coveted their more comfortable quarters. To settle the hostilities likely to arise between those tribes and to quiet any further dissatisfaction on the part of either, resort was had to frequent overtures and negotiations.

Finally a joint council composed of Sauk, Fox and Chippewa chiefs from south of Lake Superior had been convened at Green Bay. There it was proposed to cut the gordion knot of their causes of complaint and mutual repinings, by the novel expedient of a double shift of quarters. They entered into a confederate league, to wage a joint war upon the Ottawas of the lower peninsula of Michigan, and to thus summarily eject them from their possessions.

The Sauks and Foxes in a body were then to migrate to, and occupy the conquered territory, thus leaving the Chippewas in full occupancy of all the Green Bay country. Of that joint campaign against the Grand Traverse Bay region and of its disastrous results, including the retreat of the allied forces back to the Manitou islands, we have given a narrative in a previous sketch. We there likewise described Red Wing, the young Sauk chief, as an outlaw from his tribe, carrying news of the intended invasion to the Ottawas, and otherwise aiding the latter to defeat the allies.

Our present story is therefore really a sequel to that narrative of the raid of the Sauks, Foxes and Chippewas upon the country of the Ottawas, and of the san-



guinary conflicts around Sleeping Bear Bay, in the third year of the present century. In now attempting a short graphic account of the Green Bay campaign later in the same year, we shall trace homeward from the Manitou islands, the discomfited confederates. Our somewhat lengthy introduction being now terminated, we shall address ourselves to the work in hand.

# THE CHIPPEWA RAID ON GREEN BAY:

OR,

RED WING, THE SAUK CHIEF.

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## CHAPTER I.

The surviving allies of that ill-starred expedition, on mustering in the channel between the Manitou islands in May, 1803, found their numbers reduced to two thousand braves. Of that number barely six hundred Chippewas survived the casualties of that brief campaign. This handful of warriors, conscious that their intended treachery had chilled the hearts of their allies towards them, left the island channel that night, clandestinely, for their homes. They left with bitterness in their hearts, and with a settled purpose of retaliating upon their allies for all their reverses at the hands of the Ottawas.

The Sauks and Foxes started on the succeeding morning for Green Bay. They were chagrined at the utter failure of their confederate scheme. Their golden dream of conquering and possessing the lands of the Ottawas in Michigan was utterly exploded. They were also depressed by gloomy forebodings of an open rupture between them and the countless hordes of Chippewas in the region north, and northwest of them.

The head chiefs of the latter war-like nation had not participated in the recent league and hasty crusade against the Ottawas. When, therefore, the disastrous results of that crude undertaking reached them, under the false version and coloring of the Chippewa survivors, their indignation was fearfully aroused. They were led to believe that the treacherous Sauks and Foxes, had purposely delayed their arrival at the theater of war, thus designedly leaving the Chippewas unsupported, with intent to have them sacrificed.

Among the renowned chiefs of those northern hordes, thus misled and incensed, was Ke-way-we-non, on the southern central shore of Lake Superior. He was a chief of signal abilities, and evidently formed after a liberal pattern of manhood. Throughout their vast territory he stood both prominent and proudly pre-eminent.

With capacity for devising intricate schemes; with a wonderful facility of mental resources to either meet, or to evade an impending crisis; with autocratic power over numerous bands of the nation; and with a reputation for sagacity, united with a personal popularity among the other chiefs, seldom equalled, he was a friend to be ardently desired, and an enemy to be dreaded.

He coveted for his people the region occupied by the Sauks and Foxes around Green Bay and on the Menominee. An occasion for a rupture with the latter was now opportunely offered. With a little skillful manipulation of facts, a most forcible appeal could be made to the interests, passions and prejudices of the Chippewa nation. He devised and concocted what was to be said. Then instructing his messengers until they were well posted in their rôle, he despatched to the chiefs north, south and west of the great Lake, his message.

The result was a full consent from each to furnish their quotas for a united force capable of effecting the utter annihilation of the Sauks and Foxes in a single campaign. With his characteristic tact and energy, in despatching business and marshalling men, his preparations were by the first of August, so far advanced, and his plans so nearly matured, that Ke-way-we-non began to tighten his boa-constrictor folds around the tribes he had doomed.

He was in fact at that date actively massing five thousand warriors from the northern and western shores of the lake at the mouth of the Montreal river, west of the Porcupine Mountains, and five thousand more of his own braves at the mouth of the Ontonagon river, on the southern shore of the lake, east of the mountains last named.

A further levy of five thousand were in camp on the north shore of Lake Michigan west of the Mackinaw Straits, destined to enter Green Bay with a fleet of canoes. The other two divisions would cross the upper peninsular by separate routes, falling upon settlements inland and upon the river margins.

In now turning our attention to the Sauks and Foxes, we will briefly state, by way of explanation, that Red Wing had been a youthful chief of the Sauk tribe up to the period of the council at Green Bay, at which was inaugurated the then recent raid against the Ottawas of Michigan. During that sitting a violent quarrel sprung up between him and a young chief of the Foxes. Knives were drawn, and a duel was improvised, when Red Wing slew his antagonist. Throughout, the latter had been the aggressor.

Red Wing was condemned, by the Sauk and Fox chiefs, to death. He escaped eastward and was driven

by a storm far south and upon the eastern coast of Lake Michigan. There he gave timely warning to the Ottawas of the intended invasion by the confederates. During the succeeding brief struggle he was associated with the Michigan scouts, rendering important services to the Ottawa nation.

When the shattered forces of the Sauks and Foxes returned from that disastrous campaign with the loss of four of their chiefs, a council of the braves of both tribes was hastily convened. There the main incidents of the campaign were made known. The further facts were added, that Red Wing was a master spirit with the Ottawas—that he had massed them for defence, and had himself caused the slaughter of six of the confederate chiefs.

The speakers dwelt upon the deep-dyed treachery of the Chippewas towards them, and detailed the successive chastisements so richly merited by them, and so vigorously administered by the Ottawas. Next they adverted to the coldness evinced by the surviving Chippewas, with their stealthy departure by night from the Manitou islands.

A lengthy and anxious discussion ensued before that council. It involved the present unpromising posture of their affairs, and the still more gloomy prospects for the future. The conviction fastened upon every mind that the Chippewas would soon wage war upon them in their homes.

Their discussions were productive of no satisfactory results. No measure of relief from threatened perils was suggested, and no plan for defensive war was proposed. Finally an aged Sauk brave arose, stating to the council, that he was about to speak plain words, and he hoped they would open their ears to hear the truth.

"The Great Spirit" said he "is angry with us. His face is behind a cloud. He has taken wisdom from our councils, courage from our hearts, and valor from our arms. He has turned our selfish and unjust schemes into foolishness, and our cowardice and cruelty into swift punishment. In fact we now know he has constituted our victim both judge and executioner. We had a chief, young in years but sagacious in council, and brave in fight, He entreated us to abandon the unjust war upon the Ottawas. He urged upon us the danger of any alliance with the unscrupulous Chippewas. We refused to listen to his entreaties or expostulations. We ridiculed his apprehensions, and encouraged the chief, Cougar, to villify and abuse him. When he stood up in self-defence, the Cougar, knife in hand, sought his life, with deadly thrust. Then because with exceeding skill he parried that blow, and struck down that brutal assailant, we sentenced him to death, and on his escape we outlawed him.

"From that day the face of the Great Spirit has been withdrawn. He will never own or shield us again, until we own our fault, and repair the injustice." As his voice ceased, the stillness of the charnel house pervaded the assembly. At length another brave of the Fox tribe rising said :

"I honor the man who has the boldness to speak such unwelcome truths to a council like this. I admire the wisdom that can so clearly trace our misadventures back to our misdeeds. Will the brave inform us how we can repair our grievous fault ? "

Thus questioned the aged brave again rising, replied :  
"The reparation required at our hands is such as we have power to make. The Great Spirit gave us the young chief full of wisdom and courage, for our coun-

sel and leader. He must be recalled. The sentence of death was both cowardly and against the law of all the aboriginal tribes. It must be revoked. The decree of outlawry for his escape from a nest of scorpions was simply an outrage. It must be annulled.

"We have now no chief with the ability to lead us into the path of safety. We must elect Red Wing to fill the vacancy. Then send an embassy to notify him of what we have done, and to invite him to return with honor. He is with the Ottawas on the river Kalamazoo."

The suggestions thus made in plain blunt words were heartily adopted and carried out to the letter, with all due formality. A deputation with the aged brave at its head was sent to the Manitous, and thence down to the mouth of the Kalamazoo, where they were received and hospitably entertained by the old chief Wakazoo, with whom they found Red Wing an honored guest. The latter listened with composure to the message as delivered by the envoys. At its close he asked for time to consult with Wakazoo.

The latter, although loth to part with a guest whom he highly prized, yet unhesitatingly advised him to accept this urgent call to a station he was so eminently fitted to adorn. The advice of the sagacious chief was the more cheerfully acceded to by Red Wing, as it tallied with his own ideas of both right and duty. His answer to the deputation was a frank assent to their request.

## CHAPTER II.

On the following morning after taking leave of Dead Shot, Mishawaha and Lynx Eye, the Michigan scouts, and bidding adieu to Wakazoo and his household, Red Wing embarked with the deputation, and without accident or misadventure reached Green Bay in due time. There he found the people laboring under wild excitement. Reports had just arrived of the vast preparations being made for war by the Chippewas. They believed their own region was to be its theater. Red Wing was installed with full aboriginal ceremonies, as head chief of both Sauks and Foxes.

His forecast and sagacity were soon manifested by prompt measures and efficient precautions. Two veteran scouts were sent across the country to the principal settlement of Ke-way-we-non. Other trusty envoys were secretly despatched to two weak tribes claiming a large extent of territory far in the interior of Wisconsin and south of the entire range of the Chippewas.

To those tribes he made overtures tending to a consolidation in the government and people of the four tribes, with a joint occupation of the region they claimed. His envoys found those two interior tribes more favorably inclined than even Red Wing had anticipated. They were most eager for the union, offering the Sauks and Foxes the choice in their proportionate share of the territory, for use and occupation, at the same time willingly tendering to Red Wing the governing control of the new formed confederation.



Most anxiously now did the young chief await news from the Lake Superior region. But even before he could reasonably expect returns, making due allowance for the delays and the hazards of that method of obtaining information, his scouts reported to him in person. They found no difficulty in the way of gleaning intelligence of that overwhelming league away up north, or of the destination of the array of warriors then being mustered at different points. In the midst of the bustle of the camp, and by piercing to the lodge of the chief, they learned the exact routes by which the various divisions of that levy of fifteen thousand men would penetrate the Green Bay region.

Red Wing now convened a general council of the chiefs and braves of both tribes. He laid before them the details of the invasion planned by Ke-way-we-non, with his gigantic preparations then nearly completed. The council was utterly dismayed by this overshadowing peril, threatening their utter extinction. The chief next submitted to them his negotiations with those interior tribes, and his grand scheme for the migration of their people to a region safe from those marauding northern hordes.

The transition, in that council, from dark despair to hopeful assurance was manifest and outspoken. Men breathed freely again, and chatted gaily over this new aspect of things, this rainbow tint to their gloomy fortunes. That council, without demur, adopted the entire scheme by acclamation. They were profuse in thanks to the chief for his wise precaution, and his sagacious forecasting policy. They were unanimous for the prompt removal of their families and valuable effects.

The braves of the two tribes, however, besought him to grant them one favor. They petitioned for leave to

remain in the region long enough to strike one terrible effective blow. They meant by it to memorize their fearful vengeance for their lost hunting grounds and homes. They all pointed to the special column of five thousand from the Ontonagon, and which the scouts reported was to be led by Ke-way-we-non in person. This request of the braves for one fierce battle was in consonance with the chivalrous spirit and reckless daring of the young chief.

Red wing rising, now thanked the council for their deep solicitude touching the common welfare. He approved of the conclusion they had so harmoniously reached. Then turning to the braves he warmly commended their high-toned spirit, and anxious longing for one retaliating blow. He pledged himself to lead them in a fight that should be memorable, and leave behind no stain of a craven, inglorious desertion of their native soil.

Under the systematic exertions of the young chief, the aged and infirm, the women and children, with their household effects and everything useful or valuable in every day life, were shipped from all their villages, on their journey to their new country. With characteristic shrewdness he planned to perfect this exodus without leaving a trail for the enemy to find or follow. He sent them all by water to the southern extremity of Green Bay. Thence they passed west over a safe inland trail.

He commissioned the youths not yet trained for the war path, and the fierce encounter of battle, to keep watch and ward over the moving masses, and to care for the safe transit of their chattels. Proud of the honorable trust, not a single boy proved either negligent or derelict.

Red Wing, thus liberated from other cares, now proclaimed to the tribes that he should make no levy or draft of braves for the further defence of the territory. But he stood ready to enroll as volunteers all who offered themselves for one stand-up fight with the band of Ke-way-we-non, when it arrived by its river transit. Within twenty-four hours four thousand warriors presented themselves for that special enrollment.

Fully resolved in the contemplated desperate encounter, to victimize the master spirit of this Chippewa invasion, Red Wing now cast about for the means to secure that darling object. He bethought himself of two of the Michigan scouts with whom he had been associated in the recent campaign. He despatched a swift messenger to Dead Shot and Lynx Eye at the mouth of the Kalamazoo, with the laconic request and promise :

“Come at once, I’ll see you back in a week.”

His own scouts from Lake Superior reported Ke-way-we-non ready to move. They detailed his starting time—the route he would take; and the points he had designated for nightly encampments. The route thus delineated was eastward by water from Ontonagon river past Kewenaw point to Iron Bay in the southern coast line of Lake Superior. Thence by portage to the Escanawba river. This stream, with a general course southeast, heads for Little Bay de Noquet, with which it forms a junction about midway of its westerly coast.

Up this river a few miles from its confluence with the Bay, there was then a large Sauk settlement, where the thrifty town of Escanawba is now situated. A couple of miles still further up that stream there is a sharp elbow to the west around a projecting promontory. This was the place selected by Ke-way-we-non

for landing his chosen band. From that bend a southerly course would bring him to the rear of the settlement below, in position favorable for an assault.

The surface formation of that locality is that of an elevated plateau, or table land range. It was then thickly timbered with hard wood and evergreen varieties. About midway between the bend and the town a small affluent of the river comes in from the west. For quite a distance it has a sinuous course in the bottom of a deep ravine; a few rods in width with precipitous banks sixty feet in height. These slopes were densely covered with trees, bushes and wild brambles.

On either side of the ravine, the river plateau made equally bold, high and abrupt banks, along the shore line with no favorable descent to, or ascent from the mouth of that stream. This ravine and stream must be crossed in their selected line of march by the advancing column of the Chippewas. The best crossing and fording place had long previously been marked out and used. A broad well beaten trail showed the chosen public track from the river bend to the main Bay below.

At that public crossing over ravine and stream, Red Wing resolved to make his final stand. Two days prior to the expected arrival of the northern foe, there was, of that entire settlement, literally nothing left but the deserted bark wigwams. On the day preceding his projected night attack Red Wing carefully arranged and posted his band of warriors on the southern verge of that ravine, but traversing the trail both east and west for many rods. Positions for groups of braves were also selected under cover, many feet down the declivity, as well as along its outcropping brink or verge.

That day also Dead Shot and Lynx Eye, the Michi-

gan scouts, arrived at Escanaba. The chief at once took them over the whole field of operations from the river bend to the settlement, both by land and water. To them his entire arrangements seemed admirable. But after seeing all, Lynx Eye, the dwarf scout, earnestly begged to be posted with twenty-five braves in the vicinity of the landing at the upper river bend.

Red Wing was at first surprised by the request, but catching the merry twinkle in Dead Shot's eye, he granted the coveted boon without question. The men were selected and placed in charge of the gratified dwarf. It was tacitly understood that Red Wing and Dead Shot were "to hunt in couples," during the coming night. The Michigan scout was fully persuaded that the special duty expected of him, would be disclosed at the proper time.

Profiting by the cunning device of White Water over at Grand Traverse Bay, in lighting the night gloom of the gorge for the better aim of the bowmen, Red Wing had caused numerous torches to be securely fastened to the ends of long rods. The latter were placed in the hands of chosen men the farthest down the bank.

These torches, at a given signal, were to be lighted, and thrust out clear of the bushes, thus illuminating both the bottom and sides of the ravine. All things were placed in readiness to receive the foe by midnight. Lynx Eye, up at the bend, was also posted, watching and waiting. He had skilfully selected his concealed position a little up stream from the landing.

Immediately after destroying that settlement Ke-way-we-non had planned to return to that bend for his canoes, and with them to pass down to the west shore of Green Bay. There communicating with the other divisions, he would direct in the farther devastation of the country.

### CHAPTER III.

Skillful and energetic, the great chief had punctually made his designated stoppages each day, and at eleven o'clock that night his fleet was moored in the bend, the men being allowed one hour for a cold lunch and rest. Intending to return by morning the canoes were simply moored by stakes driven in the beach.

After the lapse of the hour assigned for rest, that corps of stalwart Chippewa warriors, five thousand strong, started out on the southern trail. A dozen braves were left behind to keep alive the fires; to procure fuel for cooking an early morning meal; and to watch over the safety of the canoes at their moorings. The detachment thus left in charge, first with dry material at hand, kindled a large number of small fires in the edge of the skirting timber. Next they collected an abundant supply of fuel for the wants of the morning, leaving a bundle by each of the fires they had previously kindled.

From their safe cover Lynx Eye, with his squad had watched the whole proceedings of the main force, as well as the dozen men thus left behind. The scrutiny of that outlying party was keen, and their interest all absorbing. At the close of half an hour the labors of the dozen ceased, when, first reducing all the fires but one, to a flickering light, the twelve reclined around the larger one thus left. There they proposed to indulge in a jabbering talk, with a smoke of the favorite weed known as kinnikinick.

Lynx Eye now whispered his instructions to his followers to scatter and creep together again in the rear of the loungers at the fire. A short time afterwards they crawled up in a compact line at the left of Lynx Eye. Outside the circle of light they were shrouded in darkness, whilst by them, those reclining about the fire, were distinctly visible. At a sign, each brave rose with Lynx Eye, to his knees, and fixed the arrow notch on the string.

As another sign was given, each bow was brought to its place and the object sighted. Yet another signal and the arrows in perfect unison, sped on their mission. Of all around that fire not a man survived that lethal discharge. The assailants leaping forward, secured the scalps. Next they unmoored and lashed the canoes in five and twenty groups. Each of the latter they attached to a leading canoe.

The braves, paddle in hand, jumped each aboard of one of the latter. Lynx Eye entered the leading canoe beside the brave. Down the river, but clinging to the west bank, they made their noiseless passage until their arrival in front of that recent village. There they separated and hauled the canoes ashore, well up on the beach. Then reclining in the shadow of the nearest wigwams, they watched their charge, patiently awaiting the further developments of that night of fearful slaughter.

In the meantime the column of Ke-way-we-non, three abreast, moved forward with measured, but stealthy tread. As best comporting with his dignity, power and requisite safety, the head chief took his position at the rear, surrounded by his body guard. With the lapse of the first half hour, the van of the corps reached the northern verge of the ravine. The weather was hot, and in the closeness of that trail, instead of a night breeze, the air was stagnant, sultry, almost suffocating.

When the fresh smell of water came up to them from below, their steps were accelerated down the declivity. As rank after rank swept the water's edge, they passed not over, but spread out up and down the margin of the stream. The men threw themselves prone upon the ground, side by side, to slake their maddening thirst. The whole column, except a limited fraction on the northern bank, were thus massed in the bottom of the ravine.

At this precise moment, in the silence and solitude of ravine and upland, a hundred glazing torches were thrust forth from the bushes and thickets along that southern ravine slope, down near its base. They flashed upon the running stream, dispelling also the darkness from every nook and corner of the alluvion bottom. They lighted up the trail and sloping banks, piercing back for rods under the leafy canopy of the verge of either bank.

In that same instant of utter bewilderment to the invaders, the deafening battle cry of four thousand Sauk and Fox warriors rung out, filling the ravine, echoing and re-echoing from its depth and sides, and over the wide stretch of table lands in all directions. Along with that fearful whoop those thousands of braves stepped into momentary view on bank and slope, as they delivered a plunging flight of murderous arrows upon the thickly clustered bodies lying prone below. The descent of feathery missiles was so in unison, so compact and so vast in numbers, as to obscure the light and darken the space in its transitory passage. Nothing saved the bulk of that crowd of human beings below from utter slaughter, but the uncertainty of the aim and discharge, at the instant that brilliant light flashed blindingly upon the eye-balls of the assailants.

As it was, many hundred Chippewas never rose to



their feet from that wholesale butchery. Hecatombs of victims writhing together, were tossing in the convulsive throes of mortal agony. Gouts and jets; splashes and pools of blood covered the ground and dripped and gurgled in rivulets into that flowing water.

The survivors of the now-broken column, springing to their feet, dashed impetuously across the stream, amidst a second discharge of arrows, piercing hundreds more of the throng. A rush was made by those still untouched for the trail up the southern slope. Red Wing now restrained further assault until the foremost of that dense mass were three-fourths of the way up the ascent.

Then the signal was given. A deluge of arrows from front and either flank went plunging down upon that clambering throng of humans. The foremost groups, transfixd by the flinty barbs delivered at short range, toppled backwards upon those below, until the crushed and overborne column rolled to the bottom in a helpless mass. Yet not altogether helpless; for agile as panthers, and as tenacious of life, the survivors struggling forth were on their feet and on a wild rush again.

This time, however, their footsteps were back over the stream heading for the trail up the northern slope. Ke-way-we-non had just pressed his way to the very verge of that bank, being in the act of peering down into the abysm. Failing at a glance to discern the extent of the carnage below, in the curt style of absolute command he thundered forth the order, "to face about and force a passage up the trail on the southern slope."

As those deep tones rung far and clearly out, the set time of his fate had fully come. Red Wing, touching the arm of Dead Shot, remarked: "This is what I wanted of you! Ke-way-we-non, the soul of

this dire invasion now stands over yonder ! How long will you permit him thus to stand unharmed ? ”

As Dead Shot heard the name of the haughty invader pronounced, the rifle came to his shoulder. A bead sight across the wide chasm was drawn. The trigger was pulled. Then as the sharp report echoed above and below, Ké-way-we-non, with hands wildly clutching at the empty air, plunged forward over the brink, rolling heavily to the bottom of the ravine.

His last imperative order was forgotten in that terrible moment. When the great chief fell, a cry of mingled rage and grief leaped from the lips of that demoralized throng. Next as their senses gathered the full import of that rifle crack, with its mysterious deadly effect at that great distance, the entire host stood shivering with a horrible fright. All the current rumors of the weird, unearthly power of the pale-face wizard of the Kalamazoo, came crowding upon their memories. They knew he must be present. They shuddered at his power as an avenging demon.

In wild tumult the motley throng dashed up the trail, passing the spot where their chief had so recently stood. They recked not the discharge of a fresh flight of arrows. They heeded not the fall of their comrades, or the decimation of their numbers. Up the steep ascent the living, scrambling mass still went, with struggling, panting leaps. Gaining that summit they flew into the darkness beyond.

The corps of Red Wing, unmindful of his presence in the delirium of their joy and triumph, poured in a living tide of bodies down the declivity, across the stream, and up the northern slope. In that hot pursuit they went whooping and yelling, as if the inmates of pandemonium had been given a holiday on earth.

The young chief made no effort to check that tidal wave of eagerness and passion. He was content to await their return. He believed the terror stricken Chippewas would win in that race, and wholly escape them in their canoes.

Now Lynx Eye after waiting for a time down at the settlement, became both anxious and weary of inaction. Leaving the squad of braves still in charge of the canoes, he started up the trail for the field of carnage—"the aceldema of blood." He arrived just as the last of the Sauks and Foxes disappeared from the opposite bank, in swift pursuit. He reported to Red Wing and Dead Shot the successful capture of the fleet of canoes, with the slaughter of the Chippewa guard.

Dead Shot fairly rolled on the ground convulsed with laughter. Next springing to his feet he closely hugged the dwarf, in the exuberance of his delight. The chief, indulging in no such extravagant demonstrations of rapture, was nevertheless equally gratified by the feat performed. He was also much impressed by the boldness of the conception, and the strategic skill evinced in carrying out the scheme. He commended Lynx Eye in glowing terms.

## CHAPTER IV.

The chief then informed the two scouts of a special reason why Lynx Eye, although unwittingly, had rendered him a service which might prove of an incalculable benefit. He was now ready to leave with all his braves for their new country in the interior. He desired to do it secretly, leaving no trail behind. But he had learned that the division of Chippewas from the northwest would make their route by the three rivers, the Montreal, the Brule and the Menominee.

He further stated that the foe might even then be descending the latter river, west of where they stood. Now with the captured fleet of canoes, they could start that morning, pushing down the western shore of Green Bay, beyond the mouth of the Menominee. Thence they could advance to the southern extremity of the Bay, and there take the trail over which he had sent his people to the interior.

He next enquired of Dead Shot which he esteemed the most feasible route for the return of the scouts to their home. At the same time he remarked that the northern waters of Lake Michigan were doubtless swarming with Chippewa canoes. Dead Shot replied that he feared them not, but as a matter of choice he had fixed upon a return by the shore around south passing at the head of the lake.

"So we will bear you company," he continued, "to the other end of Green Bay. We may aid you in a canoe battle, if the Chippewas first reach the mouth of

the Menominee. When we arrive at your landing, a few of your braves can tote our canoe over land to the main lake. Once there we will shift for ourselves."

The shouts of the returning braves far away north on the trail, here terminated their colloquy. As the warriors struck the north bank of the ravine, they became busy gathering scalps from the slain. Pushing down the slope, they traversed the alluvion bottom up and down the stream, and then the southern slope of the trail, laying all their trophies at the feet of Red Wing.

No personal distribution could be made, as no brave could identify a scalp as the result of his own prowess. Red Wing resolved to make the whole mass a national memorial to be kept in their council wigwam. He then learned from them that the Chippewas had made good their escape.

On reaching the landing, finding their canoes gone and the guard slain, they set up a wail of mortal terror. The next moment there was a wild cry. "The wizard!" Thereupon they disappeared up around the bend of the river with desperate leaps and break-neck speed.

Red Wing, censuring his men for leaving without orders, but commending their prompt return, now formed them in column of march, and returned to the deserted settlement. There they rested till daylight. Making a hasty meal, they went at once on board the canoes, and moved off in gallant style for Little Bay de Noquet. Thence they pulled steadily down its west shore, and that of Green Bay towards its southern extremity.

Red Wing warily approached the mouth of the Menominee river. When within a couple of miles he halted, for darkness to come, sending forward a couple of scouts

to reconnoiter. The latter soon returned, reporting no enemy in sight. Time, afterwards, showed how accurate the calculations of the chief had been. For in the afternoon of the very next day five thousand Chippewas drifting down the river landed at its mouth.

Red Wing on the report of his scouts immediately started, running the mouth of the river under cover of darkness. He kept steadily forward until his men were landed and the canoes on the beach at the southern terminus of the Bay. He next directed his men to make a portage of all the canoes, save one, to a glen two miles inland, and there to carefully conceal them.

Whilst his warriors were thus employed, Red Wing selecting a canoe of superb model and finish, with a pair of paddles to match, sent four braves to bear it across the peninsula to the main lake. Shortly after, he personally accompanied the scouts, making the same transit. Standing on the shore and seeing them embark, he bade them bear his best respects to his Michigan friends, and with warm expressions of his esteem for the scouts, he bade them adieu, and retraced his own steps to the bivouac of his warriors.

The Michigan scouts accomplished their long trip pleasantly, and in due time, approaching the old landmark of "Bald Eagle," rounded in at the mouth of the Kalamazoo river, and landed at Saugatuck. There husband and wife met in a warm embrace, and they received from Wakazoo and his people a flattering reception.

Dead Shot gave them a full narrative of the battle in the ravine, the fall of Ke-way-we-non, and the retreat of the survivors of his shattered forces. He gave a graphic account of the signal exploit of Lynx Eye in capturing the fleet of canoes, and of Red Wing's high

commendation of it as being ingeniously planned and adroitly executed. The eclat of the deed placed the dwarf in high feather with the masses who thenceforth treated him as a man entitled to their confidence and most respectful regards.

A few months later a cavalcade of seven Sauk warriors reached Saugatuck by the beach of the lake. They were well mounted, each one also leading a splendid, though small horse of native breed, caparisoned for riding in aboriginal fashion. Those envoys stated that they were instructed to present the compliments of Red Wing to Wakazoo, asking him to accept of one of the animals for himself, and then to distribute others, one each, to Okemos and Seebewa; also one each to Dead Shot, Lynx Eye and Waukeshma;—first of all presenting the spotted animal to Mishawaha as a mark of his high consideration for her beauty, intellect, intrepidity and personal worth.

Wakazoo, proud of his commission, executed it with all-becoming ceremonials. The presents were proudly received and fondly cherished by each recipient. On her favorite "Spot," Mishawaha often rode and hunted through the openings and over the prairies; ready on challenge to distance the more serviceable but less fleet and enduring steeds of Dead Shot and Lynx Eye.

We will here advert again to the recent scene of warfare, and to other parties who were prominent actors therein. The next morning after bidding adieu to the scouts on the lake shore, Red Wing faced his four thousand braves resolutely westward, and ere long brought them to the region for their new homes and territorial occupation. There under the just rule and fostering policy of their popular young chief, the now thoroughly consolidated tribes, started fairly on a prosperous career, with new hopes and a more healthful vigor.

Knowing that to command peace, his people must command the respect of the neighboring tribes, Red Wing resolved to punish all aggressions and indignities. After a few sharp conflicts he established for himself a reputation as a war chief of marked ability, at the same time his warriors achieved for themselves a character for courage and most heroic daring.

Thirty years later the Sauks and Foxes, under the distinguished chief "Black Hawk," took up arms against the Federal Government, committing many depredations among the white border settlements. It was unquestionably a war on their part of retaliation for glaring aggressions and injuries received at the hands of lawless desperadoes.

Recurring again to the scene of our story we remark, that on the same evening that the division of north-western Chippewas arrived at the mouth of the Menominee, on Green Bay, a fleet of canoes with another division of five thousand of their brethren from the Saut de Ste. Marie, (or Soo St. Mary,) entered Green Bay from the east, and crossing, landed on its west shore a few miles north of the entrance of the Menominee. Both bands remained quiet for the next thirty hours, awaiting news of Ke-way-we-non.

But on the second morning a detachment was sent from the river mouth to visit by canoes the settlement on the Escanawba, which was first to be attacked by Ke-way-we-non. On their way they were joined by a like detachment from the band last arriving.

Together they ascended Little Bay de Noquet, and then the Escanawba, to that settlement. They found it not demolished, but utterly deserted. There were no visible marks of violence even. The bark wigwams remained standing, but they were unable to find a living soul to give them any information.



Being uneasy and restless under the pressure of this wholesale desertion and ominous silence, they despatched scouts up the river as far as the bend. Reaching that point they landed where canoes were wont to be moored. Their eyes fell upon the skeleton remains of the guard who had there been slain. They clearly identified them as having been Chippewas, by the fragments of their garments still left by the birds and beasts of prey.

Again embarking, they returned, reporting at the settlement what they had seen. The leaders of that expedition finding the mystery increasing, finally resolved upon a thorough exploration. They took the trail north from the rear of that settlement, with all their men. They warily advanced to the ravine. They discovered at every step convincing proofs of the recent gathering of a large body of men on the very ground they were traversing. Reaching the ravine and peering over the brink into the chasm below, their senses of sight, smelling, and hearing were shocked alike.

Noisome odors and offensive stench filled the air, pungently piercing their nostrils. They beheld hundreds upon hundreds of skeleton frames thickly scattered up and down, over which beasts of prey were growling, snarling and snapping their teeth, whilst flocks of foul, unseemly birds were fluttering and croaking over the refuse and fœtid remains.

## CHAPTER V.

With terrible misgivings that some awful catastrophe had overwhelmed Ke-way-we-non and his splendid corps, they reluctantly ventured down the steep trail slope—waded the stream, and searched along the bottoms for signs and marks of identification. Plenty of these were found, but all proved decidedly Chippewa in model and material. At last a brave at the base of the trail leading up the northern slope, uttered a loud cry of anguish, as rising up he exhibited a token. All present hurriedly gathered around him, recognizing in his hand a highly prized medal which Ke-way-we-non had invariably worn upon his person.

Shocked beyond measure by this conclusive evidence of the death of the great chief, and the overwhelming slaughter of his picked corps; oppressed by the fearful mystery still hanging over the catastrophe; with the means by which it had been so sweepingly effected; and above all by the strange disappearance of the resident population, they hurried away from the ravine back to their canoes, and hastened to make a report at their respective headquarters.

This led to a conference between the chiefs of the two divisions. Ultimately they concluded to ascertain the true condition of the region, with the extent of its apparent desertion. Everywhere around the Bay they found the same chill air of desolation, and the same hasty abandonment of their homes by the former occupants. About two weeks later they were reinforced by

an additional corps of five thousand warriors. They had been gathered far northwest, towards the sources of the Mississippi, and had come by an overland route.

Those three columns now systematically dividing the region, made a summary survey of the entire country theretofore occupied by the Sauks and Foxes. Finding it universally deserted they claimed it by right of conquest. Then happened an event frequently occurring in the history of conquests, the world over. The crafty, ambitious chiefs there present, now that Ke-way-we-non was dead, seized upon the occasion for an open revolt from their respective home tribes.

By flattering allurements and golden promises, they succeeded in enlisting the whole fifteen thousand warriors in this flagrant rebellion. That portion of the braves having families in their far off homes were to be furloughed to return back, and in squads, or singly, to secretly bring away their families and all their household effects.

No other Chippewas were to be allowed a foothold in that region, except upon joining the league, by a vote in council for such admission. The chiefs then in command were to rule over them as a joint regency for one year, when a Head chief was to be duly elected by council. In the meantime the scope of authority lodged with the regency, and the rights of the populace were to be the same as with the home tribes.

Bold, reckless, even treasonable, as was this revolt, its aspect was changed by its success. For when draped in the costume and brilliant colors of victory, both the deformity and the infamy disappear from the foulest rebellion. It becomes a revolution—a grand strike for independence, and an exemption from foreign dictation. In the present instance, the failure in attempting any sup-

pression of the revolt, was the result of many causes operating directly upon the home tribes.

Without any warning of the gigantic secession, not only fifteen thousand warriors, but their families and effects were suddenly withdrawn. Not only had the master spirit of the invasion fallen among its first victims, but five thousand men were practically lost with him. This draft of twenty thousand had fatally weakened their home strength, and depleted their numbers. Besides the very best war chiefs of the nation were now heading the revolt.

But the main cause of the apathy among the tribes; the actual nightmare weighing them down with mountain pressure, was to be looked for in a wild, superstitious, but abiding horror of the region itself. They believed that the land had been guarded and defended by some terribly unearthly agencies. The Sauks and Foxes had not only been shielded from harm, but had been spirited away, by undiscovered paths, to regions entirely unknown.

A brave remnant only of the picked corps of Ke-way-we-non ever reached their old lake Superior homes. These not only indulged in the gross superstitions of their benighted people; not only yielded implicit credence to the wildest legends of wizard and ghostly agencies on earth; but they invented and circulated a most marvelous story. They affirmed that the sole enemy they encountered, and the one by whom Ke-way-we-non and his thousands were slaughtered; the one in fact by whom their guard at the landing was slain and their canoes spirited away, was the pale-face demon and fire king of the Kalamazoo.

This crude invention; this incredible story spread on airy wings from tribe to tribe. It acquired additional currency and assumed the similitude of verity, by the

cunningly devised reports of the revolting warriors returning on furlough. They affirmed that the host of Ke-way-we-non must have fallen by invisible hands. That on diligent search throughout the entire region they could find no resident man, woman or child, therein. Neither had they been able to strike any trail by which their exodus had been effected.

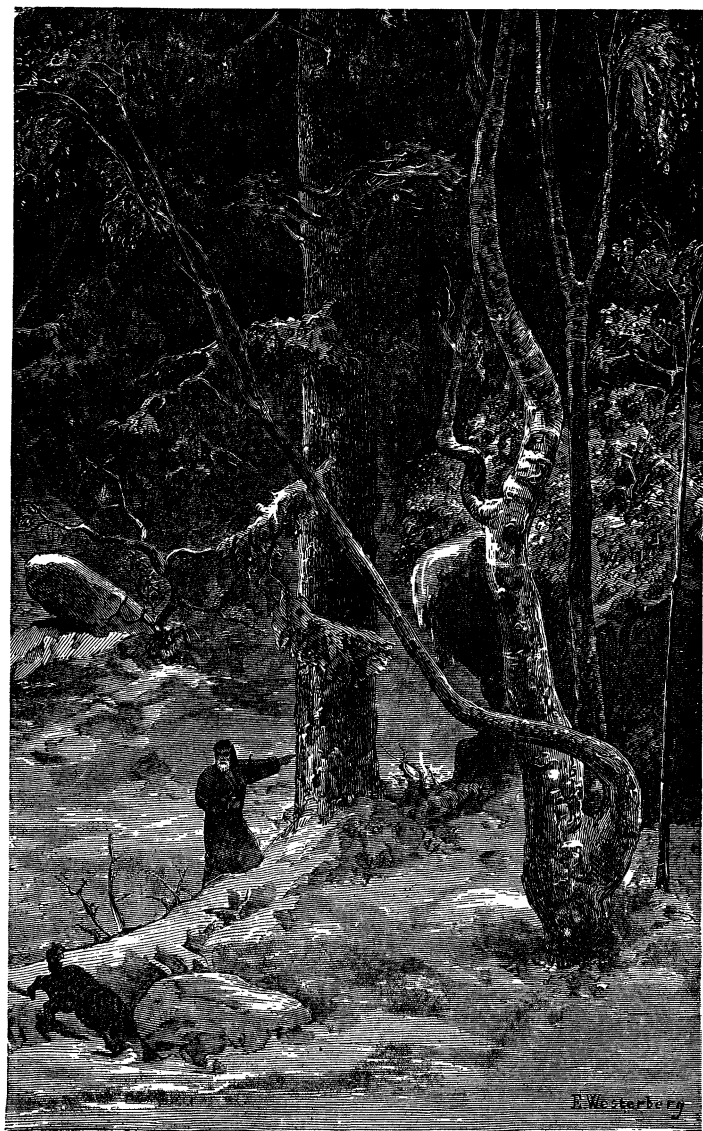
All this was doubtless true, but they never concealed the further fact that in the deserted settlement on the Escanaba, and on that trail to the ravine, and along its southern bank, they discovered conclusive evidence that thousands had been marshalled there in ambush against Ke-way-we-non in the fatal battle of the ravine.

No aggressive movements was ever set on foot to crush out that rebellion, or to reconquer and hold the Green Bay region. The braves of the league having returned with their families and effects, promptly entered upon the busy routine of domestic life, in this to them and their confederates, a new northwestern Eldorado.

A settlement thus made up of the best material of all the tribes, including their men of note, their fighting chiefs, and the flower of their chivalry among the warrior class, was reasonably bound to flourish and become a tribe of great strength and renown.

But to this day among the roaming Chippewas north and west of Lake Superior, the tradition is rife, that the warriors of their people in the olden time, under the lead of the renowned Ke-way-we-non, away down at Green Bay and the south lake, once suffered a sore defeat and a terrible slaughter at the hand of the redoubtable Pale Face Wizard of the Michigan shore.





*PERE MARQUETTE AT LA POINT IN 1668.*

**SE-GO-QUEN, THE NATIVE DEAF MUTE;**  
**OR,**  
**THE LAST RAID OF THE SAGINAW RENEGADES.**





# SE-GO-QUEN, THE NATIVE DEAF MUTE;

OR,

## THE RAID OF THE SAGINAW RENEGADES.

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### CHAPTER I.

Amidst the whirl and excitement of our present pretentious civilization, it is difficult for us calmly to survey and duly to appreciate the actual state of things existing in the broad interior of this continent, two hundred years ago. The French adventurers, true to their Celtic impress of a dashing enthusiasm and an impulsive enterprize, were the first pioneers of christianity and civilization in the vast central region of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi valley range.

In 1668, Pere Marquette, a French Jesuit Missionary, pressed his way by canoe from Lower Canada to the foot of Lake Superior. There establishing among the aboriginees, the catholic mission of the Saut de Ste Marie, he erected a similar mission later in the same year among the Hurons on the island of Mackinaw, in the Straits, between Lakes Huron and Michigan. they were both in operation in 1671.

In 1673, Pere Marquette, under the auspices of Frontenac, undertook the herculean task of exploring the great Mississippi river to its outlet in the Gulf of Mex-

ico. He made his way to Green Bay. Next by canoe, crossing the intervening portages, taking the line of the Wisconsin and Fox rivers, he struck the Mississippi, descending it below the mouth of the Arkansas. Thence he returned to Green Bay by way of the river Illinois.

Pere Marquette thus made a traverse of two thousand five hundred miles, in a region, where, if we except DeSoto's at the lower or southern extremity, his were probably the first footprints ever made by a white man. The next year, being taken ill at Chicago portage, two faithful French attendants endeavored to convey him by canoe around the head of Lake Michigan and down its eastern shore to the island of Mackinaw. At the mouth of the Pere Marquette, a river of the lower peninsula, he died and was there buried.

His mission stations, however, in the hands of his successors, survived, both at the Saut de Ste Marie, and on the island of Mackinaw. Between them and the French settlements of Lower Canada an annual intercourse was maintained during the lapse of a full century. Many French emigrants as those years rolled on found their way to those frontier stations for purposes of trade or adventure. In thus severing the ties of social civilized life, many of them drifted into the tastes, affiliations and pursuits of the savage denizens of that region.

Intermarriages soon became prevalent between them and the squaws of the different native tribes. The offspring of these alliances, from their associations and abject surroundings, developed a proclivity for the lower maternal type. In process of time there was with the various native bands a sprinkling of half-breeds, alike depraved, crafty and cruel. In their company, as boon companions and leaders in crime, were to be found, also, fresh arrivals of hardened wretches and outlawed felons.

By them frequent quarrels were fomented between the tribes, and by them the aborigines were incited to frequent atrocious deeds of violence and bloodshed. Engaged in the business of barter and exchange of commodities, both French and English traders formed a distinct class, emigrating to these border points for traffic. In process of time, whole families of these pale-faces stationed themselves not only at such leading places as Detroit, Saginaw, Saut de Ste. Marie, Mackinaw, and Green Bay, but they were found seated at the mouths of the rivers and far up the chief water courses at the interior native villages.

A century ago, the fact we have just adverted to, existed with reference to most of the principal streams of the lower peninsula of Michigan. White traders had their posts supplied with articles suited to the native market, and for which, by way of exchange, they gathered in peltries and furs. Something less than seventy-five years ago, or in 1805, one of these traders was seated at the native settlement of Owosso, on the Shiawassee river. Another was at a similar hamlet called Kish-kaw-bee, on the Pe-on-i-go-wink. Still another was located at the forks of the Cedar and Grand rivers within the limits of the present city of Lansing.

At that period those several rivers were occupied by aboriginal bands of separate lineage and tribal descent. Those upon the Grand river, from source to mouth, were a branch of the numerous and powerful nation of Ottawas, then widely spread over the northwestern quarter of the lower peninsula.

The second of those river bands, termed the Shiawas-sos, were firmly seated in the portion of the Saginaw Basin drained by the Shiawassee river, with its numerous affluents. They were probably Hurons and descendants of the ancient Canada stock of that name. The

third band in our enumeration, the Pewanigos of the valley of the Pe-on-i-go-wink river, were Chippewas, and doubtless scions of the old Lake Superior lineage.

At the opening of the present century, and in the year 1805, Okemos was chief on the Grand river, whilst Chessaning ruled over the Shiwassos, and Ne-o-me over the Pewanigos. The first was then of middle age, while the other two were still young, having only severally passed their majority by a couple of years.

Owosso, Kish-kaw-bee and Ak-mon-shee, were severally small settlements of the respective bands, well up the streams, the chiefs ordinarily residing in their larger villages nearer the mouths of the streams. The chief settlement of the Pewanigos at that era being Mus-cat-a-wing; of the Shiwassos, Om-a-gansee, and of the Ottawas, Al-i-kou-ma at the Grand Rapids.

A trail of really international importance served as an inland line of intercommunication between Saginaw Bay and the Maumee river in northwestern Ohio. It passed through Owosso up a branch of the Shiawassee river; thence southerly, taking in its course the western margin of Long Lake in Livingston county; thence onward, crossing the Huron near Dexter in Washtenaw county; and onward still, skirting the westerly side of the cotton wood swamp in Lenawee county, to its termination on the Maumee, well up from its mouth.

From Kish-kaw-bee, a branch trail ran southwesterly; and from Ak-mon-shee, a similar one extended southeasterly until they united with the main trail north of Long Lake. Thus, in times of intertribal peace, it was not unusual for Chippewas, Hurons and Ottawas, to traverse the main trail far south in company, or for the Lenawees, Mingos and Miamis to visit the Saginaw region in squads and deputations.

It also became a convenient thoroughfare for the already numerous and half-breed renegades and outlaws. These cut-throats led a vagrant gipsy life, consorting with the different native bands, and shifting their quarters when personal safety demanded a change of asylum.

For mutual protection and more easy and systematic plundering, they ultimately banded together, having their watchwords and secret signs of recognition. They had their hidden places of rendezvous where they often met in midnight conclave. At the period of our story they had become so formidable, by numbers and organization, as to be insolently oppressive to separate native bands, sponging, purloining, or exacting by threats even, their daily food.

Beyond this, they were becoming a terror to the resident traders, of whom they levied heavy contributions, by way of black mail, and for the purchase of immunity and protection. Occasionally, individual traders refusing to yield to their exorbitant demands, had appealed to the resident chief of the tribe where they were domiciled. In all such cases the traders soon perished by secret assassination.

The identification of the criminal was well nigh impossible, thus leaving both extortioner and assassin unpunished. The three chiefs whom we have named had become aware of the dangerous character of these lawless intruders. They were also becoming alarmed by their secret organization and concerted measures. But they had no suspicion of the extent, and perfection of those measures, or of the scope of their espionage, even to hourly espials upon their own movements.

Okemos, the Ottawa chief, stung by the recent assassination of an esteemed white trader at his capitol of Al-i-kou-ma on the Grand river, (then by the natives

called Wash-te-mung) felt that a crisis for active intervention had arrived. The common weal of the native tribes imperiously demanded the extirpation or banishment of the renegade horde from the entire region of the Wash-te-mung and the rivers of the Saginaw Basin.

Shrewd, active and brave, he resolved upon instant effective measures to meet the pending crisis. He ascended the Wash-te-mung to the upper village of Ak-mon-shee, seeking to obtain a secret conference with the two active young chiefs of the northern but neighboring valleys. With this in view, he despatched a messenger to Owosso, thence by canoe to Oma-gan-see, and thence down to and up the Pe-on-i-go-wink to Muscat-awing. The message was a request for Ne-o-me and Chessaning to meet him forthwith at Owosso, as a central point.

Without precaution on his trip, the messenger pursued his way to the two capitols named, delivering his message to each of the chiefs. A spy of the outlaws at Ak-mon-shee, saw that runner depart and dogged his footsteps. He notified a confederate spy at the home village of each of those chiefs. The message was as yet of secret import. Those resident spies now watched in turn, each in due time following the chiefs to Owosso.

## CHAPTER II.

At that date there was a deaf mute, a slender strippling of eighteen years, who had been born and reared in the household of Chessaning at Oma-gan-see. He was the son, born to the foster mother of the chief, and bore the name of Se-go-quen. His acuteness of intellect was remarkable. He was of active temperament, being at the same time possessed of a keen, restless eye, constantly scanning and reading every object within the scope of his vision. With all the inmates of the lodge he conversed readily by signs. He was a general favorite, but the special pet of his chief, for whom in turn the mute entertained an affection, without measure in its intensity or devotion.

The three chiefs punctually met at Owosso. In the evening they held a secret conference in a vacant lodge isolated from others. They omitted the precaution of posting a sentinel. Comparing notes, they found that similar exactions from traders had occurred on each of the rivers, with like assassinations following the refusal of payment by the trader. The chiefs were therefore in accord in viewing these aggressions as a sore evil, and one to be corrected by the strong hand.

They were also united in the policy of a joint and simultaneous action on the three rivers. They entered into a league for such concerted movement to sweep the streams from mouth to source, thereby ejecting or exterminating every renegade, white, red, or mixed, from their borders. The mute, Se-go-quen, had accompanied



Chessaning to Owosso, paddling the canoe. When the three chiefs retired within the vacant lodge for consultation, the mute threw himself upon the ground outside near the entrance awaiting the close of the session.

When their plans for the campaign had been freely discussed and were nearly matured, Se-go-quen, rising with an uneasy, restless feeling, sauntered around to the rear of the lodge. There, prone upon the earth, he espied an eavesdropper, with his ear glued to the bottom of the web matting covering the lodge. At a glance the mute understood the errand of the spy, and the mischief his knowledge of their plans thus surreptitiously acquired, might work to those within. The night was obscure with only a misty starlight.

Stepping swiftly back to the entrance of the lodge, and raising the curtain he entered, by signs hastily informing Chessaning of his discovery. The Shiwasso chief made a leap for the entrance, and dashing part way around the lodge outside, was in season to discern, a few rods away, the dim outline of a person vaulting into a canoe, and shooting swiftly down the current.

Returning within, he informed the other chiefs of what Se-go-quen had discovered, as well as what he had seen. The three were fully convinced that they had been tracked by a spy. Their plans thus ascertained would be placed at once in possession of the common enemy. Excessively annoyed at being thus overreached, they yet resolved not to be foiled in their undertaking. By prompt action they would forestall any counterpart of the crafty renegades.

They shortened the time they had previously set for their grand sweeping hunt. Each with a competent force was on the morning of the fourth day, to commence low down his river, scouring the streams, valleys and uplands

of his domain, and steadily press upward to a common center. Thus agreeing, they separated. Okemos and Ne-o-me leaving at once for their more distant homes, whilst Chessaning with the mute, camped at the lodge till dawn.

Then all their senses and skill were bent to the task of critically examining the marks, tokens and foot prints left by that midnight spy. He had gone by leaps from the rear of the lodge to his canoe. The moccasin tracks were thus plainly stamped, both as to size, and the manner of carrying the feet. On the moist soil, at the landing, the impress was so perfect, that the mute pointed out a patch upon the sole of the right foot moccasin track. They were both satisfied by the size of the foot and turning out of the toes that the spy was a pale-face.

Entering their own canoe they made a quick trip to Oma-gán-see. There at the landing as they stepped ashore, the eye of Se-go-quen fastened on a footprint in the yielding sand, with the impress of that identical patch upon the moccasin sole. With a keen look of intelligence he pointed it out to the chief. The latter well assured that the spy was of his village, retired within his lodge. Later, by half an hour, the mute appeared, beckoning Chessaning to the front entrance. Within the distance of a dozen rods he showed him an outlaw standing up a path to some wigwams further inland.

The chief and Se-go-quen were soon by his side. As the pale-face turned towards them the chief spoke sternly, putting the question: "Why did you follow me yester eve to Owosso?" The renegade evaded a direct answer, but in turn enquired: "Who says that I followed you there?" As the chief replied he pointed

at the mute, saying: "He makes the charge, and he also says, that you lay behind the lodge, as a spy upon the talk between us, the three chiefs within."

With brazen assurance the renegade blurted out his denial. "He lies when he says it. I have not been to Owosso in a week." Se-go-quen watching his features and lips, comprehended the import of the denial. For reply he now simply pointed to the moccasin track of the outlaw in the sand. The latter glancing at that impression, in his confusion raised his right foot, thus disclosing the patch on the moccasin sole.

With flashing eye Chessaning next remarked. "The proof puts your denial to a blush. I saw that mark there. I saw it down at the landing on my return. I now see it here. You are a liar and a sneaking spy."

"Well if I did go, where's the harm?" the renegade now responded, "I own up. That patch proves me a liar. But that mute of yours, your shadow in fact, shall never nose me out again." Thus saying, with a sudden gust of malignant passion sweeping over his repulsive features, he hurled his tomahawk at the head of the youth.

Like a flash of light, out came the knife of the chief, and with a whirl and a lunge it entered the chest of the renegade. The act of the chief was one of fiery impulse, under the impression that the mute was slain. In that thought he found himself utterly mistaken. For Se-go-quen had not been taken unawares. His eye fastened on the outlaw saw clearly the motion for a cast of the weapon. Swaying head and body aside, with a supple, agile movement he easily evaded the well-aimed blow.

With a groan the desperado sank to the ground, but

with a defiant scowl on his livid features he muttered: "The mischief you dread dies not with me. The news of your league is already flying down your rivers, and on the trails in your uplands."

In the act of withdrawing his knife the chief discovered that the blade had glanced, making only a severe external wound. Se-go-quen being safe, he had no wish to renew the blow. As some braves now reached the spot, he at once directed them to dress the wound, but to confine and guard the outlaw.

The latter spoke truly when he said that the news of the league was on the wing. Upon his reaching Omagan-see that morning at early dawn, he had sent runners down all the rivers to warn the renegades to avoid the blow. All the arrangements of the outlaws for the swift transit of messages, and for a speedy gathering of their force were of the most efficient character. From post to post, and river to river, the runners with watchwords, signs and tokens, would make their way with almost incredible celerity.

The renegades had their local leaders, with a head center on each river, having his abiding place in the principal native village thereon. The wounded outlaw now held a captive, was the head center on the Shawassee, and a leading spirit of that felon organization.

Among the orders that morning issued by him, prior to his meeting the chief, he had directed the instant gathering of the band on each river at its upper settlement, that is at Ak-i-mon-shee, Owosso and Kish-kaw-bee. He advised the avoidance of the rivers or any approach to their immediate vicinity, elsewhere than at the villages named, but in their advance to use the upland trails.

The same head center had directed that in the mid-

dle of the third coming night, each river band should sweep into its respective upper settlement, and appropriate such plunder as came readily to hand, but to make a point of first robbing the resident white trader in each, of all their stock and valuables, to capture all the members of each of their families, and then setting fire to their abodes to take the trail for their grand rendezvous.

The measure thus proposed was both retaliatory and vindictive. The spy upon the conference of the chiefs, had heard enough to satisfy him that those traders had made complaints to them of extortions and murders by the outlaws. To them therefore he ascribed the present peril of the latter, and upon them he had determined to wreak a summary vengeance. In conclusion he advised them to enter upon no protracted skirmishing, and at all hazards to avoid any stand-up fight if assailed, upon their several raids on the above settlements.

Thus fortified and indoctrinated as to the projected temporary exodus of the renegades from those rivers, the runners went forth. The one for the head center of the Wash-te-mung river, to save time and travel, was to take a direct inland trail from Oma-gan-see to the bold elbow of that river at a point far below Ak-mon-shee, and near the site of the present village of Lyons.

### CHAPTER III.

Long previous to the time of which we are now writing, the renegades of all that region had selected and fitted up a place for the general depot of their spoils. It was also designed for a grand rendezvous of all their river bands in force. This had become a necessity under their more extended depredations and systematized methods of procedure. After laborious research and careful examination, the outlaw leaders had fixed upon a secluded dell in the wild and hilly region contiguous to Long Lake on the eastern side.

The lake itself is a broad, beautiful sheet of water, with mainly a bold shore, and picturesque scenery in the back ground. At the period of our legend the only frequented access to the lake was the north and south trail running along its western margin. Across the sheet of water midway of its eastern shore line, and where the banks were bluff and high, a rivulet of pure water discharges itself through the mouth of a narrow ravine with precipitous banks.

That ravine was a deep cut through an elevated range of table land. It was in a crescent shape, starting out eastward, and curving around to the north, and of about one hundred rods in length. At its inner extremity the ravine is enlarged on all sides into a regular circular basin of some fifteen rods in diameter, with level bottom and steep banks corresponding in slope with those of the ravine.

On the north side at the base of the slope there is

a copious discharge of pure water from half a dozen springs distributed in that arc of the basin. These uniting send across the center of the basin a stream of two yards in width. The ravine and basin form in fact, with their banks of sixty feet in height, a perfect *cul du sac*, with one avenue for ingress and egress. In the ravine proper the breadth at the bottom is sufficient for a foot-path on each side of the stream.

From the interior northern terminus of that ravine the distance is less than half a mile to the northeast corner of the lake. That basin was the site of the grand outlaw rendezvous. No renegade was allowed to approach or leave it, except by the ravine, with a canoe across the lake. In the basin and snug up to the slope on either side of the stream, lodges were erected with sufficient capacity to accommodate one hundred men.

On the opposite side of the lake from the mouth of that gorge, a small run with banks of four feet, came in from the west, crossing the trail, at that point about ten rods inland from the water's edge. A small canoe was kept concealed in the mouth of the run for solitary arrivals, whilst at other places around the sheet, under cover were canoes sufficiently numerous for the entire outlaw force.

The renegade leaders were quickly reached by the runners despatched from Oma-gan-see. They promptly rallied their followers in conclave. At Oma-gan-see they missed their head center, but supposing him absent on their business, they learned and approved his plan of action, as did the other river conclaves. They were highly incensed at the traders, believing that by them the native chiefs had been incited to form the league for their extermination.

They were at first clamorous for a few harrowing

examples of condign punishment, to awe the balance into silent submission for the future. But their more crafty leaders soon satisfied them that abduction with an unknown after fate, would strike a deeper terror into the hearts of those left, as yet, quietly at home. They acquiesced readily in the policy of a raid separately against the three upper settlements for a wholesale robbery of the white traders there, followed by the captivity of their families.

The three traders at the designated points were all Canadian Frenchmen, two of them living with wives of their own race, but having no children born to them. The third, more advanced in years, had married an Ottawa squaw of the band of Okemos, but they were now old settlers of Owosso and within the jurisdiction of Chessaning. They had reared two blooming daughters to the respective ages of nineteen and seventeen years.

The parents had been provident and industrious. They had won the esteem and good will of the native denizens, and had amassed a competency for themselves with a fair dowry for their daughters. The latter having matured into womanhood, had been carefully reared, and taught many things by their father, pertaining to the tastes, pursuits and social customs of men and women of his own race and lineage. These half-breed maidens were endowed with good sense along with comeliness of form and lovely features.

Notwithstanding these rustic young women were thus reared among uncivilized aborigines, their deportment was easy and graceful, and their taste in colors, dress and finery with articles for personal adornment, was exquisite, showing beyond a preadventure, that they inherited a national trait on their father's side.

Now the three native chiefs thinking to capture and



exterminate a larger number of the ruffians in their midst by that means, adopted the plan of driving upstream. For this purpose, each with his whole force employed, would first drop low down the rivers and then wheeling ascend, at the same time scouring the vallies and uplands.

The renegades reversing the order, acted upon the policy of swift inland flight to the upper settlements; there to secure their plunder and captives. Escape thence south by the grand trail to their stronghold would be easy. There they proposed to remain in seclusion until the subsidence of what they esteemed an ephemeral tempest.

At Oma-gan-see, in the bustle and haste of preparation for their canoe passage down the current, the wounded outlaw, whom he had ordered confined, was overlooked by Chessaning. His wound was only a severe external one, but he being an adroit rogue, managed to impress his keepers with the belief that he was on the verge of dissolution. Utterly deceived by his consummate dissimulation, they became wholly remiss in their watchfulness.

During the latter part of the night succeeding his confinement he managed to escape, taking the trail for Owosso. He would have preferred a canoe passage, but was disabled from using the paddle. He was weak from loss of blood and acute pain, thus making but slow progress, yet he had the start by several hours. At dawn of the next morning the chief with the mute, calling to look after his condition, found that their bird had flown.

Se-go-quen was in a perfect paroxysm of fury. The derelict guard, cowed by the basilisk glance of that fiery eye, shrank away from its threatening glare. He had resolved upon having the heart's blood of the wretch

who had made that cowardly assault upon his life. Like a blood hound he would follow his trail for weeks if he could but strike his track. To compass his death suddenly became to the mute, the paramount object of life.

Chessaning fathoming the settled purpose of Se-go-quen by his features, determined not to thwart him. Shortly after when he asked leave to hunt up and follow the outlaw's track, he obtained a ready and even cheerful consent.

He had become an expert hunter with bow and arrow, and frequently spent days and nights in the forest. Lacking the faculty of hearing, he had created a fair substitute, by training a small quick-eared dog of native breed to hear for him. That is, with his eye fixed upon the dog, he would watch for any sign that the latter was disturbed by a passing sound.

The dog was possessed of remarkable acuteness and docility. Although destitute of a single trace of the hound in his blood, yet both his scent and instinct for following in the direction of the chase, were equally acute and perfect. Arming himself fully, taking materials for lighting a fire, and a wallet of cured meat. Se-go-quen, with dog by his side, started forth on the Owosso trail.

That youth thrown upon his own resources by his infirmities in speech and hearing, was prematurely wise and thoughtful. He now reasoned that the wounded man could not use a canoe or handle a paddle: that he would naturally make southward because he would thus sooner pass beyond the limits of probable pursuit; and that he would find that trail open.

Acting upon the data thus assumed, Se-go-quen in that early morning went rapidly out until he had

passed the limits of the settlement. There he paused, and upon hands and knees bent himself to the task of a minute and critical inspection of the footprints on the trail. Creeping thus slowly along for a few yards only, he suddenly sprang up erect with a smile and a rich glow mantling his usually sedate features. His discoveries were indeed most perfect of their kind. The tracks of a person passing south were fresh. The moccasin prints were of a large pattern, toeing out. There he saw also the imprint of that identical patch upon the moccasin sole of the right foot.

He next called his dog to his side, by a sign, pointed him to that track with his finger, and then to another, and yet another further on. He observed that the dog recognized it by sight and scent, for as he now started onward, the dog preceding him, followed the track accurately with wagging tail and lifted, tremulous ears.





*INDIANS HUNTING.*

## CHAPTER IV.

Thence forward, feeling confident that the dog would prove staunch to the track, Se-go-quen used his eyes for other purposes, giving but little heed to the trail. Mile after mile had been thus rapidly traversed, and he was nearing Owosso, when the dog suddenly stopped with the eye of the mute upon him. His small velvety ears were in lively motion, being slightly lifted and then depressed, whilst his keen eye was fixed ahead and to the right of the trail. Se-go-quen understood these signals at a glance and knew his man was there.

Instinctively that boy, born and endowed for a scout, took to cover on the opposite side of the trail, beckoning his dog under the same screen of the bushes. It was not his purpose to slay his victim there, but to watch him through Owosso. Thus he might learn the purposes of the outlaws or gain a clue to their hiding places. His own revenge could wait for a more fitting opportunity for its gratification.

The steady gaze of the mute and dog was now resting upon a thick cluster of bushes, under whose dense foliage their man had screened himself. Not many minutes thus elapsed before the renegade, faint, haggard, and full of pain came forth upon the trail again, and started onward. Ere that start was made, however, he warily glanced his eye both forward and backward to satisfy himself that the coast was clear.

Se-go-quen, having now no fears of losing the track, waited for him to pass out of view behind a curve in

the trail, and then sallied forth in pursuit. But coming opposite the recent shelter of the outlaw curiosity prompted him to examine that resting place. Peering in he beheld lying there closely rolled, a scroll of the inner scarf-skin of a square of birch bark, nearly as thin and flexible as common wrapping paper.

On it there were figures and lines clearly traced in blue and vermillion paint. These evidently indicated rivers and trails, with other visible landmarks. The mute readily identified the Shiawassee and Pe-on-i-go-wink with villages on their margins. The corresponding trails, both valley and upland, were also made familiar to him by the outlines there exhibited. He saw thereon another river with its winding course and western bound current.

He shrewdly guessed it to be the Wash-te-mung or river of Okemos' band. He found on that map the trail he was then upon, seeing also that away south of Owosso two other trails came into it; the one from the northeast and the other from the northwest. Tracing them back he was satisfied that the one came from Kish-kaw-bee, and the other from Ak-mon-shee.

Thence the main trail ran south a short distance further and there abruptly stopped. But he noticed as a striking fact that near its termination and on the sunrise side, a sheet of water was sketched with a vermillion paint at the trail, and another on the east shore line of that outlined sheet of water. He detected the fact that the blue indicated water, whilst the red marked trails and other land objects.

That deaf mute out there on that outlaw's track knew the value of this prize, as a clue to important discoveries. He thrust this key to the travels and destination of the renegade, and possibly of his own, into his wallet. With him the idea was akin to conviction,

that somewhere around that sheet of water, was the haven of rest sought by that wounded, fleeing man. It might prove to be the outlaw stronghold. Those footsteps he would follow, and if need be that region he would explore.

When Se-go-quen, with quickened steps, and dog still nosing the track ahead, next caught sight of his intended victim, the latter had left the trail, and was skirting the more unfrequented suburbs of Owosso. The dog, keen and staunch to his scent, turned from the trail where the renegade had left it. Passing entirely around and beyond the last wigwam, the outlaw veered back again for the southern trail.

Frequently stopping for food, water, or a half hour's rest, the man, weak, weary and racked with pain, still dragged his footsteps persistently forward, unconscious that his fate was thus clinging to his track. Finally after many weary hours had thus passed, glimpses were had by them both, of a broad sheet of water off at their left. Se-go-quen was now filled with wild excitement. Would that man on the lead now take to the water, thus verifying his own theory of the place of the outlaw rendezvous? Or would he still cling to the trail leading southward indefinitely?

If the former, he would still watch and follow. If the latter, then as he passed the water he would close in and slay him at his next resting place. The renegade was soon passing along broad-side to the lake. The mute kept barely in sight, for he noticed his man often pausing and glancing enquiringly about, as if seeking some land-mark for his guide. Finally he came to a run or rivulet, crossing the trail, with slight banks. Down the hither bank of the run he abruptly turned for a dozen rods to the lake shore.

Se-go-quen made a similar lateral offset to his left,



thus reaching the lake beach also, and whence he could continue to watch the further developments. He beheld the wounded man with difficulty hauling a small canoe from the mouth of the rivulet. Next he saw him enter and head it for crossing. He used the paddle cautiously with feeble stroke, as though it gave him pain.

Se-go-quen only waited to see him a few rods from the shore. Then with falcon eye covering the shape and outline land-marks of the lake he set forth to turn it by the north shore. The dog seeming to comprehend that he was released from duty, now quietly followed in the footsteps of his master.

The latter stepping lightly and swiftly for a portion of the way along the beach, still kept the canoe in sight. Se-go-quen had thus traversed nearly the whole north end of the lake as the canoe finally struck the eastern shore. Watching for a few moments he saw the renegade land and stagger towards the bank. Then he disappeared as suddenly as though he had entered the face of the solid uplifted steep.

Onward went the now-flying mute, keeping the smooth pebbly beach, till he had rounded the northeast corner of the lake and had also made half the distance south to that same objective point. Observing that the bank was becoming precipitous and rising still higher, he climbed the slope and followed its topmost verge.

He thus shortly reached the mouth of a deep gorge trending off from the shore and into which he knew the outlaw had previously entered.

Following up its brink and frequently peering down into the chasm depth, he soon became aware of its continuously circling around towards the north. Finally he came to a broad expansion of the ravine, forming a large circular basin, and in which the defile terminated.

At the top, that romantic glen was deeply fringed to the very brink by forest trees with a thick undergrowth.

Through this Se-go-quen opened a passage way to the verge, and surveyed the scene below. He saw the clear stream on its pebbly bottom, flowing across and dividing that level area. On either side of it, nestling up against the steep slope, he observed a number of lodges apparently in good habitable condition. There, as if but just arrived, he beheld the wounded outlaw raise a curtain and enter one of those mat-wound abodes.

The mute had not accomplished his vow of taking the life of that vile miscreant. That vow he still intended to fulfill. But the time was not yet, so the deed must be postponed to present pressing events. His first duty was to himself. He felt weary, exhausted, and knew also that his dog must be hungry. Both should now eat and rest. With renewed vigor he designed then to hasten back over the trail with his news to the three chiefs.

At that same hour those chiefs had been toiling up their rivers and sweeping the uplands. An ample force had been by each employed. Their work had been thoroughly done, but without the discovery of a solitary renegade. They had respectively reached the vicinity of their several upper settlements of Ak-mon-shee, Owosso and Kish-kaw-bee. Here they were met by breathless runners, bearing the startling news that bands of desperadoes had been raiding through each of those villages, setting fire in many places, finally robbing and carrying away captive three traders with their families.

There was a general rush by land and water, as though men had been roused by a trumpet blast. At

break-neck speed the chiefs hastened with their bands to the settlements, to find them however, on their arrival, in the main unharmed. The raid of each renegade band had been hasty, being evidently chiefly aimed at the hapless traders. Slight efforts at pillage had been, indeed, elsewhere attempted, whilst to numerous lodges and wigwams the torch had been applied.

The flames however had been readily extinguished by the residents. For the structures having been recently drenched by a shower, the fires lighted but slowly. But in each village sure work had been made of the contents, inmates and abodes, of the traders. The two former were entirely missing, and the latter, wholly consumed, were now smouldering in ashes.

## CHAPTER V.

The three chiefs again met at Owosso, as the middle ground, each with a stalwart band of two hundred braves. Each had searched the ruins of the traders abodes thoroughly, and had tracked the raiders out on the southern trails. In the ashes of those frail tenements thus suddenly consumed, they discovered no calcined bones, or other evidence that any human beings had been there sacrificed.

Upon minute inquiry of those who had been present, their belief was fully confirmed that all of the inmates had been forcibly abducted and led into captivity. It now appeared that upon the first onslaught of the several raiding bands, the youths and squaws of the settlements, had armed themselves and offered such vigorous resistance that the passage of the marauders resembled more nearly a flight than an earnest assault.

From all their researches the chiefs were further convinced that those bands of renegades must in the aggregate have numbered at least four score men, and that they were drifting upon converging lines towards a common center at the south, having now a start of about twelve hours. A discussion of plans, ways and means, with an expression of views by each of the chiefs next ensued. Here, as elsewhere in this sketch, we translate into English literally, disregarding the inverted style or idioms of the aboriginal dialect.

Okemos, as the senior in years enquired of the young chiefs of the situation, and what action they deemed most advisable. Ches-sa-ning led off by a prompt reply:

"We are not beaten, even in the first heat. It is a thorough expulsion of the cutthroats from all our borders. We have them gathered and grouped in a body before us. They must yet be severely handled, or they will surely return. I am for chasing them into the Maumee swamps before we abandon the pursuit. Besides the traders with their families call upon us for rescue or revenge."

Ne-o-me followed in more moderate but equally manly sentiments, expressing himself in the following terms:

"We have wisdom, craft and subtlety to contend against. The whole movement of these renegades, evinces an organization, a drill, with methods of transmitting intelligence of which we have hitherto had no adequate conception. This grand off-hand rally of their forces is a lesson in strategy for us. Their hostility to the traders grew out of the fact of their having roused us to efficient action. Their greed for plunder also pointed out the victims. I go for the pursuit. But I go with slight hope of getting in many telling blows, or of rescuing those families."

Then Okemos followed in response: "You have both spoken words wise, brave and true. Your feeling for rescue and revenge does you great credit. It is not so much the fault as the customary misfortune of youth to be too eager and sanguine, or too easily depressed and discouraged. You both have seemingly avoided either extreme. What has happened here we could not have well prevented, without receiving a similar if not a heavier blow in some other direction.

"I am satisfied that our course has thus far been both prudent and wise. I think we may yet overtake and punish the renegades, perhaps in a hard and bloody fight. They have not yet fled far south. They are

not the men to be thus easily routed, and expelled from good quarters. I most heartily concur with you in a pursuit to be both energetically and persistently pressed home upon them.

"But one-half our present force is ample for the purpose. Let us post the rest to watch this whole frontier line, lest they double upon us and return by blinder trails. They clearly did not slay the traders nor their families in their raid on the villages. I have good hope we may yet rescue them all. Let us now collect meats; eat our meal; select each his hundred braves; station the others, and be ready for a swift march in one hour."

The young chiefs, filled with admiration of his sagacity and practical wisdom, yielded to all his suggestions. Then followed a busy half hour. A substantial meal succeeded, when the three chiefs formed and filed off their bands on the southern trail. Each now led one hundred warriors, panting for the chance to meet and effectually wipe out the renegades.

Meanwhile Se-go-quen under his leafy canopy up there on the bank of the glen, partook of his scanty repast, sharing his cured meat with the dog. Reclining at length he was soon locked in profound slumber. He was finally awakened by the dog licking his face. Springing suddenly to his feet, he was surprised to discover by the position of the sun that he had slept some hours. His eye was next turned upon the dog, whose head was inclined to one side, with the ears lifted and tremulous. He was evidently listening to sounds in the glen below.

Acting at once upon that palpable hint Se-go-quen crept to the brink and peered searchingly down upon the area below. He was filled with wonder, for he there

saw lengthened files of men in two lines advancing up the defile, at the moment entering the main *cul du sac*; he also saw that of their number some eight or ten prisoners, male and female, with arms pinioned behind, were forced along about midway of those files.

He had often seen the members of the trader's family at Owosso, and readily recognized them among the captives. He counted over four score in all, and instantly decided on his course. Leaving those below to reach the lodges around the bottom of the chasm, the mute traversed the upper verge of the defile to its mouth. Glancing down along the beach of the lake, he beheld a few outlaws grouping many canoes, to be taken and secreted around the lake.

Looking next across to the western side of the broad sheet, he dimly discerned the outline of a man moving near the mouth of the rivulet. Startled by all these wonderful discoveries, and alarmed for the fate of the traders with their families, Se-go-quen hastened to retrace his footsteps for the trail by way of the north beach of the lake.

Doubly anxious now to make a speedy report of all to Ches-sa-ning, with a lively step he kept the verge of the lake shore bank farther north than the spot where he had previously made his ascent from the beach. He was in fact already near the northeast corner of the water when he turned to make his descent. The dog fastened his teeth instantly and firmly in his legging. A glance at the animal showed him that some enemy was near.

He dropped prone on the ground just as an arrow, whizzing over his body, stood quivering in the trunk of a tree a few feet in his rear. His own bow was in his hand with an arrow always carried beside it. He

saw a few rods in his front an outlaw step from behind a tree body, and rapidly advance, evidently supposing his own shot to have proved fatal.

Our mute fitted his arrow to the string as he lay. Then with a panther spring standing erect, he aimed and discharged his missile in return. Transfixing throat and neck it slew the foe without sound or motion from him beyond toppling to the ground. Se-go-quen knowing the deadly effect of his arrow, essayed to start again.

But a second time the dog seized his legging. Taking the range of the animal's eye as his hold was released, he found his look now directed much nearer the water and lower down. Bending his own falcon glance upon the same spot, he there caught the face of a ruffian as though framed in between the parted boughs of a bush.

That renegade looking at the point where his comrade had fallen, was not yet aware of the presence of the mute, although but a few rods intervened between them. Slowly, Se-go-quen now settled to his knees, thus screening his person from the other's view. Whilst thus crouching behind the bushes he drew and fitted another arrow to the string. Noiselessly rising erect, he discovered that his enemy had advanced a few steps, being thus fully exposed with a side or profile view.

This time the aim of Se-go-quen was taken with careful precision. The missile sought the brain through the ear, thus laying his second victim motionless without sound or outcry. The dog, seemingly satisfied that the peril was over, started forward of his own volition, with his master following. Standing in the skirting bushes of the beach, the latter surveyed the entire circuit of the lake, without discovering a living object.



Believing that the two he had slain were sentinels placed there to guard against approaches to the glen, he was now persuaded that only the one on the west side now remained. He sped along the northern beach, finally entering the fringe of bushes on the western margin. Turning south, he crept down the shore between the beach and the trail.

His progress was slow for the impediments were both serious and numerous. The dog kept slightly on the lead, but with stealthy tread and body crouched low, as though gliding on the earth. It finally paused with head slightly elevated, the velvety ears rising and falling with a flutter, but with the eye gazing steadily at a fixed point. Se-go-quen watched him intently, for he trusted him implicitly. He knew that danger lurked near.

At length he saw himself the motion of a twig, and the point of a bow dart upward as though raised for a shot. His own arrow was ready on the string, but another arrow came striking into the earth close by the body of the dog, drawing from him a sharp startled yelp. He moved not, however, from his crouching posture. His yelping cry had nevertheless reached the ear of the renegade.

Misled by the unnatural sound, thinking it some wild animal after all, thus stirring the bushes out in his front, the outlaw leaped upon the north bank of the run, determined to make a full discovery. But before standing fairly balanced on his feet, throwing his arms wildly up, he fell backwards with an arrow in his heart.

Se-go-quen next made hastily for the trail. He believed that he had slain the last sentinel posted by the outlaws. The way to their stronghold seemed now opened for his friends. Proud of his discoveries and achievements, he now started northward for the Owosso with quick elastic step

## CHAPTER VI.

As Se-go-quen had nearly accomplished his journey, on rounding an elbow in the trail, his eye fell upon the three chiefs leading their column of three hundred warriors. In front of all he clearly identified by form and step his idol, Ches-sa-ning. His heart gave a great throb of joy, yet true to aboriginal nature, he became suddenly silent and quiet. Sitting down upon a log by the wayside, he awaited their approach. The keen eye of the chief had spotted him as he turned the angle in the trail.

As the van came up fully abreast of where he sat, the eye of Ches-sa-ning sought and fastened that of the mute. In that searching glance he learned that the youth had important news. He ordered a halt, sending a message for the other chiefs to advance. Se-go-quen in his language of signs detailed to the chief all his adventures and discoveries, since leaving Oma-gan-see, on the track of the wounded outlaw.

The other chiefs arriving, Chessaning, with a glow of admiration of, and conscious pride in his pet, now rehearsed to Okemos and Ne-o-me those wonderful exploits. As he closed they were alike amazed by the performances of the mute. Each in turn shook him warmly by the hand. They moved forward, however, deferring discussion until their noon lunch and two hours rest.

Here the three chiefs, having Se-go-quen in attendance, grouped themselves apart from all others. Many

questions were propounded to the youth by his chief, during the continuance of that interview. Holding that map of the renegade in his hand, and pointing out the localities thereon, Se-go-quen answered so minutely and accurately that those chiefs felt safe to rely implicitly upon the information he was so competent to impart.

They were all animated by the assurance that in a few hour's time they would leave the gang of desperadoes securely hemmed in, and entirely at their mercy. One thing however troubled them sorely. They were unable to devise any means for rescuing those captives from the imminent perils by which they seemed hopelessly environed. Should they make a general onslaught, they must perish indiscriminately with the felons. Again they were liable to be slaughtered by the outlaws in sheer retaliation.

They deeply sympathized in the keen distress of the two promising young half breeds from Ak-mon-shee, who had joined their expedition out of love for those captive maidens. The chiefs, however, there arranged their ultimate plan of action. By it they settled to leave the trail when they came abreast of the most northerly waters of the lake, making thence east in a body to the northeastern corner of the same, where Se-go-quen had slain the two sentinels.

There their force was to be divided. One hundred braves were to be led down the beach, to the entrance of the gorge. Up the narrow defile they were to approach and storm the citadel on its own level. The two young chiefs each insisted so strenuously upon the honor of leading that assaulting force that Okemos finally settled the friendly strife by dividing the coveted honor between them.

By his decision each was to select and lead fifty braves

advancing to the assault in a joint column. With the residue of the bands he would move inland, surround the glen and gorge on the upper verge, ending in the final rush and melee by a plunging discharge of missiles into the *cul du sac*.

Their line of march was in due time resumed. By seasonably and quietly deflecting eastward they covertly reached the northeast corner of the lake. There they discovered the bodies of the sentinels slain by Se-go-quen, yet undisturbed. The young chiefs selecting each fifty picked warriors, prepared to move down the beach by starlight. Okemos put the remaining two hundred in order for a night advance up the forest ascent to the upper verge of ravine and glen.

A sombre gloom, in the moonless night, had settled down upon both land and water. As the young chiefs were ready with their bands for the beach, Se-go-quen begged permission to precede them to the mouth of the gorge, to see that no guard had been stationed there to give an alarm. One of the half-breeds from Ak-mon-shee craved leave to accompany him. Okemos vouching for his discretion and skill with the bow, the two were permitted to depart, taking the dog along.

They slackened their paces as they approached the mouth, creeping noiselessly in the shadow of the bluff bank. The dog here put himself on duty, preceding them with stealthy step and crouching form. As the view up the defile began to open to the eye around the point of the bank the dog abruptly stopped. His gaze fastened upon an object on the opposite side, a little way up in the jaws of the ravine.

Se-go-quen next sighted the dim outline of a man curled up in a heap at the base of the opposite slope, but lying in deep shadow. As he fitted his arrow for

a shot, the ears of the dog were lifted, with his eye turned up the hither side of that same ravine. The half-breed here came to the rescue. For touching the arm of the mute he first pointed to his own arrow on the string, and then to the object over the way, as if asking his consent for a shot.

Se-go-quen nodded instantly, for it was what he then of all things most desired. The half-breed raised himself cautiously to his knees and his arrow sped quickly and truly to its mark. The mute with a leap was on his feet. Then bounding a rod or two ahead, wheeled, and bending forward, he peered searchingly up the north side of the gorge.

It was not long ere that falcon eye, piercing the deep gloom, outlined a human form preparing to fly up the *cul du sac*, or citadel of the renegades. On the first glimpse his bow was raised and his missile flew on its fatal mission. With those two sentinels thus summarily despatched, the way was now open for the two chiefs to advance up the gorge without danger of their approach being heralded to the inmates of the stronghold.

Satisfied that their special work was now fully accomplished, the two hastened back to the chiefs, awaiting their report. They were highly commended, and Chessaning was again proud of the forecast and the exploit of his protege. Swiftly but silently that serried band of one hundred, now sped along the level beach, entered the defile in two lines, with the chiefs at their head, and the hawk-eyed mute and half-breeds striving to pierce for them the thick gloom ahead. Thus marshalled, with noiseless step they threaded their way to the very margin of the inner circular basin.

Before their last advance the three chiefs had agreed, that upon the arrival, at the point last named, of the

assaulting files, if all remained quiet in the enemy's camp, the attack should be deferred for the clearer light of full dawn. It was further settled that when the two hundred were fully placed by Okemos upon the brink of both glen and defile, the two notes of the cuckoo were to be given and repeated by him.

All was finally still and motionless below, the two chiefs anxious, but patiently awaiting the morning dawn. Near by their persons hovered the vigilant mute and half-breed. Soon thereafter, in perfect tone and modulation, the bird notes were given and repeated upon the heights. All was now ready, but all was yet still; for the pall of thick darkness was resting down on glen and ravine alike.

So they waited, watching, until the stars overhead faded from view, and the clear light of a cloudless morning dawn came piercing and glinting into every nook and recess of the chasm-like defile and glen. Then without warning, but as if by previous arrangement, one-half the number of renegades stepped simultaneously out from their lodges. The object was soon disclosed, for they proceeded to detail a guard to relieve those posted the previous day outside.

They little dreamed that hours before four watchers had been slain by Se-go-quen, and the fifth by one of the half-breeds. The chiefs below and above saw clearly that the crisis was upon them, but Okemos resolved to bring into instant view, the entire outlaw force. With this intent he gave the signal, and the whole two hundred on the verge of a glen and ravine, united in one sonorous war-whoop.

The effect was magical. In a very few moments the entire renegade band of eighty men, was outside of the lodges, staring around and above in wild consterna-

tion. Then came again the native signal aloft and below, for an arrow flight. A tempest of missiles was mercilessly poured upon those doomed and thickly clustered wretches.

A few of the more desperate survivors made a hasty dash at a particular lodge. They quickly appeared dragging out the entire number of their captives. Thrusting these rudely to the front, they sought to press their way into the opening of the defile.

Finding that avenue for escape literally crammed with armed warriors, two brawny, bearded ruffians, each with the left hand clutching at the head of one of the Owossos trader's daughters, twisted the fingers into the full shock of hair of the victims. At the same moment those desperate felons each, with his right hand, brandished aloft his knife, menacing the instant slaughter of the helpless maidens.

## CHAPTER VII.

Each of those agonized victims was held trussed up erect by the muscular arm of her brutal captor, being thus used as a shield against a further arrow discharge. That spectacle did occasion a sudden arrest of the fight. Those retaliatory blows, previously apprehended by the chiefs, were about to fall upon the captives. The two youthful half breeds by the side of the chiefs, mad with rage and terror at both the atrocious treatment and imminent peril of their loved ones, raised their bows and with hasty aim discharged their arrows at those human fiends.

The missile proved fatal to one of them, but the other remained unharmed. Seeing the fall of his comrade, and reckless of his own life even in that desperate strait, he yet resolved upon a foul murder then and there. His right hand was thrust still higher upward, whilst his fingers move nervously, clutching the knife haft, for a plunge of the blade into the bosom of the maiden. Knowing too well the meaning of that up stretch of the arm, she gave an agonized shriek as she covered her eyes with one of her hands.

That piteous sight thrilled the hearts of all beholders. Each and all feeling powerless to intervene, stood with bated breath and glaring eyes. Mortal help seemed unavailing. A fatal wound, dealt to that demon wretch, might not arrest that descending blow. Even in the throes of death, muscular action alone might consume the downward plunge of the murderous blade.



One alone, of all those hundreds of warriors, calmly and coolly calculated the chances of intervention. By rare intuition he seemed to comprehend that it was not the *body*, but the *arm*, that must be paralyzed, if the purpose of the miscreant was to be thwarted. Se-go-quen, the mute, at the right moment raised his bow, and with careful aim sent his arrow to the mark.

That mark was the wrist of that right arm held aloft. The moment was when held there stationary, whilst the fingers were being more firmly gripped upon the haft of the blade. The aim of the mute was perfect. As the flint head of that arrow went crashing through the muscles and bones of that wristy joint, the instant spasmodication of nerve and tendon, straightened those fingers and loosened their hold. The knife fell harmless to the ground, the arm dropping to the side of the outlaw, benumbed and paralyzed.

The effect of that all but miraculous intervention in behalf of the maiden, upon the young chiefs, the half-breeds and braves down on that low level was like an electric shock. In the twinkling of an eye bows were dropped whilst towahawks were whirled aloft. In two lines the rush was made with flying leaps. Se-go-quen alone, dropping his bow, drew his knife, and springing forward kept by the side of his chief.

The charge of the two lines was on either side of the captives, hewing down the renegades as they reached them. Their career was still onward, however, that others might follow in their rear. The two half-breeds as they reached the captive maidens, each clasped in his arms his chosen one, but wheeling, dashed frantically between the advancing lines swiftly down the ravine.

The mother of the two maidens with the wives of the other traders clung to the footsteps of the now flee-

ing half-breeds. The three white traders kept close in the rear, completing the squad of fugitives. As the half-breeds had leaped inside the rushing lines to rescue the maidens, Se-go-quen made a similar dash among the other captives, but with a far different motive.

His falcon glance had fallen upon one whom he would have spotted among a million. The wounded renegade—the outlaw with a patch upon his moccasin—the felon who had made a cowardly attempt upon his life, and whom he had tracked with intent to slay, from Oma-gan-see to that fastness, stood before him, but now cowering and striving to shield himself among the captives.

Whilst endeavoring to parry a blow aimed at his head by Ne-o-me in the opposite line, the back of the renegade was turned towards Se-go-quen. The latter made one of his panther leaps, passing like a ball over a trader's head, he landed with his chest upon the shoulders of the outlaw.

The left arm of the mute instantly thrown around the neck of his victim, tightened like the fold of a huge serpent coil. His right hand clasping his knife handle, now shooting out from the body, came circling round to the front with mighty force, driving the blade to the haft in the heart of the outlaw. Down went the renegade to the earth, his last moments of life being numbered and finished.

Whilst Se-go-quen was thus busy with his last death exploit in that campaign, the other actors had not been idle. A circle of a hundred men had rapidly closed around the surviving renegades, and between them and the circumjacent lodges. That band of lawless felons, already reduced to half their number, stared with starting eye balls, upon that living wall, thus hemming them

in, with no chance for retreat, no hope of escape. They seemed bewildered and stupefied by this overwhelming inburst of their enemies.

Without the loss of a moment, they were assailed by one hundred flashing, whirling tomahawks in the hands of men from whom no mercy was asked, and by whom none was given. On heads and chests, and shoulders and limbs that tempest of blows was poured with relentless fury. Hacked and mutilated, brained and some nearly beheaded, that body of men dropped to the earth, as ripened fruit from orchard boughs, falls before a rude autumnal blast.

The bloody work was finished with the knife. Of all that band of fourscore men not one survived to tell the story of that fearful extermination. With their work of slaughter effectually completed, their assailants next directed their attention to the contents of the lodges. There they readily found the entire stock and valuables, of the three traders. They were yet bound up in parcels and convenient packages for hand conveyance, as the outlaws had brought them thither.

There they also found a miscellaneous assortment of other goods, both choice and valuable, the fruits of months, and possibly years of industrious pilfering and robbery. With nimble fingers, but an occasional covetous glance, the chattels of doubtful ownership were rolled up in small packages and stowed in a pile with the others close by the defile mouth. Next the dead bodies were collected and thrown into a heap near the center of the glen.

They had demolished the lodges, piling up the materials in one huge mass over the remains of all the slain. The torch was then applied, but as the flames began to ascend the two chiefs headed their bands, laden

with the spoils, down the ravine for the lake shore. There they overtook the half-breeds with their sweet-hearts, together with the balance of the traders families, safe and in jubilant spirits.

With them the whole party proceeded on the beach to the northeast corner of the lake. There they were joined by their full bands with Okemos from their up-land station. The bands were rearranged in their original order, the packages changed hands for carriage, the traders were placed in the center of the column, and then unitedly they took the north beach of the lake for the trail in double lines.

Arriving at the latter in due time, they struck off north for Owosso. There the populace, wild with excitement held a jubilee over the deliverance of the traders families and the destruction of the pestilent renegades. The traders readily identifying their chattels and valuables appropriated each his own, whilst the large surplus remaining without any claimant, was equitably divided between the three bands, share and share alike.

The two half breeds each with his chosen maiden spent a few pleasant hours at Owosso, returning however with the band of Okemos to Ak-mon-shee. Before many months elapsed the half breeds were rewarded for their constancy and devotion, by the hands of their several loved ones bestowed in marriage, accompanied by a handsome dowry to each of the brides. Ne-o-me also left in a few hours, with his warriors for Kish-kaw-bee, where the feasting and rejoicing fully equalled that at Owosso.

Chessaning, mindful of the exhaustive efforts of Se-go-quen, and his need of rest and sleep, after starting his own band on the trail for Oma-gan-see, turned back

with the mute, and tarried in good quarters over night. Next morning they entered a canoe and taking on board the faithful dog, went smoothly down the current to his own abode. There, to meet the just demands of his overjoyed people, the chief prepared a great feast for the entire multitude.

At the close of that feast, Chessaning made a great speech to the assemblage. He dwelt minutely upon the many wonderful exploits of Se-go-quen during their short campaign, closing with an eloquent tribute to the remarkable sagacity, skill and judgment displayed by him in that thrilling crisis, when the maiden's fate hung by a single hair. He pictured before them the upraised arm of the outlaw, with the glittering knife poised for its descent into the maiden's bosom. Then he showed how the arrow of the mute went crashing into that wrist at the critical moment.

He closed by stating that the deeds of Se-go-quen were those of a first-class warrior and scout, meriting a public acknowledgment with a suitable reward. To make the first he had rehearsed his deeds in their hearing. To make an acceptable reward he now would confer upon him the rank and privileges of a brave upon the war-path.

Under ordinary circumstances the blemishes of a want of hearing and speech, would have barred him from the honor. That assemblage, filled with admiration of his exploits, and proud of his skill and sagacity, caring not for those natural blemishes, hailed the announcement of their chief with loud acclamation.

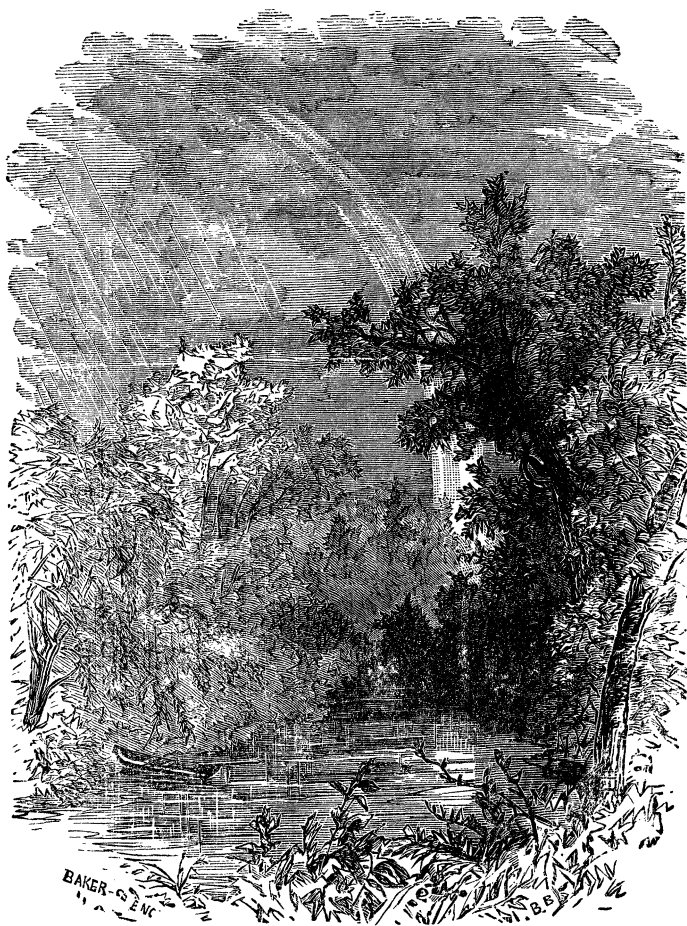
Our purpose in the present sketch was to describe the feats of our boy hero in that short campaign. He contributed largely to its conspicuous result, thus effectually closing out a long series of depredations and

murders by outlaws in that region during a term of years. At the same time, the sudden gathering—the hasty traverse of the country—and the retaliatory blows of the outlaws in those upper settlements, may not be by us inaptly termed, “The Last Raid of the Saginaw Renegades.”









*KALAMAZOO RIVER SCENE.*

**THE CAMPAIGN OF TIPPECANOE;**  
**OR,**  
**THE MICHIGAN SCOUTS OF 1811.**



## INTRODUCTION.

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Whilst presenting the present and succeeding sketches of semi-historic personages and public events, we disclaim in advance, any design to call in question either the authenticity, or accuracy of any reliable record heretofore made. Our readers will bear in mind the fact, that we write from the aboriginal or traditional side of a peculiar class of old time events. From this novel stand-point of observation, new characters, secondary incidents, and modified aspects will very naturally be presented.

The historian ordinarily contents himself with brief sketches of prominent personages and stirring events. In his hurried glances at official despatches, or documentary files, many minor characters and incidents are wont to be, either wholly overlooked, or deemed too insignificant to cumber his record. Thus severed from the events around which they had clustered and served to illustrate, those minor characters and incidents drift down the current, which bears away myriads of other "inconsidered trifles," to blank oblivion.

The world is thus robbed of both light and knowledge. For whilst watching the present aspect of things we often discover in the minor incidents of life, and the acts of humble men, the central forces which shape public measures, and impart their true significance to passing events.

As an instance in point, let us take a stirring military campaign, with its intricate army evolutions and the final array of opposing forces for a decisive battle. Who has yet to learn the fact, that they frequently depend more upon the intelligence gleaned by scout and spy within the enemy's lines, than upon any brilliant forecasting strategy of the commanding general? The aspect of a campaign, with its final issue, are thus materially changed by efforts to counteract, or checkmate the plans of an adversary, surreptitiously ascertained through the daring intrepidity of the obscure individuals we have named.

Their calling is generally pronounced disreputable, and the punishment following on the heel of detection is the severest known to martial law. Yet the motive stirring the spirit, and nerving both scout and spy to encounter the hazards and perils of thus piercing an enemy's lines may be of the purest and loftiest character. That motive may be prompted by an intense chivalric devotion to the cause they have espoused.

If then, without plucking a laurel from the brow of the deserving, we can, from traditional sources, supplement our historic record, by rescuing from oblivion and garnering up the names and heroic exploits of a few individuals occupying humble stations in life, our purpose in these sketches will be fully accomplished.

# THE CAMPAIGN OF TIPPECANOE;

OR,

THE MICHIGAN SCOUTS OF 1811.

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## CHAPTER I.

The Territory northwest of the Ohio river was originally an empire in extent and outline boundaries. It was subdivided in 1801, and Gen. William Henry Harrison was appointed Governor over that portion embracing the present States of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. It was then the wilderness home of numerous aboriginal tribes. During the succeeding decade of years Gen. Harrison negotiated with them many treaties for the session of large tracts of land to the Federal Government. The primary object was the extinguishment of the possessory title of the red race.

In 1805, the Territory of Michigan was carved off from the region first assigned to Gen. Harrison, and Gen. William Hull was made territorial Governor of this new allotment. The two new Governors retained their respective offices until 1812. At the latter period Gov. Hull was assigned to the command of the north-western army.

Prior to the date last named, the duties of both Governors were extremely arduous. The scattered fron-

tier white settlements were to be defended from pillage and massacre by bands of roaming savages. A few hundred soldiers occupying weak, isolated points as garrisoned forts, interposed but a feeble barrier against lawless invaders. They would have utterly failed to shield the defenceless, without the efficient aid of squads of volunteer border rangers.

The forts of Lower Sandusky, Detroit and Mackinaw were nominally, and in fact, the only keys of safety, against the hordes of northwestern savages in their periodical transit by canoes, through the wide stretch of the Great Lakes and their river connections. The two forts first named had no natural advantages for defensive operations, whilst their artificial works were of rude and weak structure, and but illy adapted for shielding the inmates from an assault on the interior or wilderness side.

Fort Mackinaw, on the contrary, had superior natural advantages in its position and surroundings. It was erected upon an island in the straits, having a fine rocky elevation of 150 feet. Posted there, a small force of resolute men, properly armed, provisioned and with adequate breastworks could have held their position against any array of assaulting or besieging savages.

About the close of the year 1810, the rumor became rife in the frontier settlements of Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, that a gigantic league was being formed among the aborigines from the Lakes to the Mexican Gulf. It was understood to be similar in the scope and design to that projected by the renowned Pontiac, half a century before. The object of this confederacy of tribes was to wage a war of extermination upon all the western frontier white settlements.

These startling rumors fell upon the ears of many scattered and defenceless families like the sudden strokes

of a firebell at midnight. They finally reached the ear of Gov. Harrison in a shape too authentic to be longer questioned. By whom, and in what manner the information was conveyed to him we propose ere long to relate. From the reports thus laid before him, the further fact became clearly apparent, that this formidable uprising of the native tribes originated in the ambition, tact and skillful manipulation of two chiefs of the Shawnee Nation.

Those two chieftains were the twin brothers, Tecumseh and Elsk-wa-ta-wa. The latter was more familiarly and generally termed "The Prophet." They were both endowed with mental powers and natural gifts of a high order, but widely differing in their outward manifestations.

Both were destined to exercise a despotic sway over the minds and passions of the masses wherever brought within the sphere of their personal influence. Both were eloquent in speech and action. But here terminated all similarity between them.

Tecumseh whilst looking forward with a broad far-reaching policy, was yet shrewd and subtle in his schemes, but openly and manly in their execution. His plans were vast in their occupation, whilst his strategic combinations for their accomplishment, exhibited masterly mental strength and acumen.

The personal appearance and deportment of Tecumseh were full of the majesty, born of rich intellectual gifts. His manner of address was both graceful and captivating. His form and features were moulded after a faultless model of physical manhood. The eloquence of Tecumseh was, in its ordinary vein, both pleasing and seductive. Much of its power was nevertheless owing to his terse, logical reasoning by analogy and induction.



Gradually rising in rhetorical display and impassioned manner, he finally swept his audience irresistably forward to his own conclusions.

The Prophet, in the ordinary intercourse of life, was cold, reticent and unapproachable. In his personal habits he was an austere, abstemious recluse. Still the Prophet was an enthusiastic zealot in natural temperament, and a radical fanatic of his own volition. Made up by nature, habit, and inclination, of these ultra elements, the step was easy to a fancied special inspiration from, and direct intercourse with the invisible world.

He was illogical in argument, but the style of his rhetoric was both florid and diffuse. His public harangues were surcharged with myths and fables, allegories and rhapsodies. They bore a striking resemblance to the dark sayings of the Delphic oracle, and were susceptible of the duplex interpretation of the Sybilline Leaves. His manner of delivery was fervid and impassioned, full of frenzied vehemence and wild gesticulation.

And yet, this self-styled vicegerent of the Great Manitou, uttering his burning words, with dilated nostril, blood-shot eye, and foam-flecked lip, wielded a strange magical power over the untutored red men. His nearest historic parallel and master prototype, was Peter the Hermit, massing the warring and discordant elements of Europe, for a crusade to the Holy Land.

Looking back to that time of imminent deadly peril to the infant white settlements, dotted along the extended frontier line of our advancing civilization, we are forcibly impressed with the belief, that in the economy of Divine Providence, this fiery zealot, this fanatical pretender to special inspirations and prophetic visions, was assuredly set over against Tecumseh, to mar and checkmate the comprehensive schemes of the latter, before

their maturity, and to precipitate hostilities on so small a scale, as to be successfully overcome by a limited force of frontiersmen.

Had a few more months been allowed to mature the plans of Tecumseh; to cement his leagues; to mass his warriors along his lengthened line from Mackinaw to Mobile; could he have fully arranged the time for a simultaneous assault at the hundred points; and then, woe to the land! There would have been, throughout our western white settlements, such a fearful massacre, such a baptism of fire and blood! Aye! Such a scene of universal desolation in the doomed region, as the sun in his diurnal course had never witnessed.

Having thus in a cursory manner presented a dim outline view of the situation with a meager sketch of a few of our characters at the opening period of our history, we are prepared to enter upon the details and preliminary steps leading to the short but decisive campaign of 1811, most signally and effectually ended by the battle of Tippecanoe.

Early in the month of August, 1811, a deputation of two Shawnee chiefs and a half dozen braves of that nation, embarked in their canoes at the southern extremity of Lake Michigan. They were bound for Sau-gatuck, an Indian village a short distance inland from the mouth of the Kalamazoo river. They were envoys sent from the Wabash valley with a message and overtures to Wakazoo, the aged chief of the Kalamazoo Ottawas.

Arriving at their destination they were courteously received, and an audience was promptly accorded by the chief. They professed to speak by authority of Tecumseh and the Prophet, but they had in reality been deputed by the latter alone, as the former was then

absent at the south, laboring to win the Chickasaws to unite with the other confederate tribes.

The old Ottawa chief listened with marked attention to the overtures of his guests and to their plausible arguments in favor of a general uprising for the utter extermination of the frontier whites. Like an astute diplomatist, Wakazoa evinced no outward repugnance to their proposals. Seemingly coinciding with them in the policy of the movement, he plied them with questions so adroitly as to elicit not only the details of the general plan, but of the assiduous labors of Tecumseh for its proper maturity.

He ultimately drew from them the fact, that the Prophet was becoming impatient of the delay and anxious to precipitate the crisis. He next learned from their disclosures, that this discrepancy in their policy had already produced a partial estrangement between the brothers, so that with a little more strength the Prophet was inclined to imitate the slaughter with his battle-cry of "torch and knife," despite the opposition and restraints of the great war chief.

Wakazoo eventually dismissed the deputation with flattering expressions of his personal regard, and with the assurance that he would give to their important overtures his most profound consideration. His whole heart actually revolted against this atrocious scheme—this crusade of blood. He was faithless as to either the sanctity of the Prophet, or the fulfillment of his predictions. He at once penetrated the designs and fathomed the ambitious schemes of Tecumseh. He felt assured that the covert object was to achieve for himself a centralized government and a mighty empire in the broad Mississippi valley.

## CHAPTER II.

Of the chief, Wakazoo, we have given a full description in other traditional legends of Michigan. In those same sketches of the olden time, three other personages have figured largely as the confidential scouts and trusted messengers of the sagacious old chief. Of those scouts we have also given full descriptions, embracing not only their physical attributes and mental gifts, but their antecedents, their personal attachments, and their individual exploits.

Dead Shot, the leader of the trio, was of pure Anglo Saxon descent and about thirty years of age. He was an athlete in form, strength, and agility. He was a skillful and fearless scout, prompt to act, and ready in any emergency. He was the model marksman on the borders, as his name imports.

Mishawaha, his wife of ten years standing, was of pure Indian blood, and daughter of Elkhart, then recently head chief of the Shawnee nation. She was a gifted and beautiful woman of her type; of active, sanguine temperament, and with a strong proclivity for the chase, the trail, and the war-path. Under different auspices she would have doubtless have duplicated Semiramis of the North, or Zenobia of the Orient.

Lynx Eye, the third one of the trio, was of pure native lineage, a dwarf in stature, but free from the receding chest or hunch back. His perceptive faculties were ever in full play. He was acute, active, vigilant and fearless. His eye round, and deep set, was restless,

and keenly observant of every object within the range of vision. If we add to his other qualifications, an undying devotion to the pair with whom he consorted, we can readily comprehend the value of his services, and the nature and strength of the ties uniting the trio.

For two days succeeding the departure of the Shawnee delegation, the chief, Wakazoo, pondered deeply upon this bloody conspiracy against the border white settlers. He was anxious to avert the dire calamity, but failed to devise any available means. In the midst of his perplexity, his three trusty scouts in by-gone straits, chanced to pay him a visit. For this purpose they had ridden twenty-five miles down the trail, from their wigwam at the big Horse Shoe Bend of the same river, and where we moderns find the village of Allegan.

After the scouts had been his guests for a few hours, Wakazoo invited them to a confidential interview. He there disclosed to them all the facts he had gleaned from the Shawnee embassy, touching the grand conspiracy for the slaughter of the white settlers. As the chief was closing his narrative he was practically reminded of the truthful old adage, "that blood will tell." Dead Shot, the pale-face scout, suddenly flared up into a mighty blaze of indignation, vowing that he would personally punish the authors of the atrocious scheme.

An earnest discussion next ensued, during which the scout retained his self possession, but he still resolutely affirmed that he owed a duty to his race, which he would neither forego nor postpone. Wakazoo enquired if he felt at liberty to disclose the nature of that paramount duty? Dead Shot frankly replied:

"I see no objection to my naming it now, and here. This intelligence must be promptly conveyed to some

one in authority, and who has the ability to crush out this foul conspiracy. Gov. Hull, of Michigan, has neither men nor means at his command. Gov. Harrison, of Indiana, may be equally destitute, but I think can readily supply himself with both. Besides the arch plotters of this wide-spread ruin reside within his domain. To him I will go."

Lynx Eye was instantly on his feet, exclaiming: "Me ready too, for that same trail."

"But what says Mishawaha, my queen of scouts?" the old chief enquired, as he courteously turned towards the person thus addressed. Her reply came promptly and in earnest tones:

"I should be unworthy to be the wife of a pale-face, could I oppose his performance of a duty so manifest and so sacred."

"I might have expected just such an answer from one of your fearless nature," the chief responded. Mishawaha rejoined:

"I do not esteem anything a sacrifice that may lessen the shame, the deep abasement I feel, in being of a lineage, and closely akin by blood, with men, who could deliberately plan this horrible slaughter of women and children. Dead Shot's mission is one that I can materially aid. Gov. Harrison lives at Vincennes, away down in the lower Wabash valley. We can never face him, however, with facts at second-hand as we now have them. Our journey must necessarily be through the upper Wabash country, for we must learn his plans from the Prophet's own lips."

"Your plan is crafty and much wise; but 'tis full of danger," hastily exclaimed Wakazoo. Mishawaha resumed in tones of increasing firmness:

"I know every rod of that valley, with all its sur-

rounding uplifts and table-lands. I will lead Dead Shot and Lynx Eye by a sure path, to the presence of him from whom the great danger now springs, and through whom, in some mysterious way, I feel assured a signal deliverance will come to the white race."

Under the pressure of strong excitement, Mishawaha had unconsciously risen up, and as she closed, was standing erect before them in her womanly beauty and queenly attitude, with her features all aglow, and eyes flashing with an inspiration her auditors dared not to gainsay or doubt. The conference abruptly terminated without further comment. The scouts retiring made their preparations for an early and hasty departure in the morning.

They were in the saddle at early dawn, returning on the up river trail to their wigwam at the big Horse Shoe Bend. The residue of the day and the evening were devoted to packing and securing their property to be left, and the necessary outfit for the long trip, and their possibly protracted absence. Their favorite mustangs, a present in previous years from Red Wing, the Sauk chief of Wisconsin, were still in prime condition. They were chosen for the present expedition on account of their admirable training, speed and bottom.

Their selected route was somewhat circuitous. It was the old trail via. Prairie Ronde, Three Rivers, White Pigeon, and thence southwesterly to the Prophet's Town in the middle section of the Wabash valley. With this route they were all familiar as far as White Pigeon. Beyond that point, Mishawaha had knowledge of the country and the trail, having traversed it in Elkhart, her father's company, when as Head chief of the Shawnee nation, he formerly led his braves on the war path to Three Rivers on the St. Joseph.

With the rising sun they mounted and rode away from their abiding place, on their devious and perilous expedition. As they journey forward, averaging their fifty miles per day, we will avail ourselves of an author's privilege, and especially in behalf of such of our readers as may have chanced to peruse our former descriptions of the scouts, to speak of a few changes occurring in their *personnel* and surroundings, since we last bade them adieu.

During the intervening period the touch of time upon the scouts, like the cares of a mother, had been gentle and loving. It had simply developed and ripened their physical strength and matured their mental powers.

True it had brought Lynx Eye forward to the noon of life. Dead Shot was now thirty years of age, and Mishawaha was only three years his junior. They had been prosperous in their vocation, and had sought new avenues for traffic in their specialty of furs. They had made several trips eastward, visiting in turn Detroit, Sandusky and Buffalo.

Mishawaha availed herself of these opportunities for studying the social habits, customs and manners of her sex, under this, to her, novel phase of white civilization. Thereafter, her tastes, dress, and deportment, were studiously moulded after the new standard. Under the careful tuition of Dead Shot she had learned to read and write with facility, and to speak the English language correctly and fluently. But as yet, owing either to the natural bent of her race, or to the freedom of her early training, she entertained a settled aversion to any steady indoor seclusion.

Whilst at Buffalo, in 1808, Dead Shot armed himself with a new rifle of the then most improved pattern, with flask and charge for powder. The rifle was



externally plain, but the barrel was of excellent material, and of extra internal finish. It was shorter by some inches, but heavier and of larger calibre than his old one. He gauged the sights and tested it at forty-five, sixty and seventy-five rods, and with a little practice found it eminently reliable at the longest range.

He remembered Lynx Eye and bought for him one of equal length, but of less weight and smaller bore. This proved equally true to its aim within a range of fifty rods. He next chanced to find a small, light, highly ornamented rifle, with its bore proportionately small; in fact, an exquisite specimen of the article, having a tasty flask, charger, and bullet pouch to match.

This, with the equipments, he secured for Mishawaha.

The rifles were severally presented. The recipients fairly danced in ecstasy over them as most precious gifts. Their practice was for hours each day, until at thirty rods neither could claim superiority, whilst at forty-five rods, Lynx Eye was the acknowledged equal of Dead Shot.

Five arms and especially the rifle had been rapidly introduced among the aborigines, and their use had become quite common east of the Mississippi, in the hands of renegade whites, petty chiefs and some of the Indian braves, as early as the year 1810. They were generally, however, of inferior workmanship, often inaccurately sighted, and proved of slight utility in unskillful hands.

If then we add to the rifles of our scouts, a choice supply of powder and balls, with tomahawk and knife in the belts of the males, and a keen two-edged dagger in the girdle of Mishawaha, we can readily perceive how they might prove an overmatch for double their number in any serious hostile encounter.

For several days after starting they had journeyed forward with a feeling of entire safety. Their usual precaution of having Lynx Eye ride a short distance in advance, was more that he might take their needed game for food, without leaving the trail, than from any fear of lurking foes. Having reached and descended for many miles the principal head branch of the Wabash river, they found themselves finally traversing the upper section of one of the most fertile and delightful valleys of this or any other country. The silvery thread of the stream, with its graceful curves and sinuous windings through the rich alluvion bottoms; the clustered grasses and flowering plants, fanned by the balmy, but fitful autumn breeze; the gently rising slopes on either side, with the distant ridges of green covered and forest crowned hills, furnished numberless pictures of exquisite loveliness, grandly grouped and framed in by the visual horizon.

The route, which from White Pigeon had been lonely and unfrequented, now exhibited signs of general use. The lateral branching trails bore the imprint of numerous moccasin tracks also. As their eyes fell upon these tokens of human presence, our wayfarers awoke from their dream of fancied security. In a moment they became scouts again. Watchful, wary and on the alert, they now advanced with slackened pace, and eyes glancing over and keenly peering into each wayside thicket.

### CHAPTER III.

The trail then being traversed by the scouts was chiefly in the timber nearest the river, and following its windings. But in that upper valley it once crossed to the other side at a convenient fording place. Near the crossing there was a cluster of large wide-branching forest trees under whose friendly shade wayfarers were wont to stop for both rest and food.

Some twenty rods away in the direction of our approaching travelers a sharp elbow occurs in the trail. A thick undergrowth of timber in the angle effectually intercepted the view beyond. As Lynx Eye, then a few rods in advance of the others, turned that angle he discovered a group of seven men lounging under the cluster of trees, at the ford. Their horses standing near at hand were evidently kept ready for use. The scout determined as to their race and character at a glance.

There were two white renegades and five native Shawnees. They were evidently thieving outlaws. Lynx Eye instantly wheeling his horse retreated towards his comrades. Not, however, before the loungers at the ford caught a glimpse of him in that brief moment of exposure. Those seven men sprang at once to their saddles, and with a wild whoop dashed furiously up the trail.

As Lynx Eye reached and reported to the other two scouts what he had seen, Mishawaha spoke hurriedly in reply: "It will not answer for us to flee. We must not be turned back here. Further south there is a

choice of trails. Let us spéak them fair. To rouse their suspicion now would be fatal to all our hopes of reaching the Prophet. We are to play a role with them."

As the last sentence fell from her lips the seven horsemen dashed around the angle at a wild gallop. Thereupon Mishawaha spurred her horse a few paces in advance of the other two, at the same time holding up a white handkerchief as the signal for a parley.

The grace and calm self-possession of the movement riveted the gaze of the renegade leader of the troop. Abruptly ordering a halt of the others, and riding forward alone, he finally drew rein within a few paces of Mishawaha. His admiring gaze was boldly fastened upon her features. She met his searching glance for a few moments with perfect composure. Then she addressed him in her smooth nicely modulated tones, using the Shawnee dialect.

"Five of us are Sauks from Wisconsin. The third is a pale-face hunter and my husband. Our people have heard wonderful things of the great Prophet of the Shawnees. We come on a mission to him." To this the renegade laughingly replied :

"Wal ! I've hearn lots o'whoppin' lies in my day, but nary one of 'em so all fired prettily told as that'ar. Mebbe ye ken jist tell this'ere chap, how a Sauk squaw ken rattle off sich Shawnee words as them'ar." With consummate coolness and tact she rejoined :

"You are a pale-face and quite excusable for being ignorant of what every Shawnee knows, that the Sauks and Shawnees are cousins of the same parent stock, and their language is the same."

"Wal' now ! That'ar am news I reckon, ef taint no lie," resumed the renegade. "Hello ! you Possum," ad-

dressing one of his native followers. "This ere squaw tells as how she's a Sauk from over Wisconsin way. She's got off a lingo here, purtendin' the Sauks an' Shawnees am cousins, or sich like relashuns, an' use the same 'denticle lingo in thar' talk. How am that'ar ennyhow?" To this enquiry the native follower replied :

"Possum knows it all much true. Him knows too, our Prophet, a few days back, sent a talk to Red Wing, Sauk chief. Me spose these'ere have some word back to him." The renegade after a moment's hesitation finally rejoined :

"It sartin'y looks that'ar way, cause this'ere harnsum squaw jest sed suthin' like that'ar. Least ways, yer see, boys, its hans off these'ere coves, till arter they've had thar palaver with the Prophet. That'll not purvent a misadventur' happenin' to 'em here aways a goin' back." This last sentence was intended for the ear of Possum alone, but it was also heard by the scouts.

Waving his hand in token that his followers were to fall back, the renegade, with a species of rough politeness, next invited the scouts to ride forward with him to the camp ground at the ford. Upon their arrival there, finding that the sun was sinking from view in the west, the scouts dismounting entered upon their preparations as though they intended to remain over night. The trail ahead, by a couple of miles, forked off into two branches. One of these kept down the valley near the river. The other diverging to the interior, had an upland route. They both, however, met again, not far from the Prophet's Town.

The renegade leader seeing the inclination of the scouts to remain informed them that he must make a night's ride towards the settlements. But whilst his

followers were arranging for a fresh mount, Lynx Eye heard the other white renegade say to the natives, "Never let slip a chance like this. Dead folks don't talk. The prophet will never know they come." After the others were in the saddle, the one called Possum, sidling up to Lynx Eye, enquired in a casual manner, "which trail they intended to take below in the morning?" The shrewd scout answered promptly that "they had been advised to keep the lower route."

The entire gang of seven thereupon passing over the ford galloped down the trail. The scouts first huppling out their horses to feed, next rekindled the fire and cooked their food. When the meal was ended, neither of them manifested any inclination to camp down for sleeping. After their horses had been feeding for an hour, Lynx Eye remarked:

"Me think we too, better travel ten, fifteen miles 'fore safe to sleep." Dead Shot, desiring to fathom more clearly the thought of the other, enquired why he made this singular proposal. The dwarf answered:

"Me no like them chaps. Him bold leader is after one of us. The others all much want our horses, rifles and fixins. Me want to see forks of trail 'fore much long."

Dead Shot answered: "We will go." Then Mishawaha added: "By all means let us go. If they mean mischief we shall discover it at the forks. I feel sure they are thieving vagabonds."

The horses being speedily made ready, they mounted, and riding briskly onward, soon reached the forks of the trail. Twilight had faded into night, but the heavens were cloudless, and the moon half full was up aloft. Dismounting the trio carefully examined for tracks in both the trails. They quickly found that six of the

horsemen had taken the lower route, whilst the seventh had gone up the other. The intent was manifest to the scouts. Should they take the lower trail the six were there in ambush. If they went by the upper route, they were to be watched and tracked by the seventh.

Their researches being ended, they remounted, and all headed for the upper route as if actuated by a common idea. When fairly started again, Lynx Eye gave voice to the thought of all by saying, "guess we'll turn 'em six chaps down yon in ambush by what Dead Shot call flank movement. This one up hereaway, better not hover our track long, either before or behind. No watch us going to Prophet. No catch us when we leave him we spouse."

Thus saying and assuming his advance position, they all sped briskly on for a mile. As they there reached a small run of water crossing the trail, Dead Shot ordered a halt. Dismounting they closely examined for tracks again beyond that brook. None were to be found. "I conjectured as much," Dead Shot remarked. "The sneaking varlet has ridden up or down the stream to await our coming."

Again they mounted and pressed their way onward hour after hour, until early dawn. Then selecting a cosy spot a few rods off the trail with a plenty of grass at hand, they put out their animals to feed, and Dead Shot and wife busied themselves in preparing for their needed food and rest. Suddenly they both became aware of the absence of Lynx Eye. Perceiving the startled look of his wife, Dead Shot quietly remarked to her:

"He will not be absent long. There has been no rest for him with a shadow on our trail. I noticed his frequent backward look during our last mile of travel, Ha!"

This sudden exclamation was occasioned by the familiar report of the dwarf's rifle, less than one hundred rods back on the trail. Grasping his own weapon, Dead Shot bounded down to the track where his view was unobstructed. He beheld Lynx Eye running still further northward and towards a riderless horse. Beckoning his wife to remain quiet, he leaped along the route for the scene of that affray.

Rapidly nearing the spot where the weary horse was standing, he saw the dwarf gliding out of a thicket by the wayside. Without recognizing in any manner the approach of his comrade, Lynx Eye led the horse into the same thicket and there slaughtered it with his knife. His job was finished by covering with boughs and branches the dead bodies of both horse and rider.

Glancing at his movements, and discovering both the mood and the purpose of the dwarf, Dead Shot left the ground retracing his steps to their camp. Informing his wife of what he had seen, they both, in view of their own safety and the success of their mission, felt that the act was justified by a stern necessity. They were again busy in the preparation of their meal, and when all was in readiness, Lynx Eye glided into his place. With a keen relish, but in silence they all broke their fast.

When the demands of appetite were fully appeased, the dwarf remarked :

"Time now for you both to sleep. Me feel much awake. 'Twas Possum I shot. Him ask me down by ford which trail we take at forks. Me know then must kill him, 'cause he cal'late to track us. Now me go watch." Thus saying and raising his rifle from the ground, he strode down to a stand-point beside the trail.



About three hours later they all resumed the saddle and cautiously pursued their journey, with intervals of rest, until near the close of the succeeding day. Mishawaha, having been for some time closely scanning the scenery finally remarked: "That they were now in the vicinity of the Prophet's Town, and it was time for them to seek a safe retreat for man and beast."

They chanced to be at the moment riding along the verge of a deep ravine, with a stream at the bottom but densely wooded on its precipitous slopes. Mishawaha was restlessly glancing about on every side and critically examining objects near and remote. She was manifestly striving to recall scenes once familiar, but at present almost faded from memory.

Suddenly her look of doubt and uncertainty gave place to one of pleased assurance. Turning her horse abruptly from the trail, and entering the shallow outcrop of a spur to the main ravine, she commenced its steep descent, the others warily but closely following.

Once at the bottom, they rode for a short distance up the bed of the stream. Here they found a grotto upon one side, literally scooped far within a limestone ledge. It was sheltered by overhanging masses of the same formation, and furnished ample room for both scouts and horses.

## CHAPTER IV.

Having dismounted, their first care was securely to fasten their animals far within the grotto. Next with their knives the scouts cut for them a plentiful supply of feed, from the tall bunch grass growing along the margin of the stream. The Prophet's Town on the hither side of the Wabash river, and opposite its confluence with the Tippecanoe, was within less than two miles from their hidden retreat. The course of that main ravine trended off directly towards the settlement.

The high table lands cut by the ravine, had their river shore line half of a mile back from the stream. A fine intervening level was thus left with a dry surface, a few feet above high water mark. There, but clustered for upwards of a mile up and down the river margin, were the tents and wigwams of the natives.

Over against these on the promontory between the two streams, the Prophet had his solitary tent, living a secluded and austere hermit life. On stated days he would cross the river, and under a group of trees, harangue the multitude. He had managed to enshrine himself so firmly in the hearts of the natives near and remote, that his sway over them was truly despotic.

The scouts were no sooner ensconced in the grotto, than the two men, taking their instructions from Mishawaha, as to the several localities and their bearings, started on foot down the ravine to reconnoiter the settlement. Reaching the outskirts of the Indian village they found the place literally swarming with a promiscuous throng.

It was composed in fact of the resident population, and in part of delegations from many remote and proximate tribes. By listening to the current of promiscuous talk as they sauntered about, or glided from one motley group to another, the scouts readily ascertained that the morrow had been set apart for a grand festival. They further learned that during the ceremonies the Prophet would honor them with his presence, and make an address to the assembled populace.

Withdrawing quietly from the throng the scouts were content to return to their retreat. At the close of their report, Mishawaha remarked. "Then we are just in time. From to-morrow's speech we shall be able to glean what we most desire to know." On the succeeding morning they accordingly laid away their rifles and equipments, changed their dress to the customary apparel of ordinary Shawnees, and made their way down the ravine. At the appointed hour they took up separate positions in the throng fronting the speaker's stand.

The opening remarks of the Prophet were rambling and incoherent. They were however aided by his melodious voice and graceful gesticulation. Soon after his feelings warmed to his subject,—his spirit became deeply stirred, and he stood confessedly clothed with the attributes and the power of native eloquence. He adverted to the country at large with its diversified scenery, made grand and beautiful by land and water, by mountain and valley, by hill and dale, and by forest glades and opening plains.

He announced the whole to have been a bountiful gift of the Great Spirit, especially designed and set apart for the red race. He next portrayed the golden era of that favored race; their countless numbers and unrivalled

prosperity from ocean to ocean. Then directing their attention to the advent of the white race on the eastern shores, he depicted its blighting influence upon the aborigines, already decimated, degraded or extirpated from half the breadth of the continent. By the two contrasted pictures his own feelings had been gradually wrought up to a pitch bordering on frenzy.

He burst forth into a bitter scathing tirade against the whole pale-face race. Fairly exhausting the vocabulary of contumely, scorn and invective, with fearful anathemas he finally doomed them to swift destruction. He lamented the delay in their extirpation which had already occurred, pronouncing it utterly inexcusable.

Then came the climax. Striking his most imposing attitude, with glowing cheeks, dilated nostrils, wildly flashing eyes, and foam-flecked lips, he boldly proclaimed that he was specially commissioned by the Great Spirit to lead his people in the work of an indiscriminate slaughter of the outcast race of pale-faces, and that before the first autumnal snow and ice appeared he should initiate the great carnival of blood with the battle cry of "torch and knife."

The closing paragraph of that impassioned harrangue sounded the key-note for the multitude there convened. By an irresistible impulse, the whole living mass leaped to their feet, and the scene was instantly one of the wildest uproar. Men, women and children, were stamping, jumping, and brandishing their arms aloft, amidst a deafening chorus of screams, whoops and demoniac yells. Our scouts worked and wormed their way out of the tumultuous throng, as best they could, and by separate routes sought the entrance of the ravine.

Their presence, however, had been detected by one of the followers of the renegade leader who had previously

interviewed them at the ford above. He saw them in the crowd and at a glance recognized Lynx Eye by form and feature. He kept him in view and pursuing at a distance finally saw the three consecutively enter the mouth of the gorge. Of their destination he was well assured, for he was familiar with the grotto; his own band having often resorted to it as a hiding place. He turned back to inform his leader and confederates of his important discovery.

But, fortunately for the scouts, that discovery had been mutual. The eye of the dwarf had fallen upon him in the pursuit, and he was recognized as one of the gang whom they had met at the ford. Lynx Eye informed his comrades of what he had seen as together they now threaded their way up the ravine. On reaching the grotto, they hurriedly saddled their horses, shifted their garments, resumed their rifles and equipments, then mounting, were speedily up the ascent of the same ravine, and on the trail again.

This trail and the ravine both ran eastward. The path trodden by them in coming down from the north intersected the trail they were on, a mile east of their then position. Spurring their horses to a gallop they were soon at the junction of the trail. Here they turned up northward for a short distance, as though on their return. Thence they struck off obliquely across the intervening point south eastward, thus intercepting the easterly trail again. Along the latter and in that direction, they traveled for an hour at a sweeping gait. They finally drew rein as they reached a small rivulet across the trail, with good grass on its margin.

The day being well nigh spent, they dismounted and put out their horses to feed. In the meantime they made a hasty lunch and reclined for rest a couple of

hours, as they designed to push steadily forward during the night. Mishawaha, remembering the country well, knew they were near a main trail leading off southwesterly to the seat of government. Vincennes on the lower Wabash, being the oldest white settlement in all that region, was then the capital of the territory.

As twilight was gathering around them the scouts again set forth, and shortly arriving at the trail crossing, they turned off sharply to the southwest. Leaving them diligently pursuing their route, we will next turn our attention to the spy upon their track as they left the great assemblage. He sought for and at length found his leader to whom he imparted his news. The two started in search of the remaining four. By the time the six were brought together, armed and mounted, two full hours had elapsed.

Then they dashed up the trail, descended into the ravine and hurried up stream to the grotto to find their birds had flown. Retracing their steps up to the trail again, they soon found and then followed the tracks of the fugitives to the first junction of the trails. There, without dismounting, they saw the tracks manifestly turning northward. Elated with the idea that the scouts were returning by the route they came, the gang galloped merrily onward for an hour, without the precaution of once looking for the tracks.

This oversight finally occurring to the leader, a search was vainly instituted for any sign that the fugitives had passed that way, cursing their luck they turned back again. The natives at once applied themselves to the work in hand, with the acuteness and persistence characteristic of the race. They detected the point of divergence; traced the tracks across the point of land to the eastward bound trail junction. There they finally

turned down the Vincennes route hours after the scouts had passed.

This last shift in the direction of the latter was a new and startling revelation to the pursuers. At a glance the fearful secret was laid bare to their mental vision. They, with the Prophet, and the Shawnee nation, were egregiously sold. The three strangers, from whatever quarter they hailed, were spies for the pale-faces. They had gained vital intelligence and a dangerous power through the unguarded disclosures of the Prophet's speech. The secret they had surreptitiously obtained must never be carried by them to the capitol.

Under the pressure of this fresh incentive, onward they dashed through all the hours of that night with what of speed the darkness and the jaded condition of their horses permitted. With them there had been no thought of food or rest. The scouts on the contrary had rested themselves from early dawn till sunrise, feeding their horses and breaking their own fast. They were again in their saddles, and were traversing an undulating region, crossing a succession of ridges or low swells of from fifty to eighty rods apart.

They had passed from one of these almost to the summit of another, when a wild whoop in their rear, caused them to halt and face suddenly about. What they saw convinced them that a crisis had come, for there was the renegade band of six, not eighty rods away, wildly whooping in headlong pursuit.

## CHAPTER V.

The rifles of the three scouts were instantly in position for use. Dead Shot hurriedly addressed the others by way of caution: "'Tis time we began. Remember the range of your pieces. Don't pull trigger a moment too soon. Here goes number one." With the word he fired and the renegade leader fell. The other five pressed onward still.

Lynx Eye next sighting his man gave him the contents of number two with like effect. The remaining four suddenly drew rein delivering a volley which proved entirely harmless. Mishawaha promptly spurred her spotted horse a dozen rods towards them, then halting there was a glance of her eye over the barrel of number three, and the third saddle was emptied. The three outlaws were stationary reloading their rifles when Dead Shot afforded them a second taste of number one, dropping the fourth.

The remaining two letting fall their half-loaded rifles, wheeled their horses for flight. Lynx Eye dropping his rifle also, but grasping his knife, dashed his horse furiously forward in pursuit, whilst Dead Shot with rifle clubbed, spurred his charger until he was running neck and neck with that of the dwarf. The steeds of the outlaws, when fresh, were no match for those of the scouts.

Now, being weary and overridden they were overhauled in the first eighty rods, and their luckless riders fell; the one brained by the breech of Dead Shot's rifle, and the



other transfixed by the knife of Lynx Eye. The latter forthwith dismounting, passed his knife to the hilt through the heart of each.

This operation he coolly repeated, as in returning over the ground he successively reached the bodies of the other four. Thus with all their known foes effectually disposed of, our scouts, after carefully reloading, and properly adjusting their weapons, quietly resumed and finally terminated their journey at Vincennes, where Gov. Harrison resided.

First devoting a few hours to needed refreshment and due preparation, our scouts sought and obtained an interview with the Governor. To him they imparted all their knowledge of the atrocious plot of the Prophet for the butchery of the white settlers, as well as of the extensive league then being formed by Tecumseh for the same purpose.

Gov. Harrison listened with wrapt attention to their recital. At the close of their report he enquired minutely into the details of the great assemblage, and of the precise tenor of the Prophet's closing words. Mishawaha clearly and concisely answered his queries. She was able to mention many tribes there represented, and to recite the concluding paragraphs of the Prophet's harrangue verbatim.

She then added a glowing account of the wild exultation of the multitude, with a graphic sketch of their subsequent encounter with the renegade band on the trail. The Governor was evidently well pleased with their deportment, remarkable intelligence, and manifest truthfulness. He thanked them warmly for their zealous efforts to avert a great national calamity. He also commended their destruction of the renegade band which had long invested the region, terrifying the white settlers by their depredations and ruthless massacres.

The Governor next astonished them beyond measure, by familiarly calling their names, and informing them of his intimate knowledge of their history and exploits for a series of years. The scouts were soon made aware of the sources of his information, for he mentioned the fact of his frequent interviews with Pokagon, Wakazoo and Okemos, White Water, and Red Wing, in council. He remarked in passing, that their wonderful skill, heroic daring, and invaluable services, had become matters of wide-spread notoriety and general renown.

"And now," concluded the Governor, "I can by no means spare you, or dispense with your services in the present alarming crisis. Provision will at once be made for your comfortable lodging and subsistence. You will be free to go and come as your judgment may dictate, remembering always that the fate of thousands may depend upon your tact, skill, timely advice and information."

He then summoned an attendant, ordering him to furnish suitable quarters for the scouts and to properly care for their horses. Then rising and shaking hands with each, he closed the interview by saying to Mishawaha that the daughter of Elkhart, of the Shawnees, with her husband, would ever be welcome to his dwelling and family circle.

Governor Harrison devoted himself zealously to precautionary measures, and defensive operations. The white settlements were promptly notified of the impending danger. A call for volunteers was sent up and down the Ohio river over a wide belt on both its borders. The troops in the scattered forts were ordered to hold themselves in readiness on call for active service. Army supplies were industriously collected. To all these a fleet of boats was added for river transportation.

After two days respite our scouts were in their ele-

ment again, pushing away up northward to the Prophet's town and hovering around the headquarters of other adjacent tribes. Thus at the capitol the authorities were kept constantly advised of all the movements of the Prophet and his adherents far and near. Before the arrival of his own recruits, the Governor was made aware of the fact that bands of warriors were on the trail for the camp of the Prophet. By the middle of October a thousand dusky braves from a distance had thus collected.

As these bands successively arrived, they were placed in camp among the hills about four miles up the Tippecanoe river, whither the Prophet himself removed with his entire settlement. At the junction of the above river with the Wabash, the modern traveler will find the lively business village of Lafayette.

Boats of respectable tonnage reach this point by the Wabash from the Ohio river. The site of Lafayette is sixty to seventy miles northwest of Indianapolis, whilst Vincennes, then the capital, is one hundred and ten miles from the present capital in a southwesterly course.

When Governor Harrison was appraised by the scouts of this concentration of forces, and these openly hostile movements of the Prophet, he judged that the time had come for active operations on his part. Calling in all the regulars from garrison duty, he formed his camps for them and the border rangers as they arrived. Soon thereafter came Col. Boyd, renowned as a ranger chief on the Kentucky border, whilst with him, as an aid, came the youthful but heroic lieutenant Croghan.

The Governor assigned the regulars to the command of their senior officer, but he placed the rangers under the charge and special handling of Col. Boyd. He now marshalled and reviewed his troops and was gratified to

find that his muster rolls showed eight hundred fighting men. Promptly embarking these with his stores and supplies on board a fleet of boats, Gov. Harrison commenced his ascent of the Wabash river.

By allotting relays of men at the oars, every four hours, his forward movement was continued without interruption by night or day. The scouts mounted and on the trail of the left bank, reported in person, at sunrise and sunset of each day. They suffered no Indian spy, scout or runner, on whom the eye of either once fell, to bear away tidings of the approaching military force. Thus guarded from discovery or ambush, the fleet of boats reached the mouth of the Tippecanoe and the army was quietly landed on the tongue of land between the streams.

This point being the terminus of an elevated range was well adapted for military defense against assault or siege by savages. The Governor and commanding officers soon had the men busily engaged in fortifying a small area of the extreme top surface by breastworks and other artificial means.

Our scouts were as zealously employed in ferretting out the designs and plans of the Prophet. They found the region now swarming with red-skins, besides a numerous picket guard of braves encircling the entire camp of the Prophet night and day.

Every attempt therefore to penetrate within ear-shot of the enemy's headquarters, was not only full of peril to the scouts, but had proved utterly abortive until the night of November fourth. Then favored by a cloudy, moonless night, and aided by the dense covering of low branching forest trees, the three had crept in parallel lines, a few feet asunder, to a point within ear-shot of the lodges.

Just then a transient gleam from a torchlight moving in the camp, shot over and past the scouts. Swift as its passage was, Lynx Eye discovered a dark creeping form a few feet in the rear, and stealthily approaching Dead Shot. Noiselessly the dwarf turned in the same direction, until he had thus crept within a man's length of the scout. Then that shadowy form slowly rising upon its knees between the two scouts, lifted a knife to pierce the back of the prostrate pale-face.

In the twinkling of an eye, the dwarf was on his feet behind the intruder, and passed his own knife with a drawing stroke across the throat of that Shawnee sentinel, gashing it to the bone and from ear to ear. The croak of a frog was their scouting signal for a silent gathering. The three were soon side by side, and learned by whisper what had occurred.

As they nestled down and all was hushed again, their attention was attracted by hearing voices in a lodge not twenty feet from them. They knew by the language and tone that two white renegades were conversing in English.

## CHAPTER VI.

The first sentence distinctly heard by the scouts was the following:

"I say Jakel That old dare-devil swore he'd pitch into the Gov'ner torch and knife, to-mor'rer night! Will he do it?"

"Hush Bill!" replied the other, "we don't know who's round us!"

"Pshaw, Jake! You're gittin' spoony. That 'ar Shawnee of ourn back in the bush, will cut the weaz-and of eny interlopin' spy. So you just answer that 'ar query."

"Wal then, Bill: he said it an he'll do it sartin' sure, cause why? Them reds ar' gittin' crazy for sculps. The old one is bound ter wipe out ther whites now, cause why, agin? Tecumseh'll kum back next week. He aint reddy yit, and he'll put off ther fight. So I say old torch an' knife'll wade in ter-mor'rer night. His reds'll back him too. They'll hit straight out from the shoulder, with ary one o' ther hand wee'puns."

"That's jist as I'd cipher'd on the slate. But see here. We in course don't care a dot fur blood. We is arter furage, sich as shutin' i'urns, blankets and fast horses, and sich like. So it stans tu reasun, we foller in the wake of them reds."

The colloquy here ceased and the scouts betook themselves to the task of worming their way out of the lines as they had entered. Then mounting, they made for headquarters at a break-neck pace. Their news was

of vital importance, and most opportunely brought to the fort. The scouts were publicly and warmly commended for their skill and daring intrepidity. This rash and reckless onslaught by the Prophet, in the absence of the great war chief, was what the Governor most earnestly desired, but that the venture would be taken: he had not dared to hope.

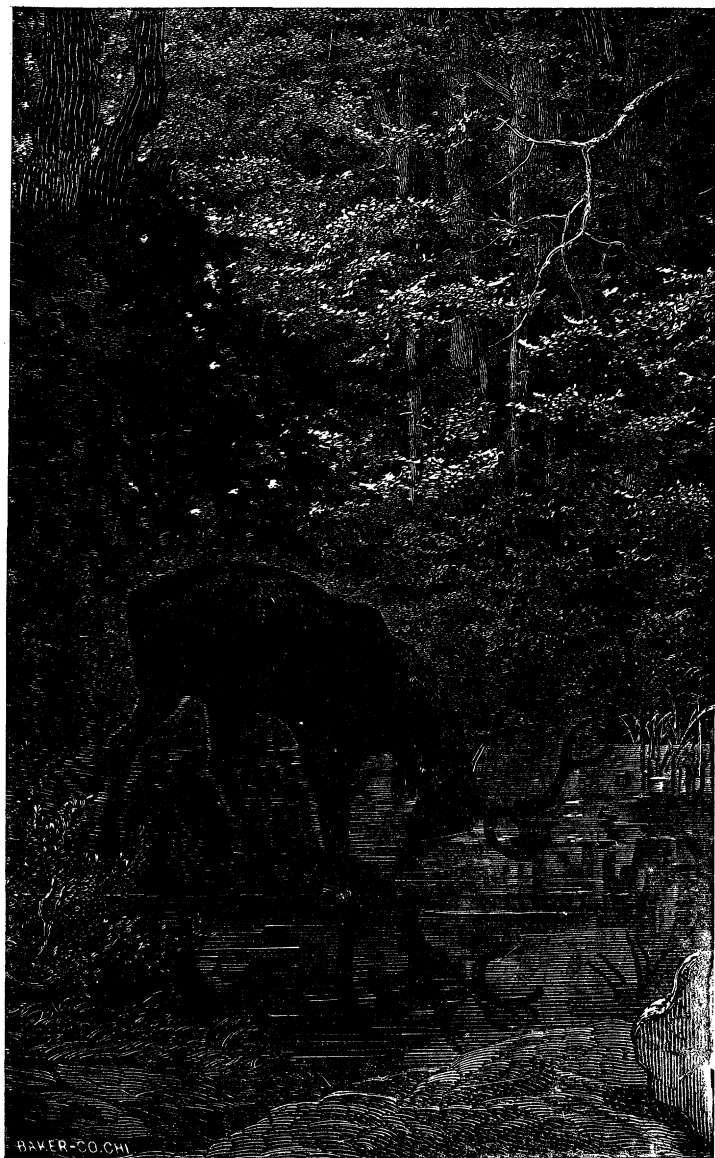
The morrow then proved a busy day for all. The fortifications were strengthened, arms were made ready, full rounds of powder and ball were distributed, and at evening every exposed combustible including the breast-works, were thoroughly drenched with water, to prevent their being ignited by torch-bearing arrows. As darkness closed in, the picket lines were doubled. The men off duty lay down with arms by their sides.

The scouts had been all day in the saddle, hovering distantly around the enemy's camp, watching every movement. As darkness came on, their approaches were yet nearer, until at midnight they bore to the fort the certain news that the Prophet had divided his forces into three bands. The first was on its way to the Wabash above, with intent to drop down to the river forks by canoe. The second division would descend the Tippecanoe in like manner. The third and much the larger section, led by the Prophet, would take the land route between the rivers, and assail their entrenchments in the rear.

This last intelligence was equally important to the besieged, since in the light of its disclosures, their defensive arrangements could be shaped and perfected. The Governor, with an eye to the whole, yet left it to his officers to station and handle each his separate command. Col. Boyd was well versed in the cunning and subtlety of Indian nature, and in all their methods of attack under cover of darkness.







*NIGHT SCENE.*

He inferred from their movements as reported by the scouts, that their real attack would be upon the slopes leading up from the two river sides. He wanted his rangers on the defensive there. He suggested to the officer in command of the regulars to mass his men on the side looking to the interior and facing the approach of the enemy over land. The idea was readily approved and acted upon.

Col. Boyd entertained the brightest opinion of the skill and bravery of the scouts. He was familiar with the history of their many wonderful exploits. He stationed them in the angle of the works overlooking the inland and Tippecanoe sides of the fort, and placed under the command of Dead Shot, a sergeant with a file of a dozen rangers.

To give these men confidence in their new leader, and to put them on their mettle for the work in hand, the Colonel told them, as they were moving forward to the angle, "that they must go in on their muscle, for their new leader was 'Dead Shot,' the far-famed wizard scout of the Kalamazoo." Upon this announcement, advancing a step and touching his cap, the sergeant enquired if he might ask a question. "Certainly," said Col. Boyd; "ask a dozen if you like."

Emboldened by this good humored reply, the sergeant resumed: "Wal then, Kurnel! I reckon as how we'd all like tu know suthin' 'bout them ar tuther ones, 'cause the thing naterally stans thusly with us. Ef that ar hulsome lookin' squaw am Mishawaha, old Elkhart's daughter that was, and tother chap am Lynx Eye, the Ottawa dwarf, tho' batin' his bantarm legs, the latter I reckon are a misbespoken tarm; an' ef the hull three am the 'dential scouts what fout at Three Rivers, an' Sleepin' Bar Bay, an' over tu Scanawby on Green Bay,

then I cal'late as how there'll be no needcessity fur keepin' them ar soger chaps from sleepin' thar fill. Why, Kurnell; we fifteen men with the feeters o' that 'ooman 'mong us, we'll jist take this ere little job off yer hands any how, an' we'll wallop all the reds fur sartin' 'atween this an Taxis, we will! 'Scuse my per-laver, Kurnell; but with them 'mong us we eanermost wurship, we feel jist like fitin' ter kill, an' kinder riled up with animashun; hanged ef we don't!"

Colonel Boyd was a genial man and enjoyed this eloquent outburst of his enthusiastic sergeant immensely. But checking his risibles by a powerful effort, he simply replied, that the trio before them were truly the three famous scouts of the northwest, but he could allow no monopoly of the fighting as all the men would claim a hand in the morning's job. Thus saying he turned away to complete his arrangements for defending the two river sides of the fortifications.

Midway of each front of the breastworks, a bundle of dry faggots saturated with turpentine, had been placed upon a rough piled mound of stone, just inside of the timber, but having a sufficient elevation to throw their glare downward to the water, whilst lighting up the intervening slopes.

This shrewd suggestion came from Col. Boyd, who had anticipated a night attack. Dead Shot now took position, ranging his men from the angle along facing the Tippecanoe, with sufficient elbow 'room to each for easy work. His special instructions to them were on opening fire to rake the slope nearest the face of the works. Within the fortifications everything had settled down into perfect quietude, and so remained until the faint glimmer of dawn appeared.

Then up the trail inland a column of dusky warriors

was seen advancing, bearing hundreds of blazing torches, stepping to the tap of the native drum, and the chaunt of their wild war song. Dead Shot remarked to Gov. Harrison, who chanced to be standing near: "That is not the style of an Indian assault. It is a feint to attract attention, and to cover a real attack from the water side." The fact became apparent a moment later, when the column came to a sudden halt outside of rifle range. There was a grand flourish of sounds with a waving and flashing of lights.

In the very act of wildly flaunting them, the torches were suddenly quenched, and all became dark and silent as the grave. The Governor ordered the faggots to be instantly lighted on the mounds. This was the preconcerted signal for a volley discharge upon any enemy within sight and range. As those three columns of bright, garish flames shot upwards a wide circle was bathed in a flood of light.

A novel spectacle was presented to the men behind the works as they rose up to deliver their fire. The hither margin of both rivers was lined with canoes, run up side by side and bow on the shore. Between them and the breastworks, the intervening slopes were literally covered with crawling, dusky bodies, now seemingly struck motionless by the first piercing gleams of those upshooting lights.

Next came the sharp crack of many rifles. That first discharge was terribly effective. The wide expanse of the slopes was dotted over with prostrate forms writhing in convulsive death throes. But myriads of yet unharmed men uprose, springing up the acclivity with bounding leaps for the breastworks. Others still with flight after flight of arrows swept the top surface of the timber wall.

That savage horde would inevitably have swarmed up the face of, and over the entrenchments, but for the precaution of leaving hundreds of loop holes under the topmost timber. To each of these apertures three men were assigned. One to keep up a steady firing, with two in his rear to reload the empty barrels. A murderous fire was continuously vomited forth, whilst in the intervening spaces men with rifles clubbed, would alternately crouch for shelter, and then rising, sweep the surface log of climbing assailants.

The sixteen rifles of Dead Shot's party at the angle, being dexteriously loaded and skilfully aimed, thinned the ranks of the uprising savages with an incessant stream of leaden missiles. The view presented soon became truly appalling. Limbs were twisting and wildly tossing; bodies were falling, rolling and writhing; whilst splashes, gouts, and pools of blood crimsoned the hill-sides, saturating the soil, and trickled downward to the water.

Inside the works men were also bleeding and dying. They were each moment being wounded, pierced, and transfixed in head, chest and arms by an incessant flight of arrows. Through the crevices and loop-holes, over the top, everywhere they flew, and often struck home. Three of the sixteen at the angle, reckless of danger, and emulous of notice from their famous leader, had already fallen sorely though not fatally wounded.

## CHAPTER VII.

Scores and scores of the dusky braves had climbed up the face of the works, gaining a precarious top foothold, but only to be hurled down again by the circling sweep of the rifle or musket breech. Yet undismayed by this fearful havoc, their furious assault was repeatedly renewed, and the sanguinary struggle prolonged.

When however a large percentage of that portion of the assailants were down, wounded, mangled or slain outright, the residue of the horde yielding, enmasse, fled down to the shore line of both slopes. It was only a change in their wily strategy. They next sent up clouds of torch-lit arrows, at the face of the works and into the area beyond. For a few minutes these were seen sticking and hanging everywhere.

Each of those missiles, with its tremulous flickering flame, like a thing of life, seemed eager to overlap and ignite something inflammable or combustible. The wisdom of the evening's shower-bath was now most strikingly manifest. The torch-lit arrows failed to enkindle a flame.

The Prophet, away back on the interior elevated trail, where he had halted, now clearly perceived the entire failure of the attack from the water side, and where he had boldly predicted an easy victory. Stung to madness by that failure, in the frenzy of the moment he ordered a quickstep advance of his own column, with chant and drum-beat. He incautiously followed up and planted his standard a trifle short of eighty rods from the fortifications.

The commanders inside were, by an unlooked-for evo-

lution of the foe, enabled to mass their whole force of the side fronting the Prophet. For at the first tap on that wild tocsin, the surviving savages down on the shore line of both rivers, facing up their respective streams, ran swiftly past the works. Then wheeling inland and ascending the slope, each division joined the Prophet's column in the rear.

Thus united they still presented a most formidable array, numbering thousands. They now occupied the most feasible ground for an open effective attack. They had the advantage of being on a level with the base of the breastworks. They could far more readily pierce the loop-holes or sweep the top surface with their arrows. Besides their facilities were far greater for vaulting over the barricade in their onslaught.

On the inside Col. Boyd was disabled by what was deemed a serious arrow wound. The Governor was apprehensive that the spirited young Croghan was too inexperienced to handle the renegades without his own personal supervision. He was soon relieved of his anxiety, for Dead Shot adroitly faced his own squad from the south to the west side, and then Croghan skilfully formed a second line with the rangers in rear of the regulars.

The Governor chancing to approach the position of Dead Shot, the latter suggested the danger of having all their barrels unloaded by any general volley.

"The hazard I clearly perceive," replied the Governor, "but how shall we avoid it?" "Let none fire but those in the front line, and as they discharge their pieces, let them, stooping low down, seek the rear to load," was the rejoinder of the scout. Governor Harrison acted at once upon the hint, by passing the requisite order along the line.

As the arrangements were thus being completed

within, right onward from without came that formidable assaulting phalanx. When their front was within a dozen rods of the face of the works, the regulars, rising as one, erect, delivered throughout their line a volley of musketry. The havoc they made was frightful. Men fell like mown grass. The shock staggered, but did not check the advance.

The gaps in the ranks were instantly filled, whilst a wild tempest of arrows swept the top surface of the works. It came a moment too late. The regulars had just dropped low down at the rear to load, whilst the rangers now stood crouching behind the breastworks. As the flight passed over and beyond, they simultaneously rose, and the crack of their rifles came from right to left with murderous effect.

But even this raking fire did not arrest the headlong rush of that fanatical, frenzied throng. The interval since the last volley had been so brief that our scouts alone, of all that line, had finished loading. An instant more and a line of savages had leaped to the top surface of the works.

The Prophet back at his standard saw that upward spring and in the exuberance of his delight madly shouted them on to victory. Mishawaha, touching her husband's arm, pointed to the far-away Prophet, saying: "He alone carries the fortunes of this day. Can you reach him there?" The scout replied: "I might, but he is your relative."

That spirited woman rejoined: "Were he my father, and were he engaged in this demon work of the Prophet, I would, to save this universal carnage, slay him myself."

As she ceased the utterance of these words, Dead Shot brought the rifle breech to his shoulder with a jerk, sighted his object and fired. The Prophet dropped,



benumbed and senseless, for the heavy ball had gone crashing through his right shoulder. At the same moment, and by a herculean effort of the line of rangers inside, the swarm of savages standing on the top timber of the works, was hurled outward by blows and thrusts from the breech and muzzle of their guns.

Before a further move was made on either side, there arose away at the rear, and rolled forward to the front of that savage horde, a wild wail—a cry of despairing agony! “The Prophet is slain! The Prophet is slain!” was the burden of that cry of woe, upbursting from the lips of thousands. Together they bowed with blanched cheeks, and bloodless lips under the pressure of this strange, thrilling horror.

With that stricken host, one single thought was now paramount. To guard his sacred remains from profanation by the whites was a duty higher than life itself. Those nearest the place of his fall, hastily raising the body in their arms, bore it up the trail with rapid steps. The assault was on the instant not only abandoned but utterly forgotten.

Those native warriors, to a man, unmindful of peril, and reckless of life or limb, turned their backs upon the works and their foes within. They massed themselves in solid column for retreat, intent solely upon interposing an invincible rear guard over what they believed to be the remains of their Holy Prophet.

The scouts laying aside their rifles, now leaped, knife in hand, to the topmost timber: Next Dead Shot shouted in clarion tones, “Our victory is yet but half achieved! The fight is over, but punishment must not linger!” Thus saying, the three sprang to the ground outside. Lieutenant Croghan was instantly aloft in the place made vacant by the scouts. He now in turn, shouted

the order: "Let all frontiersmen who love a finished job follow the scouts!"

Thus speaking, he too leaped outside. With a stunning hurrah, the rangers went over the works after him, pell mell. Away they dashed after that moving column. Gaining rapidly, they soon closed with the aboriginal mass, and with tomahawk and knife clung to its rear and flanks. A wholesale butchery now commenced. The native warriors retreating in order, were content to ward off the assailants as best they might. But they never once turned at bay, and no one attempted by flight to avert his fate.

Thus far nearly a mile the avengers hung to the skirts of that ever decreasing column. Then, when blades were dripping and garments were dyed in blood—when arms were weary, and breath came only in panting gasps, Dead Shot again shouted to those border men, "Our day's work is now accomplished. The avenger's job is finished. Let us return to the Governor and report this campaign ended."

Leisurely retracing their steps they entered the works where rangers, scouts and regulars were warmly thanked by the Governor for their gallant deeds and the decisive victory they had achieved. He then dismissed them for an hour, for needed ablutions and change of raiment, announcing that at the expiration of the hour a regimental repast would be in readiness for all.

In the afternoon, whilst the surgeons skilfully cared for the wounded, the dead of their own party were all collected to be taken to Vincennes for interment. Then with characteristic humanity both rangers and regulars volunteered to dig two large trenches, the one down near the water's edge, and the other beside the upland trail, where they buried the savages slain in that day's fight.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Whilst the soldiers were thus employed, the scouts ascended the Tippecanoe river to reconnoiter the Prophet's camp. They found it stripped and entirely deserted. Searching the precincts they discovered a Shawnee brave sorely wounded, and whose life was fast ebbing away. Upon the promise of Mishawaha that he should be left to die in peace, he informed her that the Shawnee braves had all fled from the region, and those from other tribes had departed for their homes.

He also further informed her that the Prophet had recovered his consciousness, but his right shoulder was so badly shattered, that he would be crippled for life. His followers had already conveyed him by water to a secluded hiding place. The scouts thereupon returned with their news to the mouth of the Tippecanoe.

Satisfied by their report that the campaign was indeed ended, Governor Harrison ordered everything to be fully arranged for their departure on the morrow for the capital. The wound of Col. Boyd proved to be far less serious than the surgeons had been led to apprehend. In fact, with a careful dressing and a night's rest, he was able to walk to the landing and embark, leaning meantime on the arm of lieutenant Croghan.

All being in readiness, they were soon under headway, and that military expedition found its downward passage both easy and pleasant. Duly arriving at Vincennes, the dead were buried, the armed array was disbanded, the regulars returning to garrison duty, and the volunteers to their homes.

At the earnest solicitation of the Governor the scouts remained for a few days to rest and recruit. Then with a liberal outfit in clothing and substantial tokens of his esteem, they were dismissed, with the solemn promise on their part, however, that on call they would personally aid him in any future public emergency. Making their home trip safely, and without any unpleasant incident, they dropped quietly into the routine of their peaceful avocations.

Thus ended the campaign of the Wabash Valley, with the famous battle of Tippecanoe, fought on the morning of Nov. 5, 1811. The rash precipitancy of the Prophet; his want of skill in planning and conducting the assault; and more than all, the discovery by the scouts of the time and mode of the attack, contributed largely to the result so disastrous to the red men.

The victory achieved at Tippecanoe and the exemplary punishment inflicted upon the savages, by that frightful slaughter, wrought out still more beneficial results. By it the whole scheme of massacring the white settlers was thwarted, and the grand league of Tecumseh was overthrown and forever dissolved.

The Prophet indeed survived for years, but in a crippled condition, alienated from his brother and neglected by the nation. His prestige as a prophet suffered a total eclipse. His incoherent rhapsodies once regarded as inspired prophetic teachings, came to be considered as the idle ravings of a lunatic, or the vaporing nonsense of a bewildered brain.

Tecumseh found a partial solace for the wreck of his ambitious schemes and fondly cherished hopes, in fact, a balm for his sorely wounded spirits, in the dark cloud of a war then imminent between England and the United States. He eagerly closed with the specious

overtures of the former, agreeing to furnish for its service a certain quota of native warriors, in consideration of his receiving a Brigadier's commission in the British army. As a recompense to his braves they were to receive two golden guineas for each scalp of a white American man, woman, or child.

Meanwhile as we have already hinted, the annihilation of the Prophet's force, with the condign punishment meted out to the Shawnees and their allies at Tippecanoe, produced a wholesome terror and lasting dread among all the tribes in the territory bordering on the Ohio and its tributaries. Added to this, Tecumseh, by the wreck of his ambitious schemes, had lost the confidence of many tribes, in his actual abilities as a war leader.

Hence we find that when a few months later he sought to rally a force to his British standard, he was compelled to form an alliance with, and enlist his recruits from the Chippewas and Hurons around the lakes north and in Canada West.

THE END.

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